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THE

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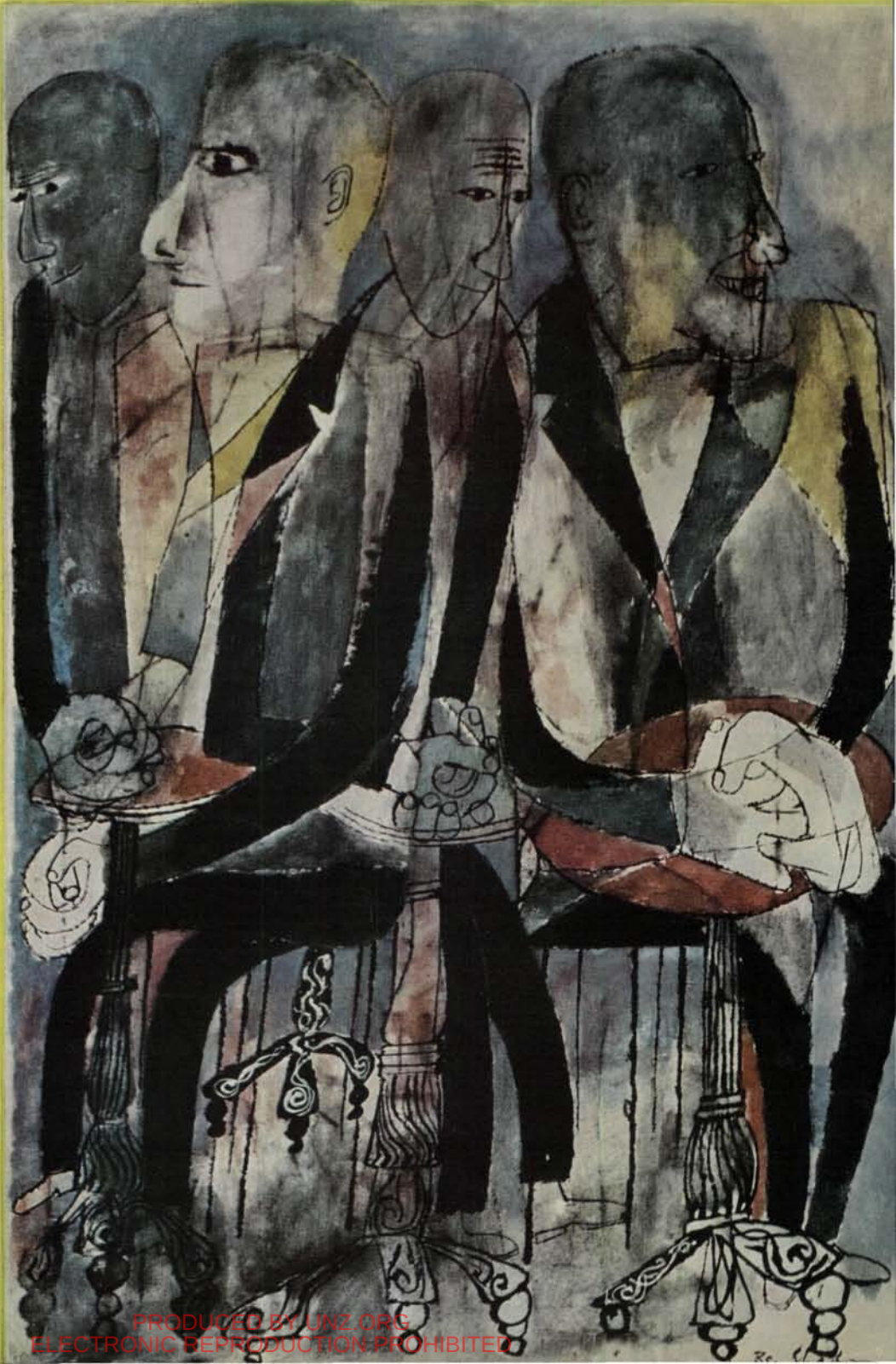
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Pakistan

PAKISTAN is often spoken of as one of the United States' strongest allies in Asia, and this is true in the sense that Pakistan has shunned neutralism and is a member of the Baghdad Pact and the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization. It has a well-trained army and air force equipped with American weapons and has received large amounts of economic assistance. American military and economic aid since 1951 is estimated at a billion dollars. We are now paying 40 per cent of Pakistan's budget. But Pakistan remains one of the weakest nations in Asia, geographically, economically, and politically. It has not held national elections in the ten years of its history and is ruled by a small oligarchy operating behind the façade of democratic institutions.

The Islamic Republic of Pakistan is not really one country at all. Its 86 million people live in two distinct regions separated by 1100 miles of India at its widest point. East Pakistan is about the size of Wisconsin. It is surrounded on three sides by India, except for a small portion touching Burma on the southeast, with the Bay of Bengal on the south. East Pakistan includes only 16 per cent of the land area of the nation but has 56 per cent of the population, with an average density of nearly 800 persons to the square mile. The people speak Bengali; they are small and dark-skinned.

West Pakistan is about the size of Texas and Oklahoma. It borders on Iran to the west, Afghanistan to the north, India to the east, and the Arabian Sea to the south. The average density of population is about 110 per square mile. The West Pakistanis speak Baluchi, Pushtoo, Sindhi, Punjabi, and Urdu. They are generally taller and lighter-skinned than their compatriots.

This strange nation, with its geography split two ways and its culture split six ways, was founded on August 14, 1947, without any planning or forethought. The demand for Pakistan was basically an emotional bargaining point used by the educated, Westernized leaders of the Muslim League who wanted to counter the growing strength of the Congress Party under Gandhi and Nehru.

Truncated country

The Muslim League, led by Mohammed Ali Jinnah, claimed that Hindus and Muslims in India formed two nations and that a united, secular state could not be established because the Hindu majority would always dominate the Muslim minority.

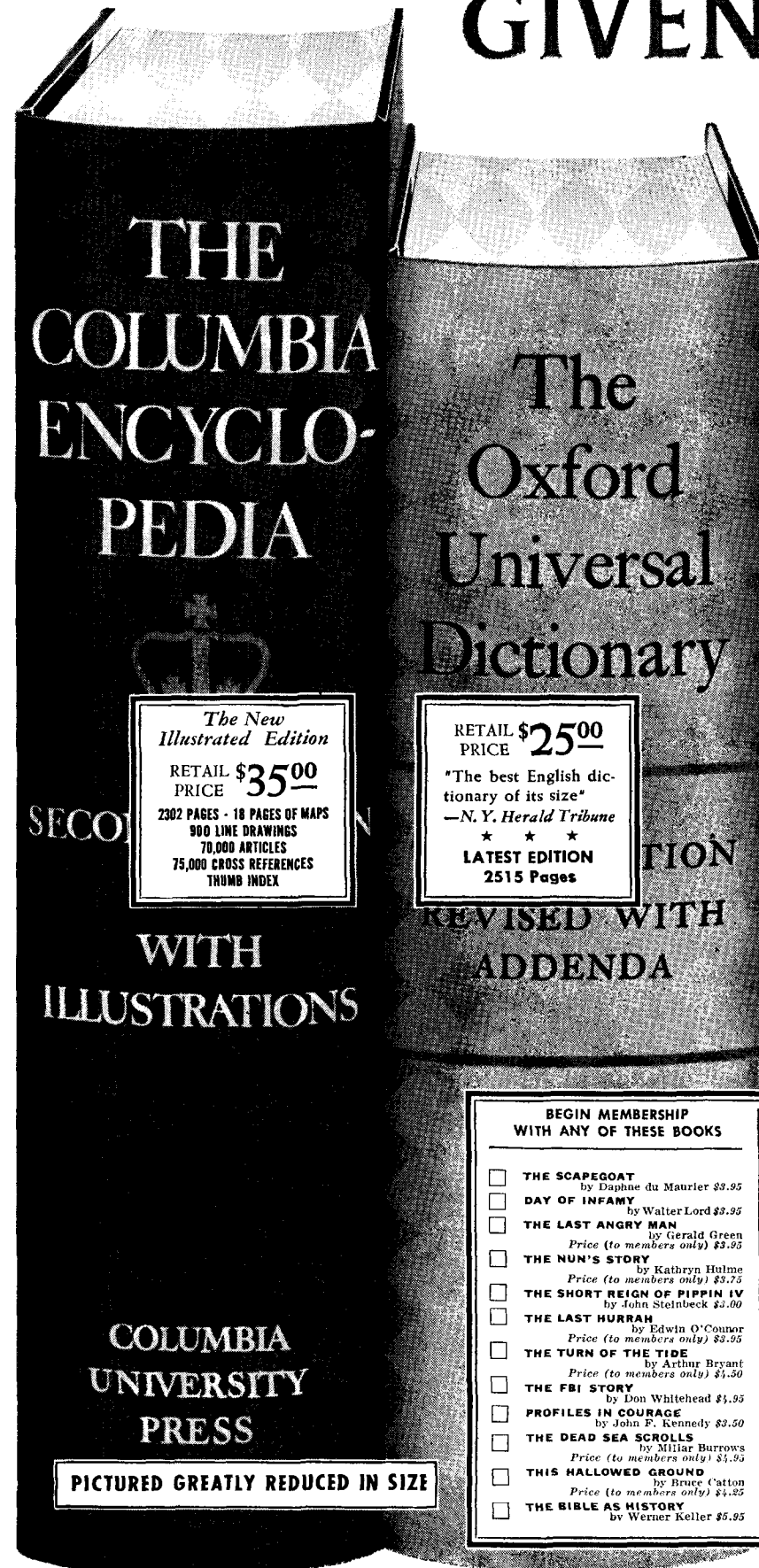
While political negotiations continued in New Delhi, rioting started in Calcutta and then spread across the face of India. These riots are referred to as religious riots, but actually it was the hooligans of both communities who began the trouble and the fanatics who encouraged revenge. When the partition plan was announced, the communal massacres reached a new pitch of fury, and mass migrations began. In all, about a million persons were killed and about 16 million were driven from their homes.

Jinnah was left with what he called a "truncated, moth-eaten" Pakistan. East Pakistan produced 70 per cent of the world's supply of jute, but all the jute mills remained in India. West Pakistan produced cotton but had almost no cotton mills.

The loss of Pakistan's leaders

Pakistan was burdened with 7 million destitute refugees and lacked a middle class, since most of the traders, bankers, and professional people were Hindus who had fled to India. Less than 200

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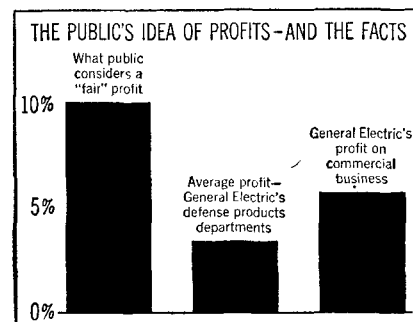
- Trying to conduct defense work as a business instead of an interruption of business.

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Meeting defense requirements is a continuing duty of responsible business. General Electric believes, however, that even fuller value from industry participation can be gained by infusing into defense work the same free-enterprise incentives that keep the civilian economy vigorous and able to supply good values to customers.

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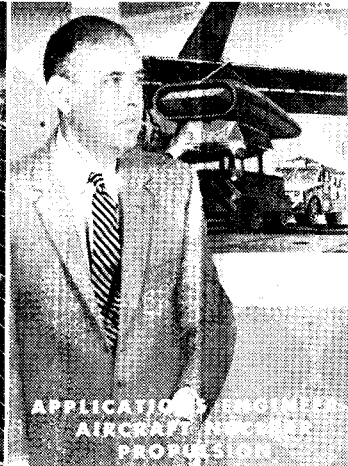
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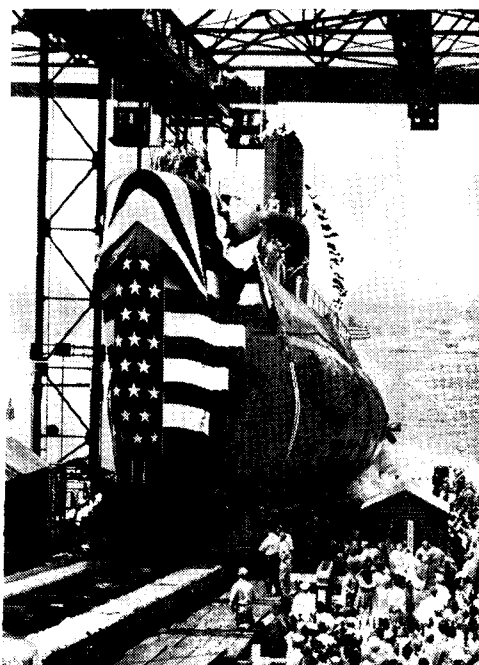


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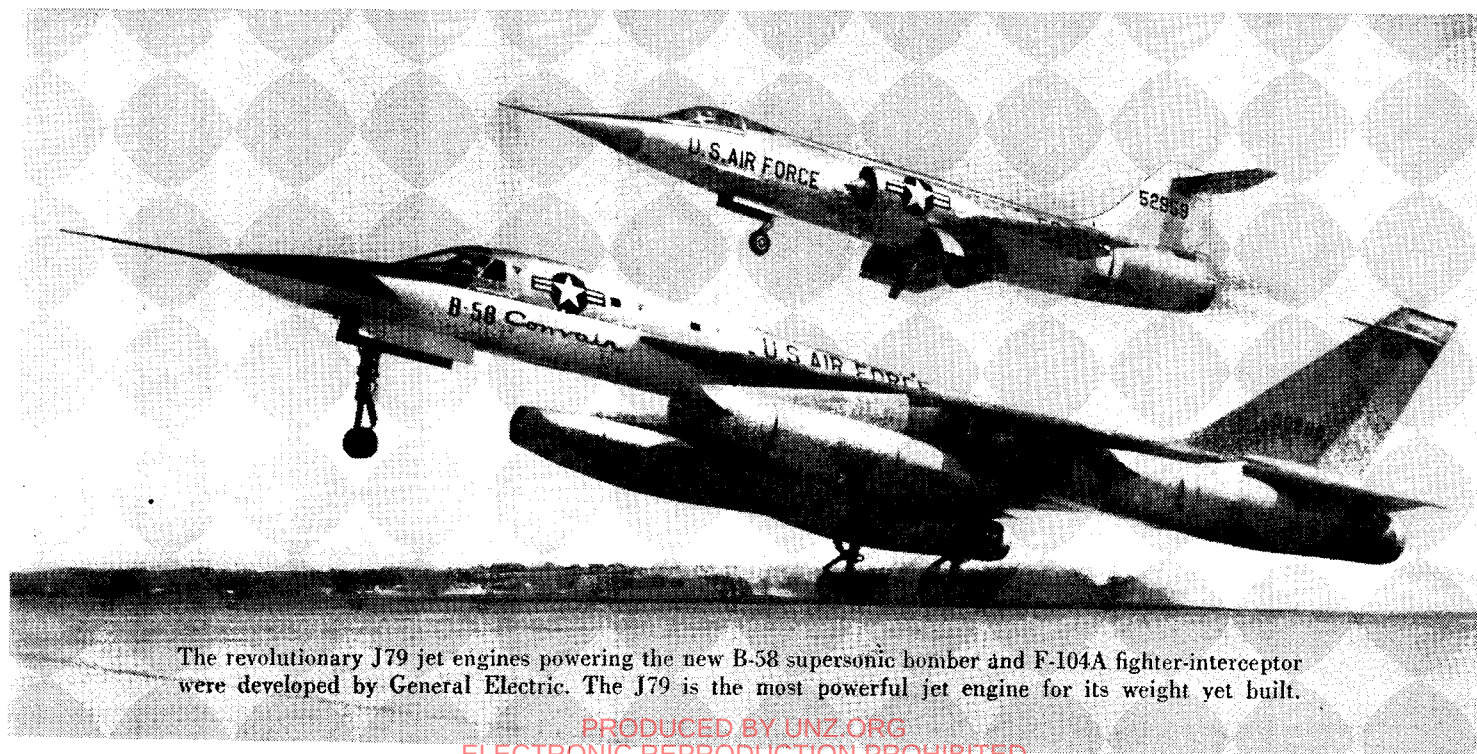
Nearly half of G.E.'s technical personnel is assigned to defense work, even though it is only about 20% of the company's total business.



Bringing to bear large-scale resources. Typical of complex jobs undertaken by General Electric is development of atomic reactors for submarines (like the *Seawolf*, above).



Mobilizing the skills of businesses of all sizes. In taking responsibility for complicated defense projects, and breaking them down into jobs smaller firms can handle, General Electric brings together the specialized talents of many businesses. Here are a few representatives of more than 800 firms which help General Electric produce large radar units.



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The Atlantic Report on Pakistan



Muslim civil servants opted for Pakistan, and these were mainly younger, untrained men. Many trained Muslims remained in India, including leading scholars and professors. Punjab University in Lahore lost 90 per cent of its faculty.

Jinnah died thirteen months after independence, and then, in 1951, Liaquat Ali Khan, who had been Jinnah's chief lieutenant, was killed by a fanatic who was enraged because Liaquat Ali's wife appeared in public wearing lipstick and without her face covered by a veil. Left rudderless, Pakistan drifted on the currents of opportunism, intrigue, and corruption. Even though it has not had national elections, it has had five Prime Ministers. There have been provincial elections, but these governments have been repeatedly dismissed and reshuffled by executive fiat and the people ruled by appointed politicians.

It has been publicly stated in the legislatures that one leader of Sind got himself voted 2000 acres of land, that thirteen West Pakistan Assembly members divided up 200 bus and truck franchises, and that a top civil servant bought 10,000 acres of land knowing it was earmarked for development. Privately you hear of cases where civil servants have gained as much as \$100,000 on a single deal.

The position of the 9 million Hindus in East Pakistan is shocking. They are almost entirely excluded from the army and the civil service. Last year 320,000 Hindus fled to India, mainly to escape a food shortage and growing inflation but also to escape constant police and official tyranny. The exodus currently averages about 10,000 a month.

There are many others who suffer in Pakistan. The torrent of Muslim refugees ten years ago raised the population of Karachi from 325,000 to 1.5 million, and most of them still live in miserable shacks with no electricity, drinking water, or toilet facilities. There are other thousands who simply sleep on the streets; you see them at night stretched out like corpses on the sidewalk without even a piece of cloth spread beneath them. The construction of refugee housing drags on at a snail's pace.

The profit motive

Pakistan has spurned the socialist theories that play so important a part in the political thinking of India, Burma, and Ceylon. It practices a sort of nineteenth-century brand of laissez-faire capitalism, and the profit motive has produced quick results. The index of industrial production, with 1950 as 100, now stands at 420.

Pakistan has the capacity to be self-sufficient in diesel engines, electric wire and cable, all kinds of paper except newsprint, cycle tires and tubes, and aluminum and brass utensils. It has developed an exportable surplus of cement, cotton textiles, manufactured jute goods, and canned sea food. But many of the industries depend on imported raw or semifinished materials, and plant capacity is now standing idle because of a shortage of foreign exchange. Cycle producers last year operated at 50 per cent of capacity, electric wire and cable factories at 70 per cent of capacity, and sewing machine producers at 20 per cent.

Another fault is that industrial development has not been evenly spread between the two zones, and the East Pakistanis, whose jute earns most of the foreign exchange, claim that they are being exploited like a colony. Their charge is true, since 75 per cent of the expenditure of the Pakistan Industrial Development Corporation, a semiautonomous government body responsible for much of the industrial advance, has been incurred in West Pakistan. In addition, imports arranged under the Department of Supply and Development have generally ranged about five times higher for West Pakistan.

But the present Prime Minister, H. S. Suhrawardy, who comes from East Pakistan and has his main political support there, has now ordered that all government spending must be divided equally between the two zones. This means that the factories of West Pakistan will suffer even more from a lack of foreign exchange, and idle capacity will probably increase.

Wasting the land

Despite industrialization, per capita income stands at less than fifty dollars a year — only a few cents higher than at the time of partition. The reason is that agriculture, which accounts for 60 per cent of the national income and supports about 80 per cent of the people, has been neglected. Pakistan inherited some of the best rice and wheat lands of India and was considered a food surplus area, but for several years it has been dependent on food imports. It imported nearly 1.5 million tons of food grains last year.

Per capita food production has declined from 19.2 ounces to 14.8 ounces a day. The acreage under wheat in 1955-1956 was the highest on record, but production was 17 per cent lower than at the time of independence. Bad weather is partially responsible, but John Bell, the director



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of the American aid program, has warned that 100,000 acres of irrigated lands in West Pakistan are going out of production every year because of increased salinity and waterlogging, while the fertility of hundreds of thousands of additional acres is being reduced by about 50 per cent. Moreover, 12,000 acres of unirrigated lands are being destroyed every year by erosion. Bell warned that at this rate the valley of the Indus will become a desert within fifty years.

While agriculture, education, public health, and housing are neglected except for projects receiving foreign aid, Pakistan is spending about 60 per cent of its revenues on defense. This is in addition to military equipment received as a gift from the United States. The Pakistani army numbers about 100,000 combat troops plus an equal number in supporting units. The air force has completely changed over to American Sabre jets, and Pakistani pilots are rated as among the best in the world. There is almost no waste, inefficiency, or corruption in the defense services.

However, American military aid encourages the Pakistani leaders to concentrate on military spending at the expense of nation-building activities and social services, since they know they can check civil disturbances by force if all else fails. It also encourages them in their feuds with India. India this year raised its own military budget by \$100 million. An arms race between the two neighbors only defeats efforts in both countries to improve living standards.

The new Prime Minister

At the moment, the future of Pakistan seems to rest with Hussein Shaheed Suhrawardy, the 63-year-old, Oxford-educated lawyer who became Prime Minister last year. He is a shrewd and able politician who is fond of Western music and dancing.

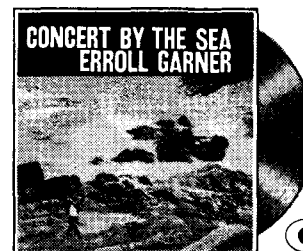
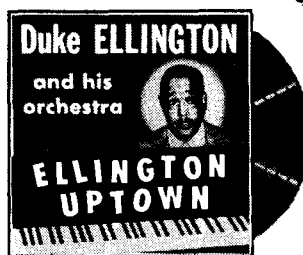
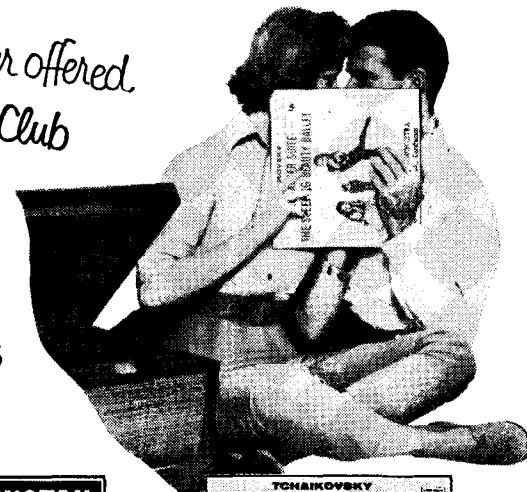
American officials in Karachi seem to feel that personal acquaintance with realities of Pakistan's economic situation has proven to Suhrawardy the need for maintaining close ties with the United States. They also say that whatever his shortcomings, he is just the sort of man Pakistan needs at this time — a tough politician who will be able to give orders to the selfish and corrupt in Pakistan instead of taking orders from them.

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7. Ellington Uptown: Duke Ellington and Orchestra, perform Skin Deep, The Mooche, Perdido—2 more.
8. Levant Plays Gershwin: 3 works—Rhapsody in Blue; Concerto in F; An American in Paris.
9. Day By Day: Doris Day sings 12 popular songs—including The Song Is You, Autumn Leaves, etc.
10. Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade. Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy, conductor. A superb performance of this exotic score.
11. Music of Jerome Kern: Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra play 20 Kern favorites.
12. Concert by the Sea: Erroll Garner in an actual jazz performance at Carmel, Calif. Teach Me Tonight, Where or When, I'll Remember April—8 more.

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P-21



Washington

THE Capital has gone through one of its busiest, perhaps one of its most important, summers in many a year. After the fall-winter-spring tensions of a presidential election and the twin crises of Suez and Hungary and their aftermaths, it had looked as though Washington could count on Congress leaving town by the Fourth of July and some catching up by the bureaucrats on long overdue accumulated vacation leave. But it turned out otherwise.

On the home front, the Senate conducted a historic civil rights debate. Chiefly because of Senator Knowland's decision that the time had come to try to break the venerable Northern Republican-Southern Democrat coalition — a decision fully supported by the Eisenhower Administration — it at last became possible to pass a civil rights bill. And on the foreign front, the Great Kremlin Purge in the midst of the most serious disarmament talks in a decade conjured up new problems and new possibilities from which there was no escape for the President, the State Department, the Pentagon, and other sectors of the Administration.

The eventual results flowing from these two major areas of activity this summer will be a long time unfolding. But as the Labor Day holiday approached, some trends were discernible here in Washington. The Senate civil rights debate demonstrated a number of changes in the attitude of the white American majority toward the Negro minority ninety-five years after Lincoln's proclamation freed the slaves.

The Negro's right to vote

The vast bulk of white Americans believe that the Negro is just as entitled to the ballot as they are; that the extent to which the Negro already has used the ballot makes it impossible any longer to deny a further spread of the franchise even in the deep South.

The ballot is the best weapon by which the Negro can close the gap of economic opportunity which exists between himself and the white majority; hence civil rights legislation to further the Negro's right to vote will meet the Negro's demands on

economic matters more fully but at the same time more gradually than would attempts to alter the Southern pattern by other federal legislation.

The Supreme Court has spoken with finality against public school segregation, the central issue of social equality as well as of educational opportunity; the federal courts under the Supreme Court doctrine of "all deliberate speed" in the school cases are trying to move forward in ways which can be accepted over the years by the majority of Southern whites, current statements by leaders of the generation now in power to the contrary notwithstanding.

Finally, the Negro's gains over the last decade or so and the obvious extension of those gains day by day have begun to isolate the hard core of resistance in the Old South of the Confederacy; Senator Byrd's call for "massive resistance" to the Supreme Court may still be the will of the white majority from Virginia to Georgia and Louisiana, but it is recognized as both impossible and foolish in the self-interest of the white majority in peripheral areas encompassing much of Texas, Tennessee, Kentucky, West Virginia, Maryland, and Florida.

That politics has played a major role — the GOP has hopes of capturing the allegiance of the Negro voter and thus becoming the majority party once again — is granted by all sides in Washington. But this is not in itself inherently evil. Politics, in the good sense of the word, is the method for the interplay of forces in a democracy which makes possible the constant alteration of relationships between all the segments of so disparate a society as that of the United States, in social, economic, philosophical, and other terms as well as in racial differences.

Time to act

The weeks of Senate jockeying and the attitude of the Southerners demonstrated that the Senate this time was going to act. The question became how far, how fast. Republican Senator Aiken put it with some heat after one GOP caucus, "Some of these people don't want a civil rights bill. They want a campaign issue for 1958 and 1960." But



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the "some" to whom he referred in the GOP, added to the comparable group among Northern Democrats, formed only one fringe of the Senate, the fringe opposite to the hard-core Southerners. In between was the majority, men on both sides of the party aisle, who in their hearts and minds were prepared to take only a modest step forward on civil rights.

The Southerners, under the able command of Georgia's Russell, second in seniority in the Senate, knew that Knowland's decision to force through a bill gave them only one realistic line of approach — to plead, cajole, and maneuver for the most acceptable bill they could get. The extremists such as Eastland of Mississippi would have preferred to filibuster to the end of time against any legislation. But the more realistic Southerners knew, and their opponents led by Knowland, Douglas of Illinois, and Humphrey of Minnesota also knew, that they did not have the physical ability to hold out around the clock for weeks on end.

And so under Russell's command, and with his skill at parliamentary maneuver, the Southerners fought for the best they could get. They spoke against the whole bill for the record, and out of a sincere belief that indeed the Southern "way of life" was threatened. But they knew the nation would condemn them as a small group of willful men if they resorted to an all-out filibuster. And they knew, as the first roll call showed, that they could no longer count, for instance, on either Texas or Tennessee in any such total opposition.

The battle thus came down to the right to vote issue. The President's public comments helped, for his own attitude of moderation matched that of the middle bloc of the Senate across the center aisle. How far the outcome will go in spreading the franchise in the South will not be clear for a long time. But the outcome does demonstrate that great gains are being made by the Negro in America.

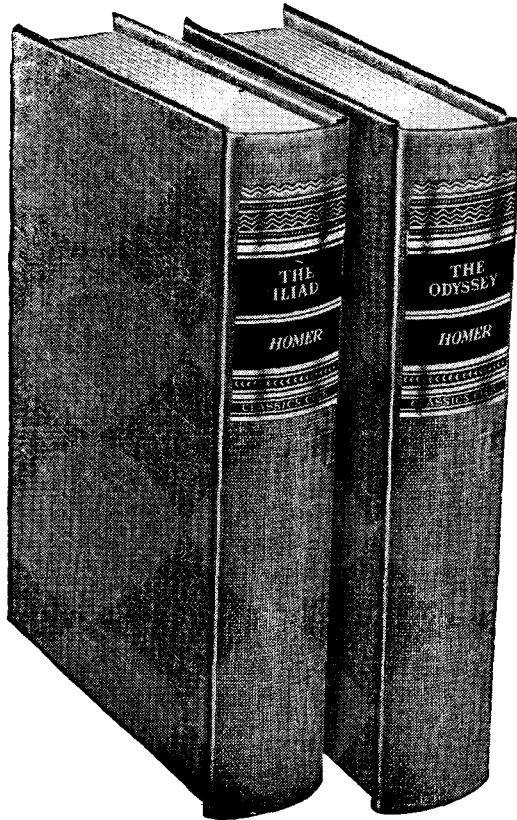
The Kremlin Purge

In the foreign field, the forces in movement have been harder to pinpoint than those at home. There has been a lot of disagreement here in Washington as to what the triumph of Khrushchev in the Kremlin Purge may presage either for the Soviet masses or for the peace of the world.

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The majority view, accepted by the policy makers from the President and Secretary Dulles on down, has been that Khrushchev will have to go on with his "liberalization" within the Soviet Union — that he will have to grant more and more to the consuming public. His talk of catching up with the United States in per capita production of meat, milk, and butter and the post-purge announcement that on January 1 forced deliveries from the farmers' private plots are to be canceled both sounded more like Western election promises than the normal Communist ukase from on high.

The "yeast of change," as Dulles once put it, is certainly at work inside the Soviet Union. The big question as seen from Washington is: change to what? How can a Communist society evolve? In economic terms, Soviet Russia's evolution often appears to be toward what we would call state capitalism. But that sort of thing was also the Fascist ideal. The hard question revolves around the political evolution of Soviet Communism.

There are no precedents and few guideposts with which to judge political evolution. The Yugoslavs, who lobby incessantly with the Americans to ease East-West tensions so that the evolution may proceed inside the Soviet Union, can only visualize "more democracy" as the end product. But they have not solved the problem themselves inside Yugoslavia.

Those who see the Communist political dogma crumbling in the Soviet Union often visualize a day when the choice will be chaos or a military dictatorship, a sort of Soviet Bonapartism. For this reason, among others, the role of the Red Army in the purge of Molotov, Malenkov, Kaganovich, and their allies has been the center of intense study here. But the facts are at present too elusive to make firm judgments. Washington wants to see what role Marshal Zhukov will play in the new Khrushchev-packed fifteen-member Presidium.

The choices before us

As fall approaches, the Eisenhower Administration has some hard choices to make in the way it approaches Soviet-American relations. The United States is committed to a full debate at the United Nations General Assembly on the five-nation report on the Hungarian Revolution — a report which

details the determination of the Soviet Union's current leadership (purge or no purge) to hold on to every inch of the Soviet orbit.

Yet at the same time the United States has been earnestly searching, despite some doubters and even saboteurs of presidential policy within the Administration, for an agreement on disarmament with the Soviets. As the two sides have come closer, on paper at least, to an agreement, the risk of failure has grown greater.

One Administration official has posed the problem as a question: Which candle are we playing for? Hungary was a hideous Soviet crime and we must do what we can to spread its shattering effect to every nook and cranny of Communism around the globe. But in actual fact we can do nothing to reverse the events in Hungary itself.

The long-run hope is in the evolution of the Soviet Union and the Communist orbit. And a major way to speed that evolution is to remove the tensions on which the Soviet leadership has so often in the past depended as an excuse to deny those under its control the good things in life which they so obviously want. Any arms agreement now within the realm of possibility would not alter the East-West balance of power or eliminate today's mutual deterrence stance. But it would relieve pressures on the other side of the Iron Curtain and aid the "yeast of change."

As to the effect on the Western world of such an agreement, the argument goes, we are surely not so naïve as to take it as a signal to lower our guard and throw our weapons into the sea. If we fear such results, then democracy is indeed in a bad way.

The majority Administration view is that Khrushchev is a pragmatist but at the same time given to quick judgments and decisions. Some consider that the elimination of the Presidium give-and-take and compromise which so clearly marked the first four and a half years after Stalin's death puts too much power in the hands of one man. Some refer to Khrushchev & Co., post purge, as "the harum scarum boys." Obviously, we must tread carefully until we see how Khrushchev will react now that he is more of a power in his own



El Morro Castle at sunset. Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

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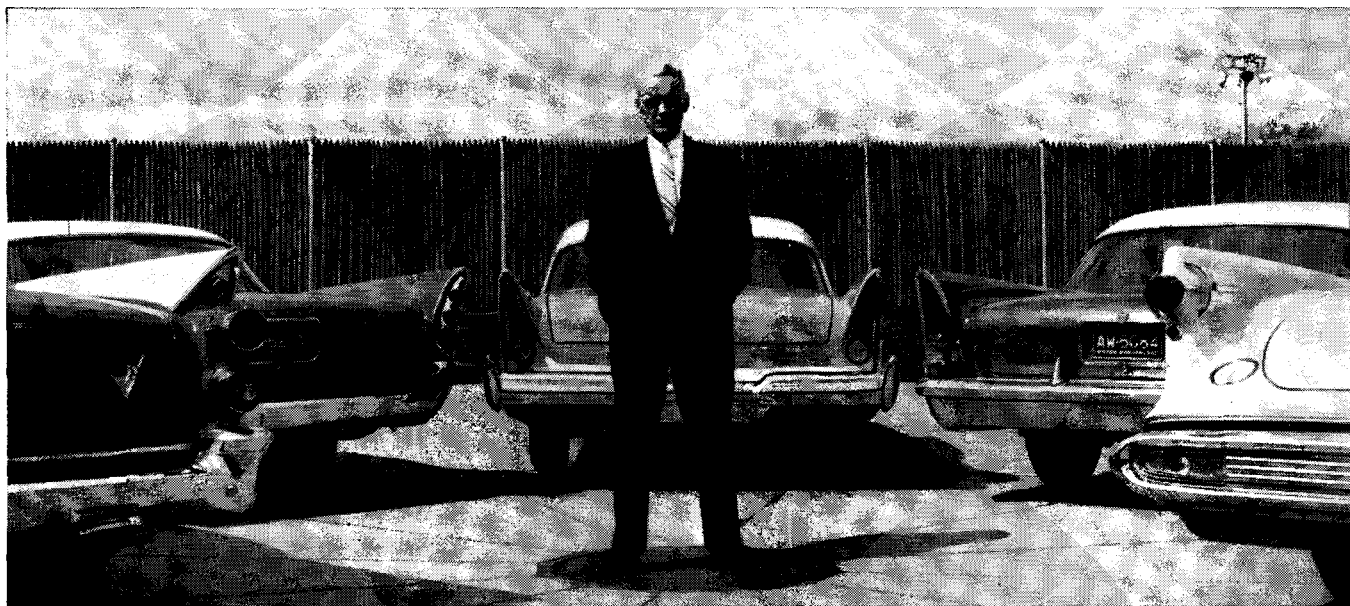
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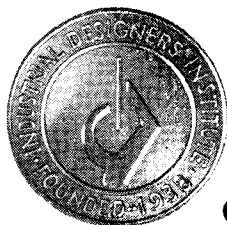
they discovered that the engineering was every bit as daring, different and triumphant as the appearance. Torsion-Aire Ride . . . Pushbutton TorqueFlite transmission . . . Total-Contact brakes . . . were *real* news, *big* news! And so, shortly, were the sales figures.

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right — and until we see what sort of restraints, if any, Zhukov and the military will exercise.

Mood of the Capital

Politics, in the sense of jockeying for the next election, has of course been uppermost in Washington minds as the Congress debated civil rights. But many other votes have brought such mixed party lines — those on foreign aid in both Senate and House for example — that the first session of the 84th Congress has often appeared to have momentarily forgotten the 1958 elections.

Foreign policy bipartisanship had some rough going during the arguments early this year on the Eisenhower Middle East doctrine. Senate Democratic whip Mike Mansfield, the scholarly Montanan, recently called for "tripartisanship" — cooperation not only between the two parties in Congress but between the executive and the legislative branches.

This is indeed a sore subject with many Democrats, especially in the Senate. Dulles' handling of foreign policy suggestions put forward in speeches by Democratic senators has often been inept. When Majority Leader Johnson called for an "open curtain" of contacts between East and West, Dulles congratulated him on accepting the Administration's policy. When Mansfield suggested, rather foolishly, that Dulles visit Eastern Europe, the Secretary gave it a flat turndown instead of welcoming the idea of getting more information about the satellites. And when Senator Kennedy jumped the French over Algeria and called on the United States to back independence for Algeria, Dulles slapped the idea publicly and let it be known privately that he ascribed the whole thing to Kennedy's obvious presidential ambitions.

There was a tangle over Dulles' request, later withdrawn, to send senators to London for the disarmament talks, the net result of which was to leave a bad taste at the Capitol. Dulles ended up by sending batches of secret cables to the Senate disarmament subcommittee. But that is no substitute; few have the time to read them, and even fewer the desire to take any step which might result in enmeshing them in Administration policy.

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Turkey

How far Turkey has slipped from the realities of democratic practice under Premier Adnan Menderes and his Democratic Party is evident in the country's recent legislation. The Law for the Protection of the National Economy, a World War II price-fixing measure revived last summer, carries with it penalties of up to forty years in jail.

Courts in Turkey can mete out jail sentences of up to three years and heavy fines to persons convicted of "releasing publications with the objective of belittling those in official capacity." The same penalties apply to those who are found guilty of "producing publications of an agitating nature against government offices, authorities, organizations, and against those in official capacity."

In a further effort to gag the opposition, Menderes has pushed through a measure making it illegal to hold political meetings except during the forty-five days prior to elections. When American correspondents try to discuss these laws with the Prime Minister, they get one stock answer: "These measures are Turkey's own internal concern. They are of no interest to outsiders."

The new wave of authoritarianism

The present wave of authoritarianism appears to have begun three years ago. The Press Law of March, 1954, less repressive than the measure now in effect, disturbed Turkish journalists but was barely noticed in the West. Later the same year Turkey's parliament, the Grand National Assembly, prohibited judges, civil servants, and university professors from participating in political action. This warning to independent minds that they had better keep time to the Menderes march or risk losing their jobs hinted at the way Democrats would go if pushed.

Genuinely popular, the Menderes regime had little real cause of fear. In 1950 it had ousted the government of the Ataturk-founded Republican People's Party in Turkey's first completely free national election. By reducing taxes on the peasants, granting agricultural subsidies, building roads and development projects, and by relaxing some of Ataturk's more stringent restrictions on Islam, the

Democrats won the support of the peasants, who comprised 80 per cent of the population and who had never been more than lukewarm to the Republicans since the death of Ataturk.

Turkish intellectuals, tired of the trappings of democracy introduced by the dictatorial Ataturk, jumped when the Democrats called for a political "New Deal." American authorities on Turkey's political life convinced themselves that the democratic evolution begun by Ataturk and the Republican People's Party had been completed under Menderes and the Democrats.

An American long resident in Ankara explained this premature conviction when he remarked, "Turkish democracy has always been oversold in the United States; the Turks admired us and wanted to be as much like us as possible. Turkey was anti-Russian long before the United States was aware of a Soviet threat. When Korea came along, the Turks were right there beside the Americans. Turkey was obviously striving for democracy and we simply made the mistake of thinking they'd got there already."

When Turkish voters returned the Democratic Party to power in 1954, they provided the government with an overwhelming majority in the Grand National Assembly. Fully 90 per cent of the delegates were Democrats. Yet in the midst of this landslide, Kirsehir province voted solidly for the reactionary Republican National Party. Firmly established in power once again, the Democrats punished Kirsehir province by reducing it to district status, the equivalent of FDR's turning Maine and Vermont into counties after his 1936 victory.

This reprisal against Kirsehir holds the key to Turkey's present repression. Dissent and criticism have become intolerable to the Menderes regime when its position is challenged. While they were in the opposition, the Democrats stood firmly for expanding the scope of political freedoms. Once in power, however, they permitted opposition only as long as it was without real issues and was led feebly by the aging survivors of Ataturk's War of Independence.

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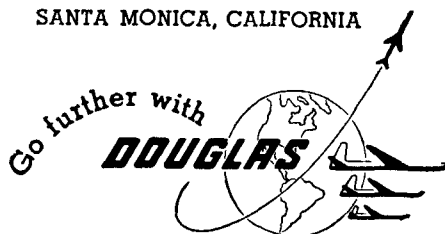
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In 1954, the Republican People's Party began to revive. A young, dynamic intellectual, Kasim Gulek, toured the provinces and came back with enough delegates to capture the leadership of the party. Despite his Ph.D., his Doctorate of Laws, and his ability to read eight languages, Gulek is far from the withdrawn scholar. He is a rough political street-fighter, and under his leadership the Republicans launched a vigorous and tough assault on the government. Democratic petty graft in high places provided small-arms ammunition for the Republicans. But accusations of government corruption might not have been enough to spur Menderes to repressive action if it had not been for the growing economic crisis in Turkey. Here was the major issue the Republican sharpshooters were looking for.

Build and boom

Turkey had decided on the necessity of economic modernization and industrialization since the Ataturk period. The Democrats ambled to power with the claim that free enterprise was essential to up the pace of development. But the government could not find enough free enterprisers among the Turks, who are traditionally soldiers and government administrators but not businessmen. Committed to a "forced-draft" development scheme, the Democrats passed a law for the encouragement of foreign capital and pushed on with government investment. The new regime spent at a vastly accelerated rate. Sugar factories and cement plants, dams and harbor facilities, highways and irrigation projects burst out all over the country.

After only three years in office the government claimed it had increased Turkey's gross national product by almost two thirds. Working on the principle "when Democratic popularity is in doubt, build a factory," the government strengthened the party in questionable political areas. But Menderes had to face the problem of where to get the capital to keep the development boom accelerating.

There was little tradition of private investment in Turkey. United Nations loans and United States aid were not enough. Simultaneously with development expansion, the government supported an expensive military establishment. Faced with a Goliath to the north and proud of

Turkey's fighting heritage, the government expends more than a quarter of its revenue on the military. By having its army and investing in development too, Turkey uses up 55 per cent of its earnings.

Riding the wave of high raw material prices during the Korean War, the government borrowed heavily and bought capital goods on short and medium term credits to keep the development rolling. Menderes was gambling on repaying the debts from increased sales of grain and cotton resulting from agricultural expansion schemes. The government also seems to have counted on an influx of hard currency from the sale of Turkey's hoped-for industrial surplus to other countries in the Middle East. With severe import restrictions clamped on consumption goods since 1952, Menderes had imposed a kind of austerity-for-development on the country's consumption imports. Yet despite the restrictions on foreign-consumption purchases, capital-goods buying continued under government auspices. In 1953 Turkish imports exceeded exports by about 35 per cent.

The government's gamble fails

The great Menderes production gamble failed. Industrial output did not increase as rapidly as the government had anticipated. World commodity prices dropped after the Korean War. And Turkey had poor harvests in 1954. At the same time population increases were consuming a greater part of Turkey's domestic production. The government, set upon by creditors, some of whom it could not pay back, went to the United States for a \$300 million, long-term loan in 1954. Turkey planned to use the loan to pay off its short and medium credits and to spread the debt out over a long period. Despite the State Department's complete satisfaction with Turkey's foreign policy, the United States refused to commit itself to the loan. Turkey had to put its economic house in order first.

Inflation had been present in the country since 1952, but its full force did not hit until last year. From 1955 until March, 1956, prices rose 28 per cent, according to Istanbul Chamber of Commerce figures. Inflation, combined with the disparity between the pegged and market value of the lira, would make it impossible for Turkish exporters to make hard-currency sales

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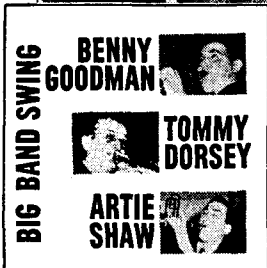
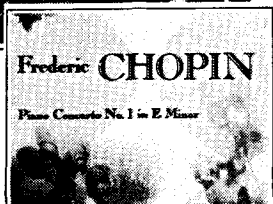
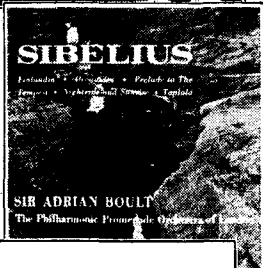
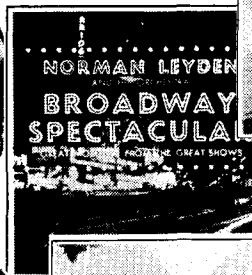
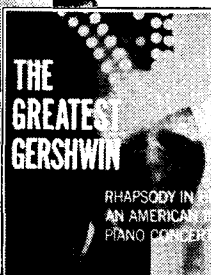
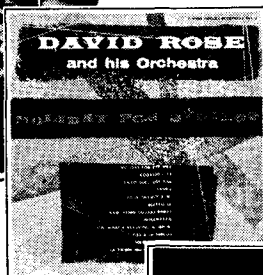
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As it is, about 25 per cent of Turkey's trade today is with Iron Curtain countries. But no one in Turkey seems concerned about the possible implications of this increasing trade with Russia and its satellites.

Slowing down the spiral

Eventually the Menderes regime recognized that the inflation merry-go-round had to slow down if the country were to avoid bankruptcy. On January 29, 1956, the Prime Minister announced the steps the government was going to take to avoid economic disaster. Menderes, the apostle of overnight industrialization, disclosed that his government was going to limit new investments to those which would have a rapid and salutary effect on Turkey's balance of payments. State economic ventures would have to meet expenses from their incomes; Turkey was to have a balanced budget, and the general and annexed budgets could not have recourse to central bank financing.

As yet these steps have not halted the inflationary tide, although the foreign exchange position has improved somewhat in recent months. Last summer Menderes pushed through the Law for the Protection of the National Economy, establishing rigid markups for producers, wholesalers, and retailers. The regime knew that if the law were going to work, its harsh penalties would have to be enforced rigorously. One Ankara man was jailed for forty months for selling an automobile spare part for fifteen dollars more than he paid for it. Most Western observers feel that in its zeal to halt inflation, the government is not allowing sufficient incentive to merchants.

American officials in Turkey believe the country to be going through a temporary period of economic growing pains. All but a few informed Westerners are convinced that the present economic difficulties will not seriously damage Turkey's prospects for a prosperous future. Most of them also contend that the grass-roots popularity of the Democrats was unimpaired by the inflation and the balance problem, because the peasant majority throughout has continued in its favored economic position.

Whether the Democratic Party can retain mass popularity in the face of its recent absolutist actions is impossible to guess. The answer depends on how much civil liberties mean to the Turkish peasant and how willing he is to trade economic privileges for them. Ultimately the question is, How far has the bulk of the population moved from its traditional authoritarian pattern in thirty-five years of working with the forms and slogans of democracy?

The Republicans fight back

Those who were with Kasim Gulek during his tour of the Black Sea area last August report that he appeared very popular. Police sought to prevent the Republican leader from shaking hands and even from going shopping on the grounds that he would be violating the law forbidding political meetings and parading demonstrations. Many Democrats as well as Republicans are convinced that by attempting to suppress Gulek and the Republicans, Menderes is turning them into martyrs. Republicans are using the repression, just as they did the economic crisis, to blast the government, but the technique today is necessarily one of blast by implication.

The Republican party platform calls for the setting up of a kind of Supreme Court to protect Turkey against unconstitutional laws passed by the Grand National Assembly. The Republicans also advocate a bicameral legislature.

For the most part Turkey's intellectuals, ardent Democratic supporters in 1950 and 1954, now have considerable misgivings about the Menderes regime. Yet there has been no comparable rise in Gulek's popularity in intellectual circles. "Gulek is ambitious and ruthless," one of the deans of Turkish journalism confided. "As Prime Minister he would be just as repressive as Menderes."

This editor, a nineteenth-century-style liberal, continued, "It is not a question of men but of laws. When Ataturk came to power, modern Turkey was born through a national pact, which stated Turkey's aims. Today we need a new national pact of government and opposition to draw up a constitution which strictly defines what the government can and cannot do."

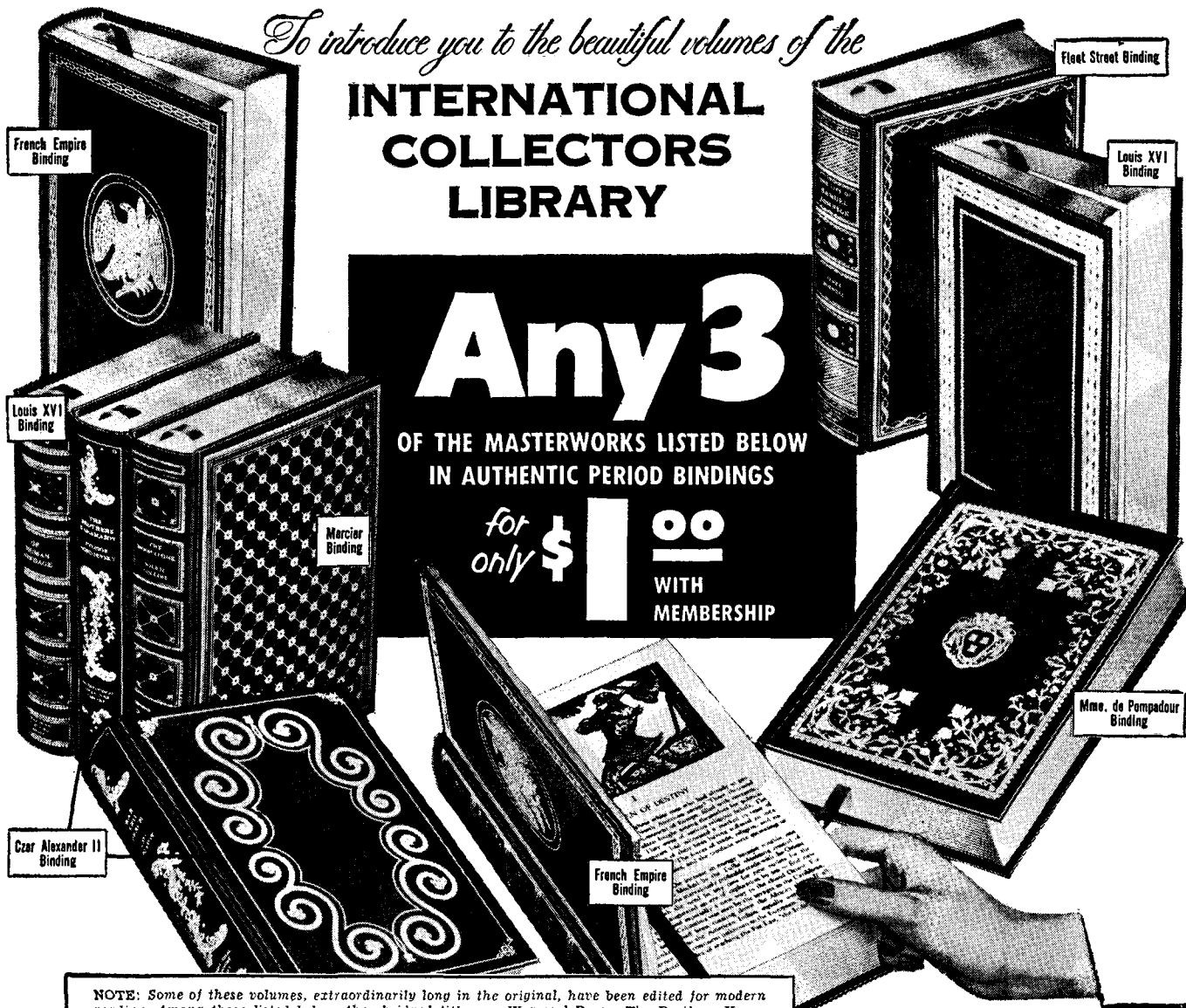
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ATLANTIC *Repartee*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"Lazy Journalism"

SIR:

"Lazy Journalism" by John Gould (June *Atlantic*) is a good piece. Perhaps I think it good because it agrees with much that I have said for lo! these many years about present-day reporting.

I am not quite sure that the expression "bobtailed story" has a special meaning, but if it is broad enough to include bad reporting, I will accept it for inclusion in my lexicon.

One of the troubles is that the present-day reporter does not use the morgue with sufficient frequency or intelligence. He will go out to see a man named John Gould without the vaguest idea of who John Gould is or what he does. That breaks down Authority, and Authority is the Great Canon of Effectiveness in Journalism, next only to Accuracy.

The repetitiveness of the papers of America is a contributory factor in their weakening authority. There is a tendency to oversyndication, giving the material overplay.

In the days of the old *World* I had my Seals work for a four o'clock in the afternoon deadline. That made their stuff fresh. If other papers wanted to use the material, they could clip it the day after at a very low price. The writers who were thus kept on their toes included Heywood Broun, Walter Lippmann, Alec Woollcott, F.P.A., Dudley Nicholls, Charles Michelson, Deems Taylor, William Bolitho, John Balderston, and others of that glorious, that unmatched and devoted band.

The old editor, characterized by Mr. Gould, used to say to me when I

was a cub reporter, "Son, that's too far away from the Bowery." So, unless the story had a local tie-in, it was played down in favor of the story that touched a greater number.

It is fashionable to fill the first page these days with foreign news and with comparatively few stories. That's all right for the *Times*, but from the days of *Acta Diurna*, we have needed and wanted local news, just as it did.

I am not sure whether Mr. Gould's strictures on the AP and the UP are sound. The errors he ascribes to the agencies are characteristic of all the papers, in the main. For example, the *Times* will frequently say something to the effect that the Blank Company shows a ten million increase in the net. Then it will go on in the bank to say the corporation has shown that the increase represents "x per cent" up. Nowhere will it give a basic figure—actual earnings. This is commonplace and can be found in any of the financial stories, due to carelessness on the part of the reporters who put it out or those who rewrite it.

I expected that television and radio would give journalism a fillip, but that has not proved to be the case because of the mediocrity of the news reports of the first two. Of course there comes a glorious exception now and then, such as the Khrushchev interview on CBS on Sunday, June 2.

I believe in journalism; I believe its practices follow a great tradition; I believe its effect is to better the country; I believe with Jefferson that in a choice between a government of laws without newspapers and a government of newspapers without laws, the latter is preferable.

So let's make the papers better, although they are pretty good as they are.

HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE
New York City

SIR:

The adjectives "uniform" and "cheap" easily could have been added to the succinct "Lazy Journalism" title of John Gould's fine article about the wire services and newspapers.

Fewer and fewer newspapers maintain foreign bureaus with their own correspondents. Many of those which do not rely solely on the wire services abroad hire foreign nationals as their correspondents and thereby receive a partisan report from a national who got a handout from his own government.

The releases of the wire services never have been known particularly for their critical appraisal of events abroad.

Part of this failure is due to the laziness described by Mr. Gould. Part also is due to the one-interest press we have in this country. Besides more energetic, imaginative journalism, we need a great deal of journalism of dissent.

CHARLES-GENE McDANIEL
York, Pa.

SIR:

As a former AP man I can agree with publisher John Gould that the wire services have goofed on relating world events to the local scene. As examples of how the leads *should* have been written on a couple of the big wartime stories, I submit the following:

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YALTA, U.S.S.R., Feb. 4 (AP) — Franklin D. Roosevelt, a distant cousin of the Theodore (Teddy) Roosevelt who used to hunt bear up in Aroostook county with Old Bill Sewall of Island Falls as his guide, was here today for a conference

Mr. Gould rightfully points out that Nasser "must be presented to home-town readerships in competitive terms." But did any wire service, reporting on the seizure of the Suez Canal, bother to find out if Nasser was wearing woolen socks at the time, and whether they were woven in Lisbon Falls or in some foreign country that was receiving economic aid at the expense of Maine taxpayers?

Lazy Journalism it is, indeed!

M. M. KREEGER
Metairie, La.

"Picasso Speaking"

SIR:

With regard to the article "Picasso Speaking" by Carlton Lake (July *Atlantic*), I should like to say that, of all the sundry articles written on Picasso lately — and I have read most of them — I find Mr. Lake's the most absorbing. There is a warmth about his literal translation of his feelings while visiting Picasso that gives more of an insight into *Californie* than any other writings I have read.

DIANA MUTH
Houston, Tex.

SIR:

I am getting tired of reading articles about Picasso in which the author, whether at first or second hand, gives us long passages of the Master's very words. Picasso's comments are often contradictory of earlier statements, sometimes meaningless, and never elucidate anything about his work. I am as interested as the next person in his manner of working, his villa, and his *compagnes*. It seems, however — that is, to me — that his thinking about his art is unorganized and vague. If he had a clearly defined conceptual approach he would be considerably more articulate than he is. Let's not bother any more.

HENNING WEBB PRENTIS, III
New York City



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*Why does a state insist on maintaining a capital punishment statute which it repeatedly refuses to enforce? For an answer, we turn to GILES PLAYFAIR, a free-lance writer and a London barrister who has studied firsthand the penological systems of the United States, England, and other countries, and who, with Derrick Sington, is co-author of *The Offenders*, which Simon & Schuster will publish in late October.*

IS THE DEATH PENALTY NECESSARY?

by GILES PLAYFAIR

IN JUNE of 1955, a blonde London model, named Mrs. Ruth Ellis, was hanged for shooting and killing her faithless lover. The execution caused considerable criticism of British justice even in countries which still retained capital punishment for murder, one Paris newspaper remarking editorially that it symbolized "a pitiless legal system which, alone in the world, refuses to recognize the human sentiments of life."

As a matter of fact, the hanging of women murderers in Britain had become much more exceptional than usual. Although both English and Scottish law made the death sentence mandatory for any kind of murder — in other words, left the trial judge with no choice but to impose it — the Home Secretary had, by virtue of the royal prerogative of mercy, a power of reprieve. Of late years this power had been exercised more and more liberally, with the result that a male murderer's chances of escaping the rope were now better than even and a female murderer's a good deal better than that.

Quite possibly Mrs. Ellis was ill-served by all the clamorous publicity that her case aroused, for this may have decided the then Home Secretary that if he spared her he would appear to be yielding to pressure and to be betraying the *principle* of capital punishment — a principle to which his government was staunchly committed. On the other hand, her execution provided so-called abolitionists with an opportunity to launch a new campaign to outlaw the death penalty for murder, which except for treason was the only remaining capital offense in Britain.

The new campaign was intensively conducted and mustered very influential support in and out of Parliament. But all it won in the end was a promised reduction in the number of possible executions and in the already low number of likely ones. This was brought about by a half-baked piece of government-sponsored legislation called the Homicide Act, which became law last March and which, while it reaffirmed the necessity of retaining the power to hang, in the interests of law and order, enunciated the bizarre proposition that henceforth only some types of murder (for example, murder by shooting as opposed to murder by any other means) need be considered a sufficient threat to law and order to be called capital!

Such an outcome was for two reasons illogical. In the first place, every other European country, save France and Spain, had long since renounced the death penalty for murder without any consequent undermining of public safety. Secondly, the high percentage of reprieves that had lately been allowed in Britain was clear indication of a declining faith on the part of successive governments in both the moral rightness of capital punishment and its practical usefulness.

One must conclude, therefore, that however close the British people may be led to abandoning the death penalty in practice, they are, as a whole, peculiarly resistant to abolishing it in principle.

But whatever may be true of Britain in this respect is true of nearly all English-speaking countries, and particularly of America, where devotion to the

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principle of capital punishment seems more firmly rooted today than it was a couple of generations ago. Back in 1917, abolitionists had excited a nationwide interest in their cause and appeared on the verge of winning a nation-wide victory. Twelve states had already passed abolition acts, and in several other states legislation to outlaw the death penalty was pending and had been promised passage. But with America's entry into the First World War, and the concomitant atmosphere of insecurity, a sudden retreat from abolition began, which has yet to be halted.

In those states where legislation to outlaw capital punishment had been introduced, the bills, almost immediately, were either dropped or defeated. Since then six of the twelve formerly abolition states have restored the death penalty, while under federal law capital offenses, which numbered four in 1917, now number nine, three of the additions — peacetime espionage, dope-peddling to minors, and causing death through sabotage of a commercial vehicle — having been made in the last three years. By contrast with the position in 1917, the abolitionist cause today, so far as the country as a whole is concerned, seems almost dead. Indeed, theoretically, America now makes a wider use of the death penalty than any other civilized nation in the world.

Throughout its jurisdiction, state and federal, some twenty different capital offenses remain on the statute books, including such archaic-sounding ones as train-wrecking. Though the majority of these cannot be fairly called more than capital in name, executions do in fact take place for other crimes besides homicide and treason. Thus in 1953 the Rosenbergs were executed for wartime espionage on behalf of an ally, another couple were executed for kidnaping, and in the South six Negroes and one white man were executed for rape. A year later, a Negro was executed in the South for armed robbery. There have been three comparatively recent executions in California for aggravated assault, and this year there has been an execution, again in the South, for burglary.

2

THE American people do not have to look as far as Europe for evidence of the practical needlessness of the death penalty. That evidence exists, and perhaps even more impressively, within their own borders. A statistical comparison has been made over five yearly periods between contiguous abolition states and states that retain capital punishment. In these states, where social conditions are undeniably similar, the homicide rate is about equal and is subject to almost identical fluctuations. For instance, the homicide rate per 100,000 of the population between 1931 and 1935 was 5.0 in the abolition state of Michigan and 6.2 in the retention state of Indiana; between 1936 and 1940 it was 3.6 in Michigan

and 4.3 in Indiana; and between 1941 and 1946 it was 3.4 in Michigan and 3.2 in Indiana.

Moreover, while throughout the country the power to impose the death penalty has been buttressed and widened during the past forty years, the actual exercise of that power has, just as in Britain, become steadily less likely. Between 1930 and 1950, the average number of annual executions under civil state and federal authority stood at 143. That number has dropped since to 79, and according to present indications will continue to drop. While the great majority of executions that do take place are for first-degree murder — virtually all of them outside of the South — statistics show that at present the chances against a person convicted of intentional homicide ever entering the death chamber are a hundred to one. Several states which remain obstinately loyal to capital punishment in principle have in practice, apparently, ceased to use it at all. There have been no executions in Massachusetts, for example, since 1947. And South Dakota, which, though once an abolition state, went to the trouble of restoring the death penalty in 1939 for three offenses — murder, killing in a duel, and harming a kidnaped person — has conducted only one execution since then.

Nor, though the pardoning power exists in American jurisdictions, as it does in Britain, is this solely or even mainly responsible for the dwindling number of executions. By contrast with the position in Britain, the imposition of the death sentence in America is now largely left to the discretion either of a judge or a jury, and this discretion is being less and less used. Only in Vermont and the District of Columbia is the death penalty for first-degree murder mandatory. For rape, which accounts for the second largest number of executions, it is mandatory only in Louisiana. Under federal law it is not mandatory for any offense — not even for treason, which is generally conceded to be the most heinous of all crimes and is still punishable by death in every European country save Western Germany.

This increasingly bashful use of the death penalty makes nonsense of the two main arguments for retaining it: namely, that it is a necessary form of retribution — the only adequate means of expressing society's condemnation of a particular crime — and a necessary deterrent against this same crime. Clearly, if first-degree murder is legally defined and some first-degree murders are punished by death and others are not, society is using the death penalty to express its condemnation of selected first-degree murderers rather than of first-degree murder as such. Hence the dividing line between retribution and vengeance, always a thin one, disappears; and an objective appraisal of such executions as do still take place, alike in Britain and America, strongly suggests that they are mostly vengeful in character. Thus it would be hard to deny, judging from the statistics, that the death penalty for rape

in the southern American states exists essentially as a discriminatory weapon against Negroes. The most flagrant admission of this occurred in 1915 when Tennessee briefly abolished the death penalty for murder while retaining it for rape.

As for deterrence, any parent should know the absurdity of threatening a punishment and then not carrying it out. Indeed, by definition, the deterrent effectiveness of a penalty depends on the extent to which it is *certain* to be imposed, and the perpetrators of capital offenses must be well aware by this time that even if they are apprehended the death sentence is far from certain to follow.

But this is not the only reason why capital punishment, if it ever was a truly effective deterrent, is now plainly no longer so. By definition again, the more fearful a penalty, the greater its deterrent value must be. But capital punishment is not such a fearful thing as theoretically it could still be, and as undoubtedly it once was. Gone are the days of preliminary torture, boiling in oil, burning at the stake, burying alive, and so forth. The whole tendency during the past fifty years and more has been to make the death penalty as "humane" as possible. Executions are now held in private rather than in public; in America, though this is not true of Britain, the bodies of executed people are returned to their relatives for burial in consecrated ground. The twenty-six American states that have substituted electrocution for hanging, and the eight that have substituted lethal gas, have done so in the belief that these are less, not more, fearful ways of dying. And the British have kept hanging as their method of execution only because they have yet to be persuaded that a practicable alternative method exists that would cause the victim less suffering or provide more certainty of instantaneous death.

3

THE fact is that capital punishment belongs historically to a penal system based on violence of an unspeakably brutal kind; and the morality which allowed this system to operate has for some two hundred years been in retreat before the advance of humanitarian and scientific influences. Hence there is no wonder that the death penalty should be falling into disuse. It was already an anachronism during the first half of the nineteenth century when, initially in America and later in Europe, the system of assaulting the bodies of criminals was replaced, broadly speaking, by the system of assaulting their minds, through solitary confinement in penitentiaries. Today, no civilized society would permit capital punishment to be practiced in accordance with the penal theory that fathered it. Admittedly, it can still be effectively employed, and is unfortunately from time to time in authoritarian countries, for preventive purposes — as a means of wholesale political suppression. But otherwise, regardless of

whether or not it is morally justifiable, there no longer seems to be any logical point in its retention.

One may wonder, then, whether it remains an issue of any real importance. Couldn't it be safely left to disappear on its own?

Orthodox abolitionists would answer no to this question, because if and when the annual number of executions falls to one, that, from their point of view, will still be one too many. Further, they could fairly argue that so long as the power to impose the death penalty exists in principle, the chance and the danger persist that, under exceptional circumstances, it will be wielded in practice. This was shown at the end of the last war when the traditionally abolitionist Dutch, Norwegians, and Danes executed native traitors.

But there is another, and perhaps more compelling, reason why the issue cannot be disregarded. Though capital punishment was a contradiction to the chosen methods of nineteenth-century penology, which had revolted against violence, that penology still accepted the necessity of exacting retribution from criminals. Present-day penology, by contrast, puts its emphasis not on retribution, nor even on deterrence, but on rehabilitation. It combats crime by such reformative and essentially non-punitive means as probation and psychiatric help in and out of prisons. It seeks eventually to replace the old concept of "the punishment to fit the crime" with a quite new notion: "the treatment to fit the criminal." Clearly, the death penalty is wholly inimical to this aim, inasmuch as it serves the purely punitive ends of retribution and deterrence. Hence its retention is bound to produce a confusion of purpose in the whole penal picture, and to impede those reforms which are necessary before a policy fully in accord with modern penological theory can be put into operation.

Regrettably, organized abolitionists are apt to make little of this point. They are chiefly concerned with the moral objection to punishment by killing. They give the impression of being nineteenth-century penal reformers in the sense that to them abolition is an end in itself, and they are prepared to buy it with promissory notes of alternative punishments which, they claim, would prove no less retributive and no less deterrent.

Thus in Massachusetts recently, after an abnormal youth named Chapin had been sentenced to die for a horrifying but motiveless murder, abolitionist spokesmen made no attack on the idea of punishing rather than treating this boy whose mind was clearly disordered. They urged clemency on the curiously illiberal grounds that life imprisonment would be just as terrible a punishment for him as death, but would avoid the affront to social decency which his execution would entail.

And, indeed, from the point of view of the individual, natural life imprisonment as an alternative to capital punishment is apt to be little better than

the substitution of a slow death for a quick one. In both cases the convicted man's only way of putting paid to his debt to society is through dying. But while natural life imprisonment is unknown in European abolition countries, where the outlawing of the death penalty cleared the way for a curative approach to the problem of crime prevention, it *is* the alternative to execution that has been adopted in the American abolition states.

In 1919, for example, a psychopathic young hooligan, named Joseph Redenbaugh, who had spent most of his brief life in and out of reformatories, was convicted of first-degree murder in the abolition state of Minnesota. He was sentenced to life imprisonment. Prompted by an illusory hope of regaining his liberty, and through exploiting an innate intellectual curiosity, Redenbaugh accomplished a remarkable job of self-reform or cure. He grew from an unmoral, undisciplined, semi-literate "tramp kid" into a peaceable, law-abiding, highly educated man. It is years now since both the prison and parole authorities in Minnesota were persuaded that Redenbaugh, who has become learned in an immensely varied number of subjects and the master of several trades, had conquered his criminal aggressiveness; years since they were persuaded that he would no longer prove a danger to society. Yet Redenbaugh remains in prison. Short of special legislative action, there appears to be little or no chance that he can ever be released.

It is not surprising that this man, when he looks back on some thirty-eight years of what now seems wasted effort to equip himself for freedom, believes that from the individual's point of view it is better that the death penalty should be retained than replaced by natural life imprisonment. At this point, certainly, his punishment would appear to be as vengeful in character as any execution, and to make as much of a mockery of the new penology, which places rehabilitation before retribution or deterrence. In short, when abolitionists are content to suggest life imprisonment as a suitable alternative to the death penalty, they are in effect offering society an alternative form of vengeance, without giving society any solid reasons for believing that it will be better off if it accepts it.

4

THIS may go far to explain the illogical reluctance to abolish the capital punishment power even in such places as Massachusetts, where it has virtually ceased to be used. So long as vengeance is socially permissible and respectable in certain circumstances, the average citizen, who does not happen to share the abolitionist's emotional objection to punishment by killing, prefers to stick to the rope or the electric chair or whatever it may be as the most satisfying method of exacting vengeance which the law, in theory at least, allows.

An unhappy illustration of this was provided a few years ago by the case of William Edward Cook. On December 29, 1950, Cook began a hitchhike from El Paso, Texas, that turned into a homicidal rampage. At the end of the following week he had been in and out of Oklahoma, Arkansas, New Mexico, and California, and had fled to Mexico City. He had shot and killed eight people, including a whole family.

Murder on such a horrific scale inevitably excites a demand for vengeance. Cook was in an unusually weak position to escape, or be protected from, the satisfaction of this demand. He was a young man of twenty-two from a broken and underprivileged home; he had no money, friends, or influence; and he was grossly unbalanced mentally.

He was tried, first of all, under federal law at Oklahoma City. Presumably on the advice of his attorney, he pleaded guilty; and one may doubt whether he could have supported an insanity plea (his only possible defense) before a jury. The prosecution had mustered three psychiatrists to say that he wasn't insane. Their view may have been correct according to the strict legal test, which defines sanity as the ability to make an intellectual distinction between what is right and wrong (punishable by law). Though this test was originally propounded by the law lords of England more than a hundred years ago, and is entirely outmoded by medical knowledge, it remains in force in most American jurisdictions.

Nevertheless, the federal judge used his discretionary power to circumvent the death penalty. He had appointed four independent psychiatrists to advise him and, on the basis of their findings, he decided that though in law Cook might be responsible for his actions, in fact this derelict young man was "hopelessly insane." Accordingly, he refused to sentence him to death, as the prosecution urged, and instead sent him to prison for three hundred years. This decision prompted Cook's own attorney to an almost lyrical flight of appreciation. "The result proves conclusively," he said, "that even the vicious, the homeless and the friendless can be dealt with compassionately and justly."

He spoke too soon. The state of California demanded Cook's extradition, so that he could stand trial for the murder of one of his victims, whom he had killed within the jurisdiction of the Californian town of El Centro. This demand was backed by a bloodthirsty local newspaper and radio campaign, to which the El Centro district attorney and sheriff were prominent contributors. The United States attorney general opposed no objection. Cook was removed from Alcatraz, where he had been sent to serve his federal sentence, and was handed over to the Californian authorities.

By then he had been publicly called "Badman" and "Butcher." Moreover, California's purpose in extraditing him was openly and avowedly to do the

job that the federal judge had shrunk from doing. The result of his trial, therefore, could hardly have been other than a foregone conclusion. Under Californian law there was an automatic appeal and, one is tempted to suggest, an equally automatic rejection of it. On December 12, 1952, William Edward Cook was gassed to death at San Quentin.

Here was a flagrant example of the kind of legalized vengeance that the existence of the death penalty encourages — and one all the more remarkable because it happened in California, which, with its wide use of such rehabilitative techniques as prisons without bars, has the reputation of being among the most penologically advanced jurisdictions in the world.

Yet the federal disposition of the case was also an attempt to satisfy the public's thirst for vengeance, and, looked at objectively, showed little of the justice and compassion that Cook's attorney saw in it. True, the court's hands may have been tied. But that does not alter the fact that to *punish* a "hopelessly insane" man by imprisonment in Alcatraz, toughest of the federal maximum-security institutions, is only in degree less barbarous than to execute him.

The interests of society must, of course, be placed before the rights of the individual; and no judge would be doing his duty if he permitted men of Cook's kind to remain at large. But society's interests would have been adequately protected in this case if Cook had been committed to a custodial *non-punitive* institution until he died or was cured. Society's interests would have been far better protected if he had been committed before and not after he killed eight people.

This last suggestion is something that could and would have happened under a genuinely curative penal system. Though murderers of Cook's type are not legal madmen, they are often popularly referred to as "mad dogs" — a fact which makes their treatment under the criminal law as fully responsible people all the more ironic. Murder is seldom the first crime they commit, and a competent diagnostician, given the chance, can usually detect their homicidal tendencies before these erupt. Certainly Cook's murderous rampage was predictable in general terms. He had a history of antisocial, psychopathic behavior dating back to his ninth year. At the Missouri intermediate reformatory, which he entered when he was still in his early teens, he was classified as incorrigible. Consequently, he was transferred for closer custody to the state prison, where he was held until, on the expiry of his sentence, he had to be released. In other words, though his condition was diagnosed in a rough-and-ready sort of way, no attempt was made to treat it, and no power existed to prevent this obviously sick and dangerous boy from re-entering the free world once he had paid his so-called debt to society.

But nothing much better can be expected so long as an archaic legal test of sanity allows psychopaths and other grossly abnormal people to be held fully responsible to the law. The practice of punishing rather than treating these people, who are incapable of helping themselves, does worse than violate the rights of the individual: it threatens public safety. For, as Cook's case illustrates, while punishment has no beneficial effect on them, its infliction means that society cannot be permanently safeguarded from them unless and until they commit a crime of such gravity that the legal sentence is life imprisonment or death. The law of criminal responsibility must be reformed if the problem that the abnormal offender represents is ever to be solved by curative means; and this is a reform, vital to modern penological principles, that the death penalty and other purely punitive symbols are holding back.

Yet there are examples to demonstrate how much society would have to gain from it and how little to lose — except the right to vengeance. Some two years before Cook was executed in California, a number of psychiatrists and other public-spirited people had successfully launched an attack on the "right and wrong" test of sanity in Maryland. The occasion was the trial of Rudi Brettinger (that is not his real name) for armed robbery. Like Cook, Brettinger was young; like Cook, he had an antisocial history dating back to his childhood; like Cook, he had not responded to punishment; and like Cook, he was a severe psychopath. Unlike Cook, he pleaded insanity.

His expert witnesses argued that though he had the intellectual capacity to distinguish between right and wrong, though he could "verbalize" the difference, emotionally he had no such understanding. He was incapable, they said, of controlling his impulses; he had virtually no moral sense. One of these expert witnesses, the late and distinguished Robert Lindner, boldly predicted from the stand that if Brettinger were not treated and confined, if he were merely sent to prison for a determinate term, he would eventually do murder. It was this prediction which in all probability decided the jury, after much debate, to accept Brettinger's insanity plea. So instead of being punished again, he was committed to a hospital for treatment over an indefinite period. Today, seven years later, he has been released on parole. He is holding down a good job, and shows every indication of being a useful member of society.

The moral of this story has, unfortunately, not been widely heeded, but it provides, surely, one of the most persuasive messages for abolitionists to proclaim. Granted a reform in the law of criminal responsibility, murder can be prevented through cure — not every murder, obviously enough, but a great many of the murders which, in practice, the death penalty is retained to punish.



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NONCONFORMITY

by BEN SHAHN

I

THE artist is likely to be looked upon with some uneasiness by the more conservative members of society. He seems a little unpredictable. Who knows but that he may arrive for dinner in a red shirt, appear unexpectedly bearded, offer — freely — unsolicited advice, or even ship off one of his ears to some unwilling recipient? However glorious the history of art may be, the history of artists is quite another matter. And in any well-ordered household the very thought that one of the young may turn out to be an artist can be a cause for general alarm. It may be a point of great pride to have a Van Gogh on the living-room wall, but the prospect of having Van Gogh himself in the living room would put a good many devoted art lovers to rout.

A great deal of the uneasiness about artists is based upon fiction; a great deal of it also is founded upon a real nonconformity which artists do follow, and which they sometimes deliberately exaggerate, but which seems nevertheless to be innate in art.

I don't mean to imply at all that every artist is a nonconformist or even that most artists are nonconformists. I dare say that if we could somehow secure the total record it would show that an enormous majority of painters, sculptors, and even etchers have been impeccably correct in every detail of their behavior. Unfortunately, however, most of these artists have been forgotten. There seems to have been nothing about them, or even about their work, that was able to capture the world's attention or affection. Who knows? Perhaps they were too right, or too correct, but in any case we hardly remember them or know who they were.

There was a great commotion aroused in Paris

around 1925 when it was proposed by officials that one of the pavilions of the coming Exposition des Arts Décoratifs be housed in the space traditionally reserved for the Salon of the Independents. It was suggested that, in view of the new enlightenment, there was no further need of an Independents' show in Paris. An indignant critic promptly offered to give twenty-five reasons why the Independents' show ought to be continued.

The twenty-five reasons proved to be twenty-five names: those of the winners of the Prix de Rome over as many years — the Prix de Rome being the most exalted award which can be extended to talented young artists by the French government. But all these names, excepting only that of Rouault, were totally unknown to art. The critic then called off twenty-five other names: those of artists who had first exhibited with the Independents, who had not won a Prix de Rome, and who could not by any stretch of the imagination have won such an award. They were Cézanne, Monet, Manet, Degas, Derain, Daumier, Matisse, Utrillo, Picasso, Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec, Braque, Gauguin, Léger, and so on.

This incident has great bearing upon the matter of conformity. For it was through the questionable virtue of conformity that the Prix de Rome winners had prevailed. That is to say, they had no quarrel with art as it stood. The current concepts of beauty, of appropriate subject matter, of design, the small conceits of style, and the whole conventional system of art and art teaching were perfectly agreeable to them. By fulfilling present standards drawn out of past art, the applicants had won the approval of officials whose standards also were based upon past art, and who could

hardly be expected to have visions of the future. But it is always in the future that the course of art lies, and so all the guesses of the officials were wrong guesses.

What is it about the public, and what is it about conformity itself, that causes us to require it of our neighbors and of our artists and then, with consummate fickleness, forget those who fall into line and eternally celebrate those who do not?

Might not one surmise that there is some degree of nonconformity in us all — perhaps conquered or suppressed in the interest of our general well-being, but which may be touched or rekindled or inspired by just the quality of unorthodoxy which is so deeply embedded in art?

I doubt that good psychological or sociological opinion would allow such a view. On the contrary, I think that the most advanced opinion in these fields holds that we are by our natures doomed to conformity. We seem to be hemmed in by peer groups, hedged by tradition, struck dumb by archetypes; to be other-directed, inner-directed, outer-directed, over-directed. We are the organization man. But it is not allowed that we may think for ourselves or be different or create something better than that which was before.

Since I do not myself aspire to be a sociologist, I do not feel particularly committed to correct sociological behavior. I don't care a rap about my peer group. And as for my tradition, brave though it may be and nostalgic, I feel that I am on the whole well out of it. I cannot believe in Statistical Man or Reisman Man (Reis-Man) and I can even dream of a day when perhaps both shall be placed alongside Piltdown Man in some wonderful museum of scientific follies.

2

NONCONFORMITY is not only a desirable thing, it is an actual thing. One need only remark that all art is based upon nonconformity — a point that I shall undertake to establish — and that every great historic change has been based upon nonconformity, has been bought either with the blood or with the reputation of nonconformists. Without nonconformity we would have had no Bill of Rights nor Magna Carta, no public education system, no nation upon this continent, no continent, no science at all, no philosophy, and considerably fewer religions. All that is pretty obvious.

But it seems to be less obvious that to create anything at all in any field, and especially anything of outstanding worth, requires nonconformity, or a want of satisfaction with things as they are. The creative person — the nonconformist — may be in profound disagreement with the present way of things, or he may simply wish to add his views, to render a personal account of matters.

Let me indicate the mildest kind of noncon-

formity that I can think of. A painter, let us say, may be perfectly pleased and satisfied with art just as it stands. He may like the modern forms and lean toward the abstract. Within the abstract mode, however, he may envision possibilities and powers not yet exploited. Perhaps he is interested in light. He may feel confident that with the enormous freedom of paint manipulation afforded by abstract techniques, he himself can produce something new. He may believe that by relating colors and forms in a certain way — by forcing them perhaps — he can produce unheard-of luminosities. Even though many of his friends may feel that he is engaged upon a ridiculous project, he will pursue his vision, and he will probably ultimately realize it. He may be perfectly circumspect in his behavior, and may have no quarrel even with art. The point of his nonconformity will be just at the point of his new vision, of his confidence that it can be realized. There he takes lessons from no one, and is his own authority.

If there is nothing in the code, if there is no doctrine which holds that luminosity is a wrong and undesirable thing, then the artist's nonconformity is taken for granted as part of the art process. But if there happens to exist some such stricture, some rule or academic principle, or some official body or tribunal to obstruct his work or take issue with his purpose, then nonconformity becomes rebellion, intransigence, sometimes overthrow.

One thinks of Turner. For Turner, the great innovator, did so manipulate colors and suppress forms to create light. He anticipated Impressionism by many years, and he violated every accepted canon of academic art. Radical though he was, Turner created no outright explosion, simply because his work encountered little opposition beyond being called "tinted steam" by Constable and "soapsuds and whitewash" by someone else.

How different was the case with the Impressionists, who, with objectives almost the same as those of Turner, were made the outlaws and the outcasts of art, their paintings ostracized by academic edict. The French Academy, enjoying official status and some material power, had been able to set up a certain absolutism of standards. It had pronounced upon the proper aims and objectives of painting, and the pursuit of pure and unalloyed light was not among them — particularly light at the expense of the entrenched method of underpainting in black, a heritage from the now sacred Renaissance. The Academy did seek to obstruct and curtail Impressionist nonconformity, and it thus produced the greatest art upheaval in history.

Nonconformity, even on a vast scale, does not necessarily imply any sort of violent or total overthrow. The transition from medieval art into that of the Renaissance was accomplished by the modest personal ventures of such gentle painters

as Giotto, Cimabue, Duccio, and Ambrogio Lorenzetti, each of whom created his humane and freshly observed images within the framework of the medieval manner.

The Renaissance was of course a time of extraordinary artistic latitude, a time tolerant of nonconformity, able to expand to accommodate all sorts of styles and viewpoints, to endure the mediocre as well as to applaud the great, to be at once religious and pagan and classic. The world has enjoyed few enough of such respites from rigidity of mind — perhaps a space of a few hundred years in Greece, a period in France from the Enlightenment almost to the present, Victorian England — but whenever they have occurred, a flowering has taken place in the arts, in science, in literature, and most significantly, in life.

3

EVERY successive change in the look of art — that is, every great movement — has been at issue with whatever mode was the then prevailing one. Protestantism in art seems almost to have preceded Protestantism in religion. The high style of the Italians, even though it constituted the very model and ideal of Dutch and Flemish and German painters, still appears somehow too fulsome for the lean and frugal Northern temperament. Holbein, Dürer, Grünewald, Bosch were earth-oriented and did not or could not aspire to such skyey matters as the wonderful cloud-surrounded Transfigurations and Apotheoses at which the Italians excelled.

Protestant art itself was conscientiously, defiantly earth-oriented, and in opposition to it there was created the art of the Catholic Counter Reformation with the almost studied return to splendor. To Rubens, its greatest artistic spokesman, no excess of elaboration, ornamentation, or glorification of Church and nobility seemed unacceptable. As such lavishness descended to Rococo, there arose almost as if in revulsion the severe Neo-classicism of David and Ingres — a fast after a prolonged time of feasting. The Romanticism of Géricault and Delacroix may well have been a recoil from just that sterility. The Realism of Courbet took issue with romantic effulgence; Impressionism and all the isms that followed it were a fragmentation of Realism, and then a denial, and then an outright opposition to Realism. All of which is not to elaborate upon the history of art movements, but only to point out the essential fact of nonconformity.

The artist occupies a unique position vis-à-vis the society in which he lives. However dependent upon it he may be for his livelihood, he is still somewhat removed from its immediate struggles for social status or for economic supremacy. He has no really vested interest in the status quo.

The only vested interest — or one might say professional concern — which he does have in the

present way of things rests in his ability to observe them, to assimilate the multifarious details of reality, to form some intelligent opinion about the society — or at least an opinion consistent with his temperament.

That being the case, he must maintain an attitude at once detached and deeply involved. Detached, in that he must view all things with an outer and abstracting eye. Shapes rest against shapes; colors augment colors, and modify and relate and mingle mutually. Contrasts in life move constantly across the field of vision; tensions between the grotesque and the sad, between the contemptible and the much-loved; tensions of such special character as to be almost imperceptible; dramatic, emotional situations within the most banal settings. Only the detached eye is able to perceive these properties and qualities of things.

Within such contrasts and juxtapositions lies the very essence of what life is today or any day. Whoever would know his day or would capture its essential character must maintain such a degree of detachment.

But besides perceiving these things, the artist must also feel them. Therein he differs from the scientist, who may observe dispassionately, collate, draw conclusions, and still remain uninvolved. The artist may not use lines or colors or forms unless he is able to feel their rightness. If a face or a figure or a stretch of grass or a formal passage fails in that sense, then there is no further authority for it and no other standard of measurement. So he must never fail to be involved in the pleasures and the desperations of mankind, for therein is the very source of feeling upon which the work of art is registered. Feeling, because it is always specific and never generalized, must have its own vocabulary of things experienced and felt.

It is because of these parallel habits of detachment and of emotional involvement that artists so often become partisans in burning causes. And it is why also they are so likely to be nonconformists in their personal lives. Michelangelo, Leonardo, and Rembrandt were all noted nonconformists, each one of them expanding freely the set limits of mind and art and behavior. Dürer was a passionate admirer of the heretical Martin Luther, David a prime figure in the French Revolution; Courbet helped push over the Vendôme Column during the period of the Paris Commune, calling it a symbol of war and imperialism. Even the American Revolution had an artist participant in Charles Willson Peale — not to mention Paul Revere. The instances are numerous; I remember the Paris of the twenties, when the cafés teemed with talk of the still to be created New World and when every smallest aesthetic deviation had its own political manifesto. Then the thirties in New York — the depression — when almost no artist was without some sort of identification with po-

litical or social theory, as a solution for his time.

But considerably more revealing than active engagement or the personal behavior of artists has been the passionate testament of their sympathies as it is written across the canvases and walls of the world and carved into its buildings and filed away within its archives in engravings, woodcuts, lithographs, and drawings. Here the intransigent sentiments are stamped indelibly and are inseparable from the art itself.

One of the earliest of such testaments was painted by Ambrogio Lorenzetti in the early 1300s and spreads over three vast walls of the Council Chamber in the Palazzo Pubblico in Siena. A dissertation upon the sins of bad government and the virtues of good, it remains a monument to the medieval free city, a beautiful and majestic dream of justice. One of the latest of such testaments is Picasso's *Guernica*.

Compassion with human woes threads through all art from Masaccio's anguished *Adam and Eve* to the bitter sufferers of Käthe Kollwitz's *Weavers* and on down to the present, although for the moment it may have thinned. Partisanship on the side of the humble has been an ever-recurring passion in art — Breughel, Rembrandt, Daumier. And with these three and so many others, there is always the other side of the coin, the thrusts and satires upon social and political malpractice. Nonconformity.

4

WHILE artists try to make their nonconformity as clear and unmistakable as possible, it seems to be one of the challenging tasks of criticism to smooth over such nonconformity, and to make it appear that this or that artist was a very model of propriety. We read this sort of thing: "The coarseness of Goya is hardly noticeable unless we set out to look for it." Or again, "There is no evidence to prove that Goya actively assisted in any scheme of protest against the established order of society." But of course Goya did actively assist; indeed he protested with the most crying, the most effective, the most unforgettable indictment of the horrors of religious and patriotic fanaticism that has ever been created in any medium at all.

There is no propriety here. Beauty yes, but the beauty of a Goya painting is inseparable from its power and its meaning. Who is to say when a weeping face becomes a trenchant line? And who may presume to know that the line might have been trenchant apart from the face? Who can say that this passage of color, that formal arrangement, this kind of brush-stroking could have come into being were it not for the intensity of belief which demanded it?

And so one reads of the color, the form, the shape, the structure, all this apart from the meaning which they hold, and apart from the context of life

in which they took place. The fierce and dreadful fantasies of Breughel become "cryptic iconography" with little reference to the reality of tortures, violence, and burnings at the stake, those common practices of the Spanish occupation and its tribunal, the Blood Council.

Of course these artists were nonconformists. Indeed each of them stands out as an island of civilized feeling in an ocean of corruption. Civilization has freely vindicated them in everything but their nonconformity.

It is an amusing contradiction of our time that we do applaud a sort of copybook nonconformity. Everyone laments the increase in conformity; everyone knows that too much conformity is bad for art and literature and politics, and that it may deal the deathblow to national greatness. The deadening effects of overconformity are well understood. Yet, when it comes to the matter of just what kind of nonconformity shall be encouraged, liberality of view recedes. There seems to be no exact place where nonconformity can be fitted in; it must not be admitted into the university curriculum — that would produce chaos. In politics it is certainly inadvisable — at least for the time being. It cannot be practiced in journalism — witness the halting of Eric Sevareid's broadcast upon a free press. In science — least of all, alas!

Without the nonconformist, however, without the critic, without the visionary, without the person of outspoken opinion, any society of whatever degree of perfection must fall into decay. Its habits (let's say its virtues) will inevitably become entrenched and tyrannical; its controls will become inaccessible to the ordinary citizen.

But I do not wish to negate the significance of the conformist himself — or perhaps an apter term would be the conservative. In art, the conservative is the vigorous custodian of the artistic treasures of a civilization, of its established values and its tastes — those of the past and even those present ones which have become accepted.

Without the conservative we would know little of the circumstances of past art; we would have lost much of its meaning; in fact, we would probably have lost most of the art itself. However greatly the creative artist may chafe at entrenched conservatism, it is still quite true that his own work is both sustained and enriched by it.

It is natural and desirable that there should occur some conflict between these two kinds of people so necessary to each other and yet so opposite in their perspectives. I have always held a notion of a healthy society as one in which the two opposing elements, the conservative and the creative (or radical, or visionary, or whatever term is best applied to the dissident), exist in a mutual balance. The conservative, with its vested interest in things as they are, holds on to the present, gives stability, and preserves established values. The visionary,

always able to see the configuration of the future in present things, presses for change, experiment, and venture into new ways. A truly creative artist is inevitably of this part of society.

There takes place from time to time an imbalance between the stabilizing and the visionary elements in society. Conformity is then pressed upon everyone, and growth and change and art come to a standstill.

In the year 1573, the painter Veronese was summoned before the Inquisition to answer a charge of blasphemy. In a painting of the Last Supper he had created an outer scene of worldliness in contrast to the inner scene of solemnity. Among the figures of the outer scene was a dog, and it was the dog that constituted the blasphemy. Ten years earlier the Council of Trent had decided upon the proper iconography for this and other religious scenes; their decision was held to be final, and a dog was not among the items listed.

The painter sought to explain the formal considerations which had led to his arrangement. His explanation was disregarded and he was ordered to substitute a Magdalene for the dog or be subject to whatever penalty the Holy Tribunal might decide to impose.

Veronese did not yield (he retained the dog and changed the title of the painting). But let us note that art itself did yield to the increased pressure for conformity. It was in an atmosphere of enforced acts of faith, of fear of heresy, of trial and ordeal, and of the increasing harshness of the Inquisition that three hundred years of Renaissance greatness came to a close in Italy.

In our own generation, there is a record of a Russian trial not dissimilar to that of Veronese. A Soviet painter named Nikritin was accused of decadent Western formalism in a painting which he had made of a sports event, the specific complaint being that he had employed symbolic devices at the expense of Soviet Realism. Defending himself before a tribunal made up of fellow artists and a member of a cultural bureau, Nikritin explained the artistic reasons which had prompted his choice and arrangement of figures. His defense was unsuccessful. It was decided that such symbolic treatment as that which he had employed was not understandable to workers and was indeed an affront to them. One of his fellow artists described him as "one of those fellows who want to talk at all cost about themselves . . . an undesirable type of artist." The verdict: "What we see here is calumny; it is a class attack inimical to Soviet power. The picture must be removed and the appropriate steps taken."

Perhaps equally significant is a story related by my brother after he had returned from a trip to the Soviet Union. He was curious about the status of art there and arranged to meet a number of artists. After he had visited several studios he was struck

by the fact that all the artists seemed to be working in groups rather than singly and to be producing more or less the same subject matter. After a great deal of inquiring he learned of one man who painted alone, and he made his way to this man's studio. There he found the solitary painter, the individualist, who in spite of hardships was carrying on. When my brother looked at his work he was astonished to find that this man was painting exactly the same subject matter — the idealized workers, anti-capitalist themes, and portraits of heroes — which the collective artists were doing. Conformity is a mood and an atmosphere, a failure of hope or belief or rebellion.

It is well known that the function of art was determined by edict during the Hitler regime in Germany, and that it was charged with carrying out the policies of the state. It was to be Nordic; it was to reject the so-called degenerate forms of art in the democracies; it was to be purged of Semitic influences. German Expressionism, one of the most brilliant art movements of modern times, came to an abrupt end, and there arose in its place a cloying art of *Kirche*, *Küche*, and *Kinder*, still-born and unremembered.

Nonconformity is the basic precondition of art, as it is the precondition of good thinking and therefore of growth and greatness in a people. The degree of nonconformity present — and tolerated — in a society might be looked upon as a symptom of its state of health.

5

THE greater number of artists at any time whatever are no doubt complete conformists — not the outstanding ones, but the numerical majority. That is simply because mediocrity is commoner than genius. There is always an impressive number of artists who are overwhelmed by the nearest outstanding figure. They adopt his point of view and mannerisms and become a school; that is one kind of art conformity.

Another kind of conformity is derived from the wholly venal business of catering to a popular market. Still another results from trends and the yearning of artists — an almost irresistible yearning — to be in the avant-garde. A very noted painter confided to a critic recently that he sometimes wanted to do a more communicative kind of painting, but that he could not resist the excitement and that certain degree of glamour that goes with being in the avant-garde.

All these kinds of conformity are inevitable and to be expected. But there has grown around us a vastly increased conformity. One could say "conformism" here, for this is conformity by doctrine and by tribunal.

We are all prone to attribute the new conformity to television and mass communications, and indeed

they do play their part. But television is not so much guilty as it is itself the victim of conformism. For it has been tried on the basis of possible disloyalty; it has been purged, but not exonerated. It remains in a state of suspended verdict, liable to re-examination at any time.

So with radio; so with films; so with the press; so with education; so with all those professions which involve the exercise of judgment, intellect, and creativity.

Art has not yet come in for its official purgation, although it is understood to be on the docket. Nevertheless art has had its own ordeal of conformity. And it has its own congressional scourge in the person of a Midwestern Congressman who provides the *Congressional Record* with periodic messages under the heading: "Extension of Remarks by Congressman Dondero." In the shelter of his congressional privilege he has recorded a list of artists whom he has designated as "international art thugs," "art vermin," "subversives of art," and so on. To museums and museum directors — that is, those interested in contemporary art — he has attributed reprehensible motives and practices. He regards the modern forms as a disguised plot to undermine our morals and our "glorious American Art." Such are the bludgeons of conformity.

So alerted, some sections of the public have felt that the call was for them, and have rallied to the cause of watchfulness. Civic groups or veterans' groups, all sorts of organizations and their committees and their auxiliaries, have assumed the solemn duties of the judging and screening of art. Crusades have developed in a number of places with some work of art as their subject. A mural in the process of execution in a federal building just barely survived a campaign to have it removed because it contained a portrait of Roosevelt. Another just barely survived because someone thought it failed to express American ideals. On a sail in a painting of a regatta, a city councilman professed to have discovered a Communist symbol, and he sought to close the exhibition of which the painting was a part. (The symbol turned out to be that of a Los Angeles yachting club.) Another large work was vetoed because it contained nudes.

The most recent of the civic crusades was directed against a very large exhibition of sports themes — paintings, drawings, and prints which had been laboriously assembled by *Sports Illustrated* with the assistance of the American Federation of Arts and was to have been displayed in Australia at the time of last summer's Olympic meet. The exhibition was circulated in a number of American cities before it was to be shipped abroad. It came to grief in

Dallas, Texas. There a local patriotic group discovered among the exhibitors some names which had appeared under "Extension of Remarks by Congressman Dondero." So great was the Texas commotion (and probably so delicate the political balance there), that the exhibition was not sent on to Australia.

In such a climate all art becomes suspect. And while the paint-alone métier has itself come under considerable attack, it is on the whole a safer category to be in than is the more communicative kind of art. In paint alone there are at least no daring commitments to the future, no indiscretions, no irreverence toward relatively sacred individuals, or toward their manners, emblems, or favored slogans.

The aesthetic of line, color, and form, like any other way of painting, may always grow in the hands of a gifted painter; but today it has become the norm and the model of conformity. Young artists complain that our galleries freely press them into working in such a manner. One college department head claims that he sees no further necessity for forcing upon his students the hard archaic disciplines of academic study, since they will abandon them anyway.

The daily reviews in the newspapers are a concatenation of like descriptions of this artist's circles, or that artist's squares, or a third artist's spirals. Recently a reviewer, casting about for some adjectives with which to describe an unbroken yellow canvas, suddenly ended with the inspired words, "Since there's nothing to look at, there's nothing to say!"

Today's conformity is more than anything else the retreat from controversiality. Tomorrow's art, if it is to be at all stirring, will no doubt be performed upon today's forbidden territory.

I remember a story that my father used to tell of a traveler in thirteenth-century France who met three men wheeling wheelbarrows. He asked in what work they were engaged, and he received from them the following three answers. The first said, "I toil from sunup to sundown and all I receive for my pains is a few francs a day." The second said, "I am glad enough to wheel this wheelbarrow, for I have been out of work for many months and I have a family to support."

The third said, "I am building Chartres Cathedral."

I always feel that the committees and the tribunals and the civic groups and their auxiliaries harbor no misgivings about the men who wheel their wheelbarrows for a few francs a day; the object of their suspicions seems inevitably to be the man who is building Chartres Cathedral.



A Scot who took his degrees of M.A. and B.D. at Edinburgh University, DR. DAVID H. C. READ served as a chaplain in the Highland Division in the Second World War and is today pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church. He was captured at Saint-Valéry in 1940 and for the next five years was a prisoner in the German "bag." Out of this experience came his first book, Prisoners' Quest, a portion of which appeared in the Atlantic; his latest book, The Christian Faith, was published by Scribner's. Dr. Read spends his summers in Scotland, and while there last year as Chaplain to Edinburgh University he observed the impact of Billy Graham upon his countrymen with impressions which differed from those reported by Dr. Robertson in the June Atlantic.

THE REAL BILLY GRAHAM

by DAVID H. C. READ

I

WOULD you like a ticket for the new show at the Harringay Rink?" said a friend of mine one day in 1954 when I was in London on a visit from Scotland. "It's called *God on Ice*." That is how I came to receive my first impression of Billy Graham. It was at the beginning of his London campaign, and in Scotland not much more than his name and a vaguely prejudicial aroma of American evangelism had reached us. London church circles were cynical, but I noted a different attitude in one or two people who had been to Harringay. "This isn't the kind of pseudo-religious jamboree we expected," they said. "Go and see."

So I went. The meeting was orderly, the stewards quietly efficient, the singing excellent of its kind. The arena was well spiked with Bible-carrying Christians, but the general impression was of a real cross section of the population. The proportion of men was greater than in most English churches.

When the tall young man from North Carolina strode forward to the rostrum, I had not the slightest idea what to expect. His first remarks revealed an attractive voice, a pleasant personality, and a sense of humor. Then he announced his theme — "Justification by Faith" — and launched into a forty-five-minute rapid-delivery exposition. I sat entranced — not because of any unusual brilliance of thought or language; on the contrary. I had just written a book, *The Communication of the Gospel*, in which I had suggested that the time had come for a radically new vocabulary and method of preaching for this age, but here was a man using all the battered phrases of evangelism, basing his address on a theological dogma supposed to be meaningless to the average man — and communicating as no one I had ever heard. How was it done? There was a

directness and a sympathy that struck through the conventional phrases; there was undoubted charm; the voice was pleasant. But one thing stood out: the man was genuine. He believed what he said. He was concerned about God and the people in front of him, and not chiefly with Billy Graham.

Then came the part I expected to find embarrassing. He made the appeal to come forward. I have seen this done in the manner of a spiritual auctioneer with waving hands and throbbing voice, bidding for souls on the crest of an emotional upheaval. Here there was so little tension and excitement at the end of the address that I found it hard to believe that anyone would move from his seat. Then, in hundreds, they began to move — silently, reverently, seriously. No one fainted. No one shouted. No one, as far as I could see, was weeping. It made me think of an Episcopal congregation going forward to receive the bread and wine. They stood there for a moment or two and then passed out to the back of the hall. The meeting was over.

A year later I was in the Kelvin Hall, Glasgow. My impressions were exactly the same. The Scottish crowd was as quiet as a meeting of the General Assembly on a dull morning. There had been some teen-age adulation when Billy arrived in Glasgow, but within the hall you could have heard an amen drop. But there wasn't one — not even an audible ejaculation from a skeptic's wife. And there wasn't a "Greetin' Gertie" within sight. Recent visits to Madison Square Garden give me the same picture. The majority of those going forward seem to be sober citizens, with a remarkable percentage in the upper-middle years.

It is possible to go to a Graham meeting and come away with a different impression. Some people are

unmoved; some are repelled by the traditional piety of platform and choir; some are concerned at an oversimplification of the Christian challenge. But the majority of my friends, believers and unbelievers, have had an impression similar to mine.

It seems at first sight quite incomprehensible that anyone should have seen at the Kelvin Hall anything resembling what Dr. Robertson described in his brilliant fantasy "When Billy Graham Saved Scotland." Then one realizes just how the raw material of a Crusade meeting has been doctored for the delectation of those who have never been there. The trick is simple enough and when used with skill produces an extremely funny story — funny, unless one happens to believe that Billy Graham is not a religious racketeer but the vehicle and symbol of a significant religious movement in our age. It could be done with any church service, political meeting, or rally of the Rationalists' Association. Call the ushers "Collie Dogs" and their courtesy "ferociously cordial," make their every motion sinister, set free a rich Freudian imagination as you survey the audience, call the singer a "crooner," the conductor a "Medicine Ball Man"; when the speaker is lively call it "a masterly bit of soap opera," when he is quiet make him "ostentatiously unobtrusive" — and, of course, never let the reader forget that the audience, as distinguished from the writer and reader, are a flock of silly sheep.

The trouble with this method applied to a major religious phenomenon of our times is that it diverts attention from really serious criticism. A satirical flight that bears little relation either to Billy Graham or to the Church of Scotland will amuse those who have as meager a knowledge of either as Dr. Robertson and as violent an aversion to any form of "popular religion." It will infuriate all, from eggheads to dimwits, who have found in the Crusades a genuine religious experience. What is needed is sober and fair criticism. For there is a real danger already apparent (not in Billy Graham, but in some of his followers) in the fanaticism which says, "If you're not 100 per cent for Billy Graham you're an atheist — and probably subversive too." This is as unfortunate as the opposite tendency to dismiss the Crusades with an empty laugh. On a subject of world-wide implications the public ought not to be asked to choose between a Robertsonian ridicule and a fanatical Graham-cult. This is why the story needs to be told of the hesitations of the Churches and why leaders in the Church of England, the Church of Scotland, and the major denominations of the U.S.A. have mostly come to a position of support for the Crusades.

According to Dr. Robertson the Kirk in Scotland, on its beam ends, threw theological principle to the winds and cried for help across the Atlantic. It is impossible to take seriously at any point the caricature of the Kirk he presents. I have been a parish minister in the Scottish Borders and can

assure American readers that neither ministers' sermons, elders' wives, nor the attitudes toward the theater and the pub bear the slightest resemblance to this hallucination. Those who have enjoyed reading about the impact made by a mythical American evangelist on a Kirk that exists only in the more lurid pages of some dated Scottish novelists may be interested to know of the reaction of the real Church of Scotland to the real Billy Graham.

2

SINCE World War II the Church of Scotland has shown a small but steady increase in membership and church attendance, and a marked revival of missionary zeal. The latter has found domestic expression in a movement known as "Tell Scotland." This is an effort, in coöperation with other denominations, to encourage local congregations to "do the work of an evangelist" — that is, to attempt by visitation, cell groups, parish missions, and other experiments, to alert the whole population to the relevance of the Christian Faith. I was serving on the steering panel of this movement when the suggestion was made of a Graham campaign in Scotland. Our immediate reaction was that a big evangelistic effort centered on one place and featuring an imported speaker would counteract the emphasis we had been seeking to lay on local responsibility and initiative. We also had considerable hesitation about the methods that might be used.

By this time the Harringay Crusade in London was under way. Observers reported back to Scotland. Many had an opportunity to meet Graham and his team. Finally the decision was made to move, in the General Assembly, that the invitation to the Glasgow Crusade be extended by the "Tell Scotland" movement and given the blessing of the Kirk. In the ensuing debate Dr. George MacLeod (the present Moderator) made an incisive plea against the proposal, but after full debate the motion was carried by a large majority. So, in a mood of sober reflection, Billy Graham was invited to Scotland.

What led some of us to change our minds about the wisdom of issuing the invitation? There were two main factors.

The first was the growing conviction that perhaps, after all, "mass-evangelism" was not a dirty word. We were trying new ways. Was it not possible that an old way, even with some modern techniques that would shock the conservative Scot, would break through to some whom we were obviously failing to reach? It had happened before. There is, after all, some mass-evangelism in the New Testament. And there were Saint Francis, Savonarola, Thomas Chalmers, John Wesley, and a dozen others.

The idea of raising an ecclesiastical tariff barrier on an American evangelist on the grounds that to receive him was a confession of pastoral bankruptcy

never entered a ministerial head. A great Scottish churchman and scholar of a previous generation — Henry Drummond — had been one of the first to welcome Dwight L. Moody, and had given enthusiastic support to a type of evangelism that was entirely foreign to his nature. And the results of the Moody Crusade were still with us. The theological stretch from Drummond to Moody was no greater than between us and Graham, and in each case we were at one on the central affirmations to which the Church is committed in its creeds.

The decisive point was our estimation of Graham himself and the way he had conducted his Crusades. Long before he came to Scotland the British public had been making up its mind about this young evangelist. The cards were stacked against him when he came. One touch of "I've come to save Britain," one word of criticism of cherished institutions, secular or ecclesiastic, one gesture of insincerity and religious racketeering, and he would have gone to that limbo of hollow laughter the British reserve for such intruders. It took only a few weeks for Billy to disabuse the critics and win for himself a place in the affection of the public that has been given to few foreign guests and to no other visiting evangelist in living memory.

My brother-in-law, who is on the London stage ("a disgraceful way of life" in the eyes of Dr. Robertson's Kirk), has told me that a little satirical piece prepared for Billy's arrival went down well in an intimate revue for the first few days. Then the audience stopped laughing, the performers felt embarrassed, and eventually the number was eliminated. The London public had sensed that what was going on at Haringay was too real for mockery, too genuine for slick wisecracks.

Months later I was passing by High Street in Edinburgh where a large crowd was watching the various notables of Kirk and State emerging from St. Giles to proceed to the opening of the General Assembly. In the middle of the robed and be-medaled representatives of the Church, the Government, the Law, and the Armed Forces was a tall figure looking somewhat nervous in a black frock coat. The word flashed around the crowd, "Billy Graham!" and a buxom woman — one of the incarnations of Scottish caution and common sense locally described as a "Canongate wife" — turned to me and said, "Yon's the man for me." I had no inclination to reply, "Away! Ye're a' bluidy daft."

I watched Billy in action in Scotland. I saw how he listened to local advice, was sensitive to the traditions of the Kirk, talked freely and naturally to all ranks of our grimly democratic society, and never for one minute suggested that what he was doing was more important than the year-round labor of the remotest parish kirk. The ministers who met him were charmed by his modesty and invigorated by his enthusiasm. His address by special invitation one morning to the General Assembly was a triumph

of tact. He spoke for precisely one minute. The highest court of the Church of Scotland, never an easy or patient body to address, expressed the same gratitude and commendation as the Archbishop of Canterbury had already done on behalf of the Southern Establishment.

Dr. Johnson found "the merriment of persons highly offensive." Dr. Robertson seems to find equally offensive the human touch by which Billy Graham communicates with the ordinary man. But the spontaneous friendliness of the man overflowed into many homes in Scotland where it was not resented. The televised meeting had a profound effect on the entire nation from palace to cottage on Good Friday, 1955.

It was this growing respect for a dedicated man with an astonishing gift for making people listen that led me, as Chaplain to Edinburgh University at that time, to invite him to address a lunch-hour meeting of students and faculty. If Graham had made an impression of bogus, big-business religion; if he had displayed a fundamentalism of the "if you don't pronounce *shibboleth* like me you're damned" type, no popular notoriety would have persuaded me to present him to the students.

He came right in the middle of the tumultuous period that precedes a Scottish Rectorial Address and spoke in a hall where some distinguished men have received a more than rowdy welcome on these occasions. The Principal took the chair. The hall was packed. No one knew what might happen, but the evangelist was received with polite respect and was applauded when he rose to speak. The address lasted the exact eighteen minutes we had asked for, and when he sat down there was a profound and remarkable silence. There was no appeal, no dramatics, no sob stuff. But I count the meeting as one of the most effective I have known. Still puzzled by the response to a message that has little novelty or intellectual weight, I asked one science student who, as a result of the meeting, joined my confirmation class what in fact Billy Graham had done. "He jolted me out of my indifference," he said. For that, on a wide scale, if for nothing else, Scotland was grateful.

The Church of Scotland respected Billy Graham for reasons very different from the suggestions of Dr. Robertson. The theory that every Scot expects a sermon to have six parts of which the last is devoted to the horror of hell belongs to a world of entirely bogus imagination, as does the picture of a Graham who follows this pattern. I have listened to sermons in Scotland for forty years without hearing one single description of hell anywhere at any time. Our respect for Graham was based on his complete loyalty in coöperation with the Churches. This is a man who could have had a fatally divisive effect, creating a Graham-sect and damning the established Churches. He *could* have — but this is not the real Billy Graham.

The results? Those who responded to the appeals (Graham does not call them "converts"; still less does he profess to "remit their sins") were related wherever possible to the local parishes. As might be expected, ministers found that many were already loyal members, a few were victims of a passing emotion, others (not vast numbers) had genuinely come to a living faith for the first time. Percentages of lapse were not strikingly different from what all ministers experience in confirmation classes. But the "Tell Scotland" movement found that its original decision justified the Crusade and had not thrown it out of its stride, but had given it new momentum.

Like many others, I have now sufficient evidence from London, Glasgow, and New York to show that men and women of remarkably divergent

background and education have found in Billy Graham's Crusades a genuine Christian experience, and thousands have sensed in them a real Presence they could acknowledge but not understand.

We might end with some *real* statistics.

According to an impartial survey conducted in Glasgow, the average adult attendance in Protestant churches on the same three consecutive Sundays in successive years was:

in 1954 (before the Crusade)	56,503
in 1955 (during the Crusade)	67,078
in 1956 (a year after)	62,224

In other words, church attendance jumped by over 10,000 during the Crusade, slumped somewhat thereafter, but was still 5721 ahead of 1954. Not so "bluidy daft" after all.



SUMMER REMEMBERED

by ISABELLA GARDNER

SOUNDS sum and summon the remembering of summers:
 The humming of the sun
 The mumbling in the honeysuckle vine
 The whirring in the clovered grass
 The pizzicato plinkle of ice in an auburn
 uncle's amber glass.
 The whing of father's racquet and the whack
 of brother's bat on cousin's ball
 and calling voices call-
 ing voices spilling voices . . .

The munching of saltwater at the splintered dock
 The slop and slap of waves on little sloops
 The quarreling of oarlocks hours across the bay
 The canvas sails that bleat as they
 are blown. The heaving buoy bell-
 ing HERE I am
 HERE you are HEAR HEAR

listen listen listen
 The gramophone is wound
 the music goes round and around
 BYE BYE BLUES LINDY'S COMING
 voices calling calling calling
 "Children! Children! Time's Up
 Time's Up"
 Merrily sturdily wantonly the familial voices
 cheerily chidingly call to the children Time's Up
 and the mute children's unvoiced clamor sacks the summer air
 crying Mother Mother are you there?



An Atlantic Story



Poet and novelist, LAWRENCE DURRELL was born in India and was educated in England at St. Edmund's School, Canterbury. He served as a Foreign Service press officer in Athens, Cairo, Rhodes, and Belgrade, and from this experience has come the amusing story which follows. Mr. Durrell's latest novel, *Justine*, which was a Book Society Recommendation in England, has recently been published in this country by Dutton.

THE LIBERATION CELEBRATION MACHINE

by LAWRENCE DURRELL

I LIKE Edmunds. I can't really say why—I think it is because he takes everything so frightfully seriously. He is portentous—always dropping into a whisper, clicking his tongue, pursing his lips, turning the palms of his hands outwards and making “what-would-you” gestures. We've served together in a number of foreign capitals, he as a regular of the career, I as a contract officer; and whenever I'm in London he gives me lunch at his club and we talk about the past—those happy days spent in foreign capitals “lying abroad” for our country.

“The Ghost Train episode,” said Edmunds, “was a bit before your time. I only mention it because I can think of nothing which illustrates the peculiar hazards of Diplomatic Life so well. In fact it throws them into Stark Relief.

“Every nation has its particular *idée fixe*. For the Yugoslavs it is trains. No other object arouses the concupiscence of the Serb like a train. They drool over it, old boy, positively drool.

“You twig this the minute you alight from the Orient Express at Belgrade, because there is something queer about the station building itself. It leans to one side. It is neatly cracked from platform level to clock tower. Moreover there are several distinct sets of ruts in the concrete of the platform which are highly suggestive. The first porter you engage will clear up the mystery. Apparently every fifteenth train or so leaps the buffers, grinds across the freight section, and buries itself in the booking office. No one is ever hurt and the whole town joyfully bands together to dig the engine out. Everyone is rather proud of this idiosyncrasy. It is part of the Serbian Way of Life.

“Well, being aware of this as I was, I could not help being a bit concerned when Nimic in the Protocol hinted that the Diplomatic Corps was to be sent up to Zagreb for Liberation Day in a special train which would prove once and for all that the much-vaunted Yugoslav Heavy Industry was capable of producing machinery every bit as good as that of the degenerate Capitalist West. This tip was accompanied by dark looks and winks, and all efforts to probe the mystery further proved vain. A veil of secrecy (one of the seven veils of Communist diplomacy) was drawn over the subject. There was no further information forthcoming about the Ghost Train, as we jokingly called it, so we sat back and waited for Liberation Day to draw on. Sure enough, the customary fat white envelope appeared ten days before from the Protocol. I opened mine with a troubled curiosity. It announced that the Corps would be traveling by Special Train which would be placed at its disposal. The train itself was called the Liberation Celebration Machine.

“Even Mowbray (Sir Claud Mowbray, K.C.M.G., M.C., and all that sort of thing) looked a bit grave. ‘What sort of Devil Car do you think it will be?’ he said. I couldn't enlighten him, alas. ‘It's probably a chain-drive Trojan with some carriages built around it in plywood.’

“There was a short-lived movement among the Corps to go by road instead and thus sidestep the Liberation Celebration Machine, but the Doyen put his foot down. Such a defection would constitute a grave slight. The Yugoslav Heavy Industry would be hurt by our refusal to allow it to unveil the marvels of modern science to us. Reluctantly

we all accepted. 'Butch' Benbow, the naval attaché, who was clairvoyant and who dabbled in astrology, took the omens. Apparently they were not propitious. 'All I can see is clouds of smoke,' he said hoarsely.

2

THE day drew inexorably on," he continued. "The Special Train was to be met in a siding just outside Belgrade, at a small station there whose name I forget. Here at the appointed time, which was dusk, we duly presented ourselves in full *tenue*. There were to be flowers and speeches by representatives of the Yugoslav Heavy Industry. Most of the representatives looked nearly as heavy as their industry. But I couldn't take my eyes off the train.

"I'm not saying it was gaudy. It was absolutely breath-taking. The three long coaches were made of painted and carved timber; flowers, birds, liberation heroes, *caches-sexes*, emblematic devices, post horns — everything you can imagine. The general effect was that of a Sicilian market cart with painted and carved sideboards, or the poop of some seventeenth-century galleon. Every blacksmith, wheelwright, and cartwright in Serbia must have had a hand in it. '*C'est un chalet Tyrolien ou quoi?*' I heard Du Bellay, the French Minister, say under his breath. His skepticism was shared by us all.

"We entered and found our reserved carriages, which seemed normal enough. The band played. We accepted a wreath or two. Then we set off in the darkness to the braying of donkeys and cocks and the rasping of trombones. We were off across the rolling Serbian plains.

"Two things were immediately plain. All this elaborate woodwork squeaked and groaned calamitously, earsplittingly. How were we to get any sleep? But more serious still was the angle of inclination of the second coach with the Heads of Mission in it. It was about thirty degrees out of center and was only, it seemed, held upright by the one immediately before and behind it. It was clear that the Yugoslav Heavy Industry had mislaid its spirit level while it was under construction. People who looked out of the windows on one side had the illusion that the ground was coming up to hit them. I paid Mowbray a visit to see if he was all right, and found him looking rather pale, and drawn up on the higher elevation of the coach like someone on a sinking ship. The noise was so great that we couldn't speak — we had to shout. 'My God,' I heard him cry out, 'what is to become of us all?' It was a little difficult to say.

"We were now gathering speed. The engine was a very old one. It had been abandoned before the war by an American film company and the Yugoslavs had tied it together with wire. Its gaping furnace, which was white-hot, was being passion-

ately fed by some very hairy men in cloth caps who looked like Dostoevski's publishers. It seemed to me that the situation had never looked graver. Despite its age, however, the engine had managed to whip up a good forty-five. And every five hundred yards it would groan and void a bucketful of clinkers into the night which set fire to the grass on either side of the track. From far off we must have looked like an approaching forest fire.

"Another feature of the Liberation Celebration Machine was an ingenious form of central heating which could not be turned off, and as none of the windows opened, the temperature inside the coaches rapidly mounted into the hundreds. People were fanning themselves with their tall hats. Old man, never have I seen the Corps subjected to such a strain. Sleep was impossible. The lights would not turn off. The washbasins appeared to empty into each other. And all the time we had the ghastly thought of all the Heads of Mission in the Hanging Coach, drinking brandy and gibbering with fright as we sped onwards through the night.

"The chance of some frightful accident taking place was far from remote, and consequently nobody was able to relax. We did not even dare to get into pajamas but sat about in that infernal racket staring desperately at one another and starting at every regurgitation of the engine, every shiver and squeak of the coaches. The American Ambassador was so overcome that he spent the night singing 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' Some said that he had had the forethought to take a case of rye into his compartment with him. Madame Fawzia, the Egyptian Ambassadors, spent the night on the floor of her compartment deep in prayer. From time to time when the wind changed, the whole train was enveloped in a cloud of rich dense smoke containing fragments of half-digested coal the size of hailstones. But still the ghoulis crew in the engine cab plied their grisly shovels and on we sped with mournful shrieks and belches.

"At two in the morning there was a ghastly rending noise as we entered the station of Slopsy Blob, named after the famous Independence fighter. The Hanging Coach somehow got itself engaged with the tin dado which ran along the roof of the station and ripped it off as clean as a whistle — by the same token almost decapitating one of the drivers. The noise was appalling, and the whole Corps let out a unified shriek of terror. A lot of cherubs and floral devices were ripped off the Hanging Coach in the encounter, and the people in the rear coaches found themselves assailed by a hail of colored fragments of wood which made them shriek the louder. It was all over in a moment.

"Then we were out in the night once more, racing across the dark plain, the Brothers Karamazov still plying the engine with might and main. It is possible that, in the manner of Serbs, they had heard nothing. We spent the rest of the night in

Sleepless Vigil, old man. The guardian angel of the Yugoslav Heavy Industry must have been with us, for nothing worse happened. But it was a pretty dispirited and shaken Dip Corps that was finally dragged into Zagreb Station on that Liberation morning. I can tell you, never was liberation so much in the forefront of everyone's thoughts.

"It must have been about six o'clock when we stormed into Zagreb, squealing and blowing out an Etna of steam. The brakes had been applied some three miles outside the station, and their carsplitting racket had to be heard to be believed.

"But this was not the end. Though we missed the red carpet by a quarter of a mile, and though the waiting dignitaries and the Zagreb Traction and Haulage Workers' Band padded down the platform after us, our troubles were not yet at an end. It was found that the doors of the coaches on the platform side were fast shut and could not be opened. I suppose Zagreb Station must have been on the opposite side of the track from Belgrade Station and consequently nobody dreamed that we should need more than one exit from the train. It was of course fearfully humiliating. We leaned against the windows making inarticulate gestures of good will and vague grimaces in the direction of the Traction and Haulage Workers' Band and the Liberation Reception Committee.

"We must have looked like a colony of dispossessed fairground apes pining for the old life of the trees. After a good deal of mopping and mowing there was nothing for it but to climb out of the Zagreb Flier onto the permanent way and walk round the train to the reception point. This we somewhat shamefacedly did. But when all was said and done it was good to feel terra firma once more. Drawn up in order of precedence on Zagreb platform, we submitted to the Liberation anthem sung by the Partisan choir in a register so low that it could not drown the merry cries of self-congratulation with which the Karamazov brothers were greeting the morn. Their observations were punctuated by blasts of hot steam and whiffs of sound from the whistle of the Liberation Celebration Machine, which looked even more improbable in the cold morning light than it had the evening before.

"All this went off as well as such things can be expected to; but sleepy as we were, a sudden chill struck our hearts at a phrase in the Speech of Welcome which plainly indicated that the authorities were expecting us to make the return journey in the Liberation Celebration Machine on the following day. This gave us all food for thought. Madame Fawzia made an involuntary retching noise which was interpreted by our hosts as an expression of joy. Several other ladies in the Corps showed a disposition to succumb to the vapors at this piece of intelligence. But the old training dies hard. There was many a tight lip and beady eye

but not a word was said until we were assembled for breakfast in the card room of the Slopsy Blob Hotel. Then the pent-up floodwaters of emotion overflowed. Ambassadors, Ministers, Secretaries of Embassy, and their wives began as one to gesticulate and gabble. It was a moving scene. Some called upon the gods to witness that they would never travel by train again; others spoke wonderingly of the night they had just spent when the whole of their past life flashed before them as if on a screen; the wife of the Spanish Republican Minister, by far the most deeply shaken by events, fell upon the Doyen, the Polish Ambassador, and named him as responsible before God for our safety and well-being. It was an interesting study in national types. The Egyptians screamed, the Finns and Norwegians snarled, the Slav belt pulled at one another's lapels as if they were milking goats. The Greeks made Promethean gestures at everyone. They could afford to take the Balanced View since they had already hired the only six taxis in Zagreb and were offering seats for the return journey at a thousand dinars each.

"One thing emerged clearly from all this. The Corps was in a state of Open Mutiny and would not easily be persuaded to entrain once more with the Brothers Karamazov. The Doyen pleaded in vain. The Italian Ambassadors, who looked as if her anger would succeed in volatilizing her, went so far as to draw up her dress and show the company a bruise inflicted on her during the journey.

"Well, that day most of us spent the time in bed with cold compresses and aspirin. In the evening we attended a performance of the Ballet and a Torchlight Tattoo. Liberation Day was at an end. That night the Doyen convened another meeting in the hotel, at which he harangued us about diplomatic procedure in general and our obligations to the service in particular. In vain. We were determined not to travel back on the Ghost Train. That evening a flock of telegrams fluttered into the Protocol Department of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs — pleading sudden illness, pressure of work, unforeseen political developments, migraine, influenza, or Events Beyond the Writer's Control. At dawn a convoy of taxis set out on the homeward track bearing the shattered remnants of the Corps, unshaven, unhonored, but still alive, still breathing.

"In a way I was sorry for the Brothers Karamazov and the Liberation Celebration Machine. God knows, one did not wish them ill. But I must confess I was not surprised to read in the paper a week later that this latest triumph of the Yugoslav Heavy Industry had jumped the points at Slopsy Blob and finished the good work it had begun by carrying away most of the station buildings. No one was hurt. No one ever is in Serbia. Just badly shaken and frightened out of one's wits. It is all, when you come to think of it, part of the Serbian Way of Life."

Atlantic Portrait

Konrad Adenauer, the first post-war Chancellor of the Federal Republic of Germany, is a candidate for re-election this month at the age of eighty-one. His re-emergence from obscurity at the war's end and his reassertion of strength and leadership at an age when most men would be retiring make a remarkable story and one which has been seen at close hand by **TERENCE PRITTIE**, *the Manchester Guardian's correspondent at Bonn.*

KONRAD ADENAUER

by **TERENCE PRITTIE**

1

THE "Adenauer story" has a romance of its own. It is the story — incredible as it may sound to many who have seen the Chancellor in his suave moods in the Bundestag — of a hick-town boy who has made good.

Adenauer, who has had to settle the fates and futures of fifty million Germans, first saw Paris, Washington, and Rome when he was seventy-five years old. For seventy years his career was one of decent mediocrity. He was born on January 5, 1876. Both his parents were of sound but middle-class stock. In 1903 the young Adenauer became a practicing lawyer. In 1906 he was elected a town councilor of his native Cologne. In 1917 he rose to be Lord Mayor, a post which he held for sixteen years and from which he was deposed by the Nazis. For eleven years afterwards he remained in the political background, was twice arrested by the Nazis and twice set free. The stuff which makes underground patriots and partisans was not in him.

In 1945 the American occupation authorities "rediscovered" him and made this worn, precise old man Lord Mayor of Cologne for the second time in his life. Within a few months a British general, Sir Gerald Templer, visited the city and remarked angrily to a subordinate that it was a disgrace that mountains of rubble still blocked every main road in it. Someone, he said, should be thrown out on his ear and another German found who would "get on with the job." So Dr. Adenauer was sacked for the second time in his life. But by treating Konrad Adenauer in this untoward way the British authorities unintentionally launched him on his real, postdated political career. Within three months of being dismissed Dr. Adenauer had become chairman of the biggest branch of the Christian Democratic Union, and in September, 1949, as leader of the strongest single party, he formed the first Federal Government, with a majority of two votes in the Bundestag. He has been Chancellor ever since.

In 1926 Adenauer had been proposed as a possible candidate for the Chancellorship but was unable

to find sufficient backing to form a government. Rightly or wrongly Adenauer was regarded as a somewhat narrow-minded Rhineland Catholic, and the national-minded German People's Party (DVP) and the Social Democrats refused him their support. The lesson was not lost on Adenauer, and after the war he refused to re-form the old, constricted, and purely Catholic Center Party. The Christian Democratic Union, he decided, should be inter-denominational and no longer bound to the Vatican. It should have the chance of winning followers in the larger, Protestant half of the nation.

Dr. Adenauer's experience with the occupation authorities might well have resulted in his working against them from then on. He emerged, on the contrary, as the chief protagonist of the "policy of fulfillment" — the policy of reconciliation with the West.

Strangest of all was Dr. Adenauer's physical renaissance. A lifetime in the humid climate of the Rhineland had left him with a weak chest and bronchitic tendencies. At seventy he appeared to be physically frail. Like his fellows he had too little to eat in those first three post-war years, and the winter of 1946-1947 was one of the bitterest in memory. The Adenauer of those days made a singular impression on me. He moved and spoke with a relaxed grace and restraint, while the mass of his fellow politicians were indulging in hysterics over dismantling denazification and the lack of bread. In the midst of men who spent their time looking for extra rations or getting prematurely drunk at the first "mixed" Allied cocktail parties, Adenauer seemed an obvious choice for the Chancellorship. He preserved in the face of the occupiers of his country a dignity that was virtually unique, thus marking himself out as the best man to deal with them on behalf of his fellow Germans. In them he inspired confidence alike by his refusal to complain about material discomforts and by his steely insistence on getting on with the tasks of political organization. Work and responsibility were making him into a younger, healthier man.

He faced, in office, a task as alive with complications as an eel-pot. He had to deal with three sets of Allied authorities and with coalition partners in the Free Democrats and German Party who had views of their own. The first Bundestag was crudely unversed in the ethics of parliamentarianism. The government coalition commanded just 202 out of 402 seats. He had to implement and explain a frighteningly new Federal constitution and inject confidence into a German people who were beset with complexes arising out of Nazism, war, and defeat.

Rather too often, Adenauer is represented as "the man of lonely decisions," following his own line and scorning advice. Some of his critics maintain that he has not so much sponsored the growth of a new German democracy as invented a "Chancellor democracy" which is all his own. These are only half-truths. Certainly, Adenauer has an ingrained habit of taking advice only from chosen confidants, rather than from the more appropriate officeholders. This habit could well date back to his sixteen years tenure of the mayoralty of Cologne from 1917 to 1933. A Lord Mayor in those days was a potentate and much more important than he is today, when the mayoralty has become an unpaid and "honorary" office. This may partly explain Adenauer's instinctive authoritarianism. But there is one necessary qualification. Adenauer is a voracious reader and an indefatigable student of history. If his decisions have sometimes seemed to be "lonely," they have always been tempered by knowledge of past trial and error.

2

LOOKING through that erratic, patchwork record of German statesmanship since the fall of Bismarck in 1890, one is conscious of one overwhelming national failing. Fortified by a measure of national prosperity and diplomatic success, German statesmen have forgotten a prerequisite of final success — the making and keeping of loyal and solid friends. This has often been put down to an instinctive German arrogance. In fact, it may spring from forgetfulness and inability to see anybody else's point of view.

Bismarck may have been calculating, but at least he understood the need to gain allies in the diplomatic field and to be able to manipulate the European balance of power. His 1863 convention with Russia safeguarded Prussia's eastern frontier; he divided Austria from France by playing on their differences over the Italian quest for reunification; he exploited the French project for annexing Belgium in order to keep France and England apart. Each time he went to war he ensured that Prussia had at least one firm ally and that another two of the five powers constituting the Concert of Europe were benevolently neutral.

In this way Prussia was never confronted by more than one enemy in the field, and the wars with Denmark, Austria, and France were stages toward the achievement of German unification under Prussia. Bismarck's diplomacy was a brilliant essay in *Realpolitik*; the story of Bismarck's successors is the story of misplaced finesse and misused talent. Germany was the Golden Boy of the European class in the 1890s, commanding a wealth of admiration but no affection whatever. Authority was entrusted by the Kaiser to social successes who were political nondescripts. The first of these, Caprivi, who was Chancellor from 1890 to 1894, was an unusual combination of Prussian general and political liberal, who toyed with the idea of an alliance with France and England. He passed into rapid oblivion, dimly wondering why his liberal home policies were so sadly out of step with the gathering momentum of German imperialism.

His successor, Prince Hohenlohe, at once reversed his foreign policy. As the former Governor of Alsace-Lorraine, which Germany had annexed from France in 1871, Hohenlohe was obsessed by a fear of the French spirit of revenge. But instead of making advances to England to counter this persistent threat, this old and soggy Bavarian aristocrat let the reins of government slip into the clumsy fist of Kaiser Wilhelm II and looked on helplessly while the Kaiser insulted his own uncle, the Prince of Wales and future Edward VII, and frightened British statesmen out of their wits discoursing on the benefits of a German-financed Berlin-to-Baghdad railway. It only remained for the Kaiser to send a telegram of congratulations to President Kruger of the Transvaal (after his thwarting of the Jameson raid) to frighten England into permanent alliance with France.

Another prince, Bernhard von Bülow, who succeeded Hohenlohe in 1900, believed in an Eastern alliance. He intrigued with Czar Nicholas of Russia, who mistrusted him, and rejected a calculated British offer of diplomatic collaboration, while doing nothing to discourage the growth and flourishing of such violently jingoistic organizations as the Pan-German League, the Navy League, and the German Colonial Society.

This inauspicious nobleman was succeeded by a bumbling bureaucrat. Theobald von Bethmann-Hollweg, who was Chancellor from 1909 to 1917, virtually saw the German Empire into its final stages of disgrace and ruin. His eight years in office coincided with the fateful flowering of all those imperial mirages — a Germanic domain stretching from the Kiel Canal to the Black Sea; the union of the two "fighting races," the Teutons and the Turks, on the Bosphorus; a "German India" and a Germanic Raj in tropical Africa — daydreams which envisaged some sort of world domination by, and for the benefit of, the German people.

Such daydreams never afflicted Konrad Adenauer,

who was not, after all, such a young man when the Empire collapsed in the foyers of the smart Spa hotels which were sheltering the Kaiser and his courtiers. But with the Kaiser gone and a republic established, the 1920s should have offered great opportunity for men of originality and character. Instead, strong men appeared, flexed their political muscles, and vanished into a seemingly unavoidable limbo. Most significant were the cases of Rathenau and Stresemann.

Walter Rathenau became Foreign Minister in 1921 and was determined to bring Germany out of her isolation. He wanted to make friends with France and Britain, had a plan to settle reparations and to reform German industrial society. As far as political talent went, he was a golden pheasant among barnyard fowls. But he had a streak of weakness in him. When the Genoa Conference was in session in April, 1922, he allowed the head of the Eastern Section of the Foreign Office, Ugo von Maltzan, to talk him into signing the Treaty of Rapallo with Soviet Russia, thereby forfeiting the trust of the Western powers. Shortly afterwards he was murdered, ironically enough by young nationalists who considered him "too accommodating" to the same Western powers whom he had just seriously frightened and irretrievably antagonized. Not for the first or last time the "Eastern experts" of the Wilhelmstrasse blighted a fair prospect of Germany's finding firm friends.

Only one man after Rathenau had a reasonable chance of saving Germany from the relentless nationalist revival, for the competent and courageous Heinrich Brüning came too late on the scene to do more than fight a delaying action against the Nazis. That man was Gustav Stresemann, who was Chancellor for a brief hundred days in the summer of 1923, but who then "saw out" five successive Cabinets as Foreign Minister until his death in 1929.

In some ways Stresemann faced a task similar to that which confronted Adenauer twenty-two years later. Parts of Germany were militarily occupied. The French had marched into the Ruhr and virtually blockaded industrial production. Separatism was being sedulously encouraged by French propaganda in the Rhineland. A huge load of reparations hung over the head of the government. The currency was in the grip of monstrous inflationary trends which economists still did not know how to control. German hopes were pinned on this stocky, bulletheaded man whose memory today is enshrined in the soft "Stresemann" hat to which he lent his name.

The German story is that Stresemann died brokenhearted because the Allies would not make the concessions which would have crowned his policies and forced back Nazism. The truth is that in 1924 the Dawes Plan helped to stabilize the financial situation and to defeat the Nazis and nationalists in the November elections. In 1925 the Locarno

Pact provided for the first stages of the evacuation of Germany by foreign troops. In 1926 a "respectable" Germany was admitted into the League of Nations, and in 1927 Allied control over German armaments was abolished. In 1929 the Young Plan brought fresh financial aid, and agreements were made for the total withdrawal of British and Belgian garrisons and for the final departure of the French Army by June, 1930. During the six years of Stresemann's stewardship Germany received over twenty-five billion gold marks in loans and credits, and paid out under eight billion in reparations.

It may be more important to remember of Stresemann that he watched the intrigues of the German General Staff with Soviet Russia complacently, negotiated with Russia himself for a fourth partition of Poland, and discussed with industrialist Hugo Stinnes the potentialities of a Russo-German economic bloc. "Germany's policy," he once said, "may be two-sided but it is not double-faced." He made the same elementary mistake as Rathenau, frightening his Western partners unintentionally and foreshadowing the sterile Ribbentrop-Molotov Pact.

3

THESE examples of German statesmanship must have had a singular impact on Konrad Adenauer. He may have admired Rathenau but mistrusted him, sympathized with Stresemann's motives but not his methods. But above all, he recognized the cardinal error of Rathenau and Stresemann — namely, their failure to make a single solid friend on whom Germany could rely. In 1949 he set out to rectify that error and bind Western Germany indissolubly into the Western community of nations.

He was given a unique chance by the cold war. This put him on the path which the Western powers were bound to tread — that of consolidating a Western Germany of fifty million people politically, economically, and spiritually and incorporating it in a Western defense system and in a Europe in process of unification. The milestones along this path have been the Petersberg Agreement (for converting the Allied Military Government into a High Commission which administered under the terms of the Occupation Statute), the entry of West Germany into the Coal and Steel Community and the Council of Europe, the Bonn and Paris Agreements which conferred sovereignty and the right to rearm, and German entry into NATO and WEU.

The benefits of these policies are clear. A phase of the Allied occupation has been brought to an end, and one of fruitful coöperation with other nations opened. A great ideal, European Union, has had life breathed into it and may still be realized. France and Germany can now collaborate in the realms of trade and nuclear power as well as coal and steel.

Foreign affairs have pushed Adenauer's domestic achievements into the background. But here are three of them. The first is that he has held together two successive government coalitions with great firmness, if not always with equivalent tact. Only within the last year has the government coalition begun to crack, but it is arguable whether the departure of the Free Democrats and the BHE Refugee Party was Adenauer's fault. Germany badly needed strong government in this second attempt to establish a democratic system. The lesson of the 1919-1933 Weimar Republic was that weakness of government encouraged sectionalism and the multiplication of parties, the growing power of pressure groups, and the final advent of Nazism. Under Adenauer effective administration and a more stringent electoral law have brought a decrease in the number of parties represented in Parliament. Only a mathematical miracle could now put a governing coalition at the mercy of some small group representing, say, Bavarian monarchism or the interests of the middle class in the port of Bremen. This year's election should confirm the trend toward a two-party system, giving added stability and a sense of responsibility to German politics.

Dr. Adenauer's second, supplementary achievement has been to give portly, cigar-puffing Professor Ludwig Erhard his head as Minister of Economics. Erhard combines tremendous technical ability with an amazing flair. Nothing is more indicative of this flair than his application of a "credit squeeze" before — and not, as in Britain, after — an economic deterioration could set in. He understood that the Germans would, given the chance, work untiringly to raise the standard of living. So he liberalized imports, reduced tariffs, lowered taxation, and offered fresh incentives at every favorable moment. Hard work may have been the core of the "German economic miracle," but Erhard has crusted it with his genius.

Adenauer's third achievement has been to instill, by example, an essential self-control into public life. During the last eight years in Parliament, Adenauer has once lost his head and twice lost his temper. The first happened when he was on the verge of his dangerous attack of pneumonia in the autumn of 1955. The Saar problem was the cause of each loss of temper — not because of its intricacy, but because of the accusation that he was jettisoning the national interest by agreeing that the Saar should be independent. Once, too, at a banquet he allowed himself to be carried away by the splendors of the Rhenish wines or, more likely, the length of the menu. Otherwise his example has been compelling. A Roman clarity of thought and expression, an old man's economy of word and gesture, an Olympian calm — these are qualities worth untold riches in any country.

To Adenauer, largely, must be attributed the

sobriety of Bundestag debates, the comparative calmness of political campaigning, and the general restraint of the West German press. He has attained his ends so quietly that his example could not fail to be followed. Remembering the pitched battles in the French and Italian chambers, it is remarkable that there has been only one stand-up fight in the Bundestag building in eight years, and one scuffle, in which a former Nazi was thrown out.

Adenauer's mastery in the Bundestag has to be seen to be believed. German deputies have a tremendous preoccupation with their own affairs. During debates they talk about them, often loudly, and allow their attention to be diverted only in order to cateall at some political opponent. When Adenauer rises to speak there is an instant hush, due less to the fact that he is Chancellor than to the knowledge that he will speak to the point and stick to the point, and will not waste one word. Famous orators have generally had a fire and fervor about them. Adenauer has none, but each of his sentences is weighed, evaluated, delivered with a deceptive rhythm and gentleness. He has an easy way with interrupters (Renner, of the Communist Party: "The Chancellor has forgotten! He's seventy-four, anyway, or seventy-five." Adenauer: "Herr Renner has a good heart but no head — for figures"). Each speech is a perfect précis in the German language. Each speech is an occasion.

Federal Ministers of State have explained his easy dominance at Cabinet meetings. He has a habit of telling them about their own troubles first, making it unnecessary for them to tell him. And he habitually eats a two-ounce bar of chocolate with an unhurried appreciation. When the chocolate bar is finished, the Cabinet meeting is over. It is no wonder that Ministers have sometimes to be re-proved for trying to speak at the same time.

4

WIT is probably the saving grace of mankind, and it is wit which may give Adenauer his especial balance and tranquillity of mind. Last spring he and his entourage of family and Chancellery officials embarked on Lake Como in northern Italy and were caught in a storm. It was really rough, but Adenauer's only reference to the wild pitching of the small boat was "This boat is pretty well sprung, I should say." Last spring, too, the Federal Cabinet was shocked to be told by the Chancellor that the British Government intended to withdraw a substantial part of the British Army of the Rhine from Germany. "Anyway," Adenauer is reported to have remarked, "it will make it easier to fight to the last Englishman." Some time back Adenauer was introduced by the British High Commissioner of that "semi-occupation era," Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, to Field Marshal Montgomery. "Does this chap give you much trouble?" Montgomery

asked Adenauer jovially, holding Kirkpatrick's coat lapel. "Not half as much as I intend giving him" was Adenauer's answer. He meant it.

Taste, application, and the love of a full life — these seem to me to be among his strongest characteristics. Taste because he appreciates good food and wine, good pictures, has surprised even a distinguished American guest by brewing excellent coffee himself, and cultivates his own roses with the love of a connoisseur. Application because he rises at first light, sits down to a twelve- to fourteen-hour day in his office, and likes to quote the maxim "Nothing is well done which is half done." Love of a full life because in the heat of an international conference and a Mediterranean summer, he had to see the Roman Forum during his lunch interval; because he always has time for his many children and grandchildren; because he is instantly interested in a new face, a new book, a new idea.

These three qualities have helped to give Adenauer his remarkable hold over his fellow beings. The present-day German has suffered a revulsion from the cult of flamboyant heroes and Prussian martinets. The Chancellor represents — in the best sense — the bourgeois ideal of discrimination and reason. In May, 1956, a Gallup Poll institute — EMNID of Bielefeld — found that 75 per cent of the German people "recognized his achievements." The 1955 figure was 73 per cent. On each occasion only 20 per cent thought him a "bad or mediocre Chancellor."

5

THERE is and must of course be a debit side to the ledger. Like everyone else Adenauer has his failings. The foremost of these is an authoritarianism which has no connection with the dictatorship cult. It is founded on age, a severe illness last year which left him with a new testiness, and the Roman Catholic belief in the virtues of authority. This autocratic streak has produced unfortunate results. A year ago Adenauer criticized both his Minister of Economics and his Minister of Finance in public. He complained about his Foreign Minister in close proximity to a microphone of the West German Radio Network which had been left tuned in. He allowed Thomas Dehler, former leader of the Free Democrats, to provoke him into a vendetta.

His critics asked that he should decentralize authority and let departments do their own work. "The sad thing," one West German paper wrote, "is that Dr. Adenauer has more understanding of daily duties and political tactics than of long-term constitutional evolution and the principles which should underlie it." A Goettingen University professor, Werner Weber, maintained that Adenauer's authority was so absolute that existing German democracy was his personal creation and would not survive his departure.

Undoubtedly he is autocratic. This quality was demonstrated when he ordered Nazi flags to be removed from the Rhine bridges in 1933 — because they were flying there without his permission. It was demonstrated when he recently ordered all photographs showing him with a crumpled collar or a crooked tie to be called in and destroyed. It has been demonstrated in his surrounding himself with a small band of personal advisers, a respectable camarilla which has served him and Germany well.

When he was ill in the fall of 1955 his sole confidant was State Secretary Hans Globke, who compiled the commentary to the Nuremberg racial decrees of the Nazis. Not even his own Cabinet Ministers were admitted to the sickroom at his Rhoendorf home. When he wants to explore an economic subject, Adenauer goes to Robert Pferdemenges, a Cologne banker. His "moral tutor" is Cardinal Frings of Cologne, his publicity expert the beefy Ernst Bach who once fought in the nationalist Free Corps in the 1920s. The tendency to govern through personal advisers and civil servants is, certainly, common to the whole Western world. But Adenauer may have carried it to an extreme which is offensive in a young democratic state.

There are plenty of people, however, who believe that Adenauer's autocracy has been carefully calculated in the best interests of the German people. He testified to this himself when he said: "I only hope that, when people can look beyond the fuss and scurry of these times, they will say of me that I did my duty."

To Adenauer's failings must be added his failures. Three of the latter are incontestable. No effective measure of social reform has been carried through, although a sweeping revision of old-age pensions was pushed through Parliament in the spring; the Federal Government's relationship with the Soviet Union, established in September, 1955, has been totally unproductive; no real progress has been made toward German reunification.

How far can Konrad Adenauer personally be blamed for these failures? For the postponement of social reform he can be only partially blamed. For three years he has been fully aware of the need to reform the pension system, which dates back to Bismarck. But he has just been too busy. His Labor Minister, Anton Storch, was not competent to act on his own. Certainly, failure to act more promptly may still cost votes, for the new pension rates are not easy to understand and will not become effective until this fall.

Adenauer's failure to develop relations with Moscow must be ranked a more serious debit. He returned from Moscow last year much as Disraeli did from the Berlin Congress of 1878 — bringing, apparently, peace with honor. In fact, he granted the diplomatic relations earnestly sought by the Soviet Union in order to carry a stage farther its policy of peaceful coexistence with two German

states. He gained nothing in return, for facts show that he would have done better to have left the question of the German prisoners in Russia to the Red Cross, and to have excluded it from the talks in the Kremlin.

Actually he disobeyed his own instincts by going to Moscow at all, and he has not been allowed to retrieve his bad start since then. The Soviet Ambassador to Bonn was used to voice a series of mischievous protests and to intrigue with Ruhr industrialists and opposition politicians. The return of the prisoners was delayed, and some forty German nuclear scientists were kept at their posts on the shores of the Black Sea. Zorin was withdrawn in June, 1956, and not replaced until November of the same year. In Moscow, Dr. Wilhelm Haas from Bonn was cold-shouldered. All this adds up to Adenauer's one serious setback in the field of foreign affairs.

But the lack of progress toward German reunification is the theme which will dominate this year's Federal election. Adenauer's policy in this respect has been crystal-clear. He has backed up to the hilt the Western program for reunification, based on the holding of free all-German elections and the right of a legitimate all-German government to make its own alliances, military and otherwise. The Soviet thesis is equally plain: there should be all-German talks, the formation of an all-German Council which would draw up a constitution, and the retention in a united Germany of "the social achievements of the German Democratic Republic."

The two approaches are utterly opposed to each other. Yet in June of 1956 the BHE Refugee Party appealed at its Fulda Conference for all-German talks, on condition that East German Deputy Prime Minister Walter Ulbricht and Minister of Justice Hilde Benjamin resign from office. In September the Printers and Paper Trade Union stated its readiness to meet the Communist "Free" German Trade Unions. In September, too, Thomas Dehler of the Free Democratic Party called for direct negotiations between Bonn and Moscow on the subject of reunification. The swing away from Adenauer's policy was in progress.

The reunification issue has been used in a ruthless way against Adenauer. The activities of Zorin have been twisted into an accusation that the Soviet Ambassador was placed in diplomatic quarantine by the Bonn Government. The new Free Democratic Party chairman, Reinhold Maier, has accused the Chancellor of having a complex about "heathen Berlin" and of preferring a Roman Catholic-dominated West German state to a unified Germany in which his predominantly Catholic CDU would be overweighed by a popular front formed out of the East and West German socialist parties. He has been accused of having "missed" the Soviet offer

of March, 1952, amounting to German reunification in return for all-German military neutrality. It is, indeed, painfully true that Adenauer could not have reunified Germany, save on Soviet terms, and that his failure will be used against him in the coming election.

Dr. Adenauer's critics believe that his latest political failure occurred this spring, when a group of Goettingen University professors signed an appeal for the withdrawal of the Federal Republic from NATO's strategical and tactical nuclear plans. The professors demanded that no nuclear weapons should be manufactured in Germany or handed out to the West German contingents to NATO. They added that it was the duty of a "small state" like Federal Germany to stand aside from the nuclear arms race.

The action of the professors roused Adenauer's extreme ire, and his press officer put out a statement which was curt to the point of rudeness. Public opinion shifted significantly, and the incident was damaging to Adenauer in spite of the patched-up peace reached with the professors at a subsequent meeting in Bonn. It will take all the Chancellor's persuasiveness to explain to the German electorate why he would not renounce the right of German contingents to NATO to be armed with nuclear weapons. In truth, this right is an intrinsic part of the "Adenauer formula" for German reunification. German renunciation of nuclear weapons could be a valuable bargaining counter for obtaining Soviet agreement to German reunification on the basis of free elections.

Ahead of Konrad Adenauer looms a challenge. It might seem simply to be the challenge of the coming Federal elections. Certainly, he faces enough difficulties there. The Germans want some sort of political movement, whether it is toward a united Europe in which Germany is a fully entitled member or toward German unity. The Germans do not relish the prospect of rearmament, for the nineteen- and twenty-year-olds who will be called up have an understandable horror of force and the drill sergeant. But the Germans are suffering from ennui—that subtle boredom which afflicted the French after 1870 because they had lost a war, and which dogs the Germans because they have not yet won the peace.

The challenge is a big one, and it represents a crisis in German political thinking. Adenauer can be discarded. A new government, unproved and opportunistic, can be put in power. The regeneration of a nation can, by virtue of a slight change in the mood of an unsettled German public, be transformed into a political retreat. This month Konrad Adenauer is fighting a battle on two fronts, at home and abroad. It is essentially a battle to preserve a newly created heritage, and it may well be the most decisive battle of his life.



Since 1940 advertising budgets have increased fivefold. With this expansion has come "motivational research," a new probing in depth into the mental, moral, and even emotional processes of the buying public. VANCE PACKARD is the author of the pioneer study in this field, The Hidden Persuaders, which has been making a place for itself well up on the best-seller list.

THE GROWING POWER OF ADMEN

by VANCE PACKARD

I

AMERICA's advertising industry is moving into a commanding role in our society. Its executives are becoming masters of our economic destiny, the engineers behind some of our most successful political campaigns, major patrons of our social scientists, dictators of the content of most of the radio and television programs we hear, judges with life-and-death power over most of our mass-circulation magazines. Also, they have become our most powerful taste makers. In 1957 they made millions of Americans suddenly feel somehow inadequate because they did not own high-tailed automobiles.

They have, in short, become major wielders of social control in America in this second half of the twentieth century. Their power to do good or non-good is becoming massive, and many are using their power irresponsibly.

The growth of their power is seen in the amount of money entrusted to them to spend. In 1940 they had at their disposal \$2 billion to conduct campaigns of persuasion. Today they have \$10 billion. If you divide that figure by the total U.S. population, you come up with a fairly startling statistic. Approximately \$60 is now being spent each year on *each* man, woman, and child in America solely to coax him or her to use products the admen are promoting.

This growing power of advertising men derives from the dominant role that selling plays in the dynamics of our economy. In the executive suites of thousands of corporations the main preoccupation is no longer with production problems but rather with selling problems.

The most obvious explanation for this shift of emphasis is the fabulous productivity of our automated factories. Since 1940 our gross national product has soared more than 400 per cent. In 1954 it was predicted that our GNP would hit the long-dreamed-of mark of \$400 billion by 1958. Actually it shot past that figure in 1956 and is

expected to reach \$600 billion within the coming decade.

To absorb this fantastic outpouring of goods we shall have to step up our personal consumption of goods by almost 50 per cent. As the chairman of America's leading advertising agency proclaimed recently: "We have to expand our levels of consumption in the next ten years by an amount nearly equal to the entire growth of the country in the two hundred years from colonial days up to 1940." The big problem we face, he said, is to cut down the "time lag" in the process by which we ordinarily learn to expand our wants and needs, in order to "absorb this production." Advertising men are the experts who can overcome this lag.

The real needs of most of us were satisfied long ago. About 40 per cent of the things we buy today are unnecessary in terms of any real need. Even our wants are pretty well satisfied. It has become a question of creating in our minds new, unrealized wants and needs.

Happily for the marketers, Americans by nature seem to relish learning to want new things. We are a restless people who like continually to hear of new things to do and buy. (Note the recent popularity of bejeweled fly swatters and mousetraps.) Emerson commented on this trait in Americans when he said that they, unlike Europeans, exhibit "an uncalculated, headlong expenditure." This makes them the world's prize consumers.

Recently the president of the Institute for Motivational Research (which conducts psychological studies for marketers) noted with satisfaction "our increasing willingness to give vent to our whims and desires" and offered the opinion that America is "experiencing a revolution in self-indulgence."

A corollary problem of marketers in moving their goods into our homes is that of making us discontented with what we already have, since most of us already own perfectly serviceable automo-

biles, washing machines, refrigerators, and clothing. We must be persuaded that the old product has become hopelessly inadequate to meet our needs or desired style of living. Advertising men call this "creating psychological obsolescence."

Another development adding to the power, glory, and prosperity of advertising men is the increased standardization of competing products. Perhaps connoisseurs can still detect significant differences in gasolines, whiskeys, cigarettes, beer, tires, cake mixes, and detergents, but most of us no longer can. Reports on blindfold tests conducted with cigarette smokers and whiskey and beer drinkers consistently reveal an inability of people to spot their favorite brand. A few days ago I heard a gathering of advertising men being advised that in blindfold tests people can't even tell the difference between Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola!

It used to startle me to hear advertising men make casual statements that in many fields such as gasoline and cigarettes the products are "all the same." Now it becomes apparent why they can be so complacent. It is the advertising man's genius that makes products seem compellingly different in our minds.

A third reason for the increasing influence of admen is the growth of self-service selling at supermarkets, vending machines, and so on. More and more, machines or systems are replacing people at the selling counter. The product maker can no longer rely on word-of-mouth selling by a clerk, merchant, or attendant. Thus the customer must be pre-sold, through advertising, so that he will have the product's image firmly etched in his mind as he enters the market place.

IN THE face of all these crying needs for more effective selling, America's 3300 advertising agencies have come to constitute "a great sociological battering ram," to use a phrase current with admen. Individually, advertising men have become "merchants of discontent."

As advertising men by the tens of thousands bring their wiles to bear to stimulate sales of products, we are seeing a massive straining for greater impact. Some months ago a distiller sent a photographic team to the edges of the Sahara Desert in order to obtain a photograph of a martini-filled glass in a setting which would suggest dryness. The photographers faced a crisis when, in searching the fruit markets of Cairo for a sliver of yellow lemon peel to go with the drink, they discovered that lemons sold in Egypt are green. This problem was solved when they arranged for a yellow lemon to be flown over from Italy.

Advertising men now ponder the advisability of making the "entertainment" portion of their TV sponsored programs a little dull so that the com-

mercials will seem more exciting by contrast. In pictorial presentations one trend has been to the absurdly incongruous, to catch our eye as we search for reading matter amid a jungle of ads. Men sell whiskey while seated sideways on white horses, men with beards sell tonic water, shaggy dogs sell rum, kangaroos sell airline tickets. Meanwhile one advertising man complained: "We are suffering from fatigue of believability."

The advertising agencies, in their straining to become more persuasive, have been spending millions of dollars in research designed to learn more about the consumer. Batten Barton Durstine & Osborn has set up a division which it refers to grandiosely as "The National Panel of Consumer Opinion." It consists of several thousand housewives carefully chosen to constitute a "scale model" of the American female populace. These women can earn merchandise premiums by answering questionnaires about products and about their daily habits. Meanwhile Dr. George Gallup, long a researcher for admen, inaugurated a method of probing the consumer which he called "activation research." He set up a "sample bank" of people which he called "Mirror of America," and began probing the people in order to isolate just what triggers the sale of a product.

The most commotion in advertising circles in recent years, however, has centered on a probing technique called "motivation research," which promises to put deeper impact into sales messages. This "depth approach" to consumers involves the use of psychiatry and the social sciences to get inside the consumers' subconscious in order to discover the "psychological hook" which will impel consumers by the millions to buy a certain product.

Most of the leading advertising agencies now have psychologists, psychiatrists, or both on their payrolls. McCann-Erickson recently spent \$3 million on a single monumental study of consumer psychology. A Chicago advertising agency rounded up eight leading social scientists in the Midwest (two psychoanalysts, a cultural anthropologist, a social psychologist, two sociologists, and two professors of social science) and had them spend a twelve-hour day in a hotel room watching television programs in order to glean new insights into the appeal of the sponsored programs and the commercials.

Meanwhile several dozen research firms have sprung up, all promising proficiency in depth research. The most famous, the Institute for Motivational Research, commanded by a psychoanalyst from Austria, Dr. Ernest Dichter, occupies a mountaintop castle on the Hudson. The room where local children observe television programs is equipped with hidden tape recorders, one-way viewing screens, and so on, to catch their reactions. Several hundred residents of the area constitute a "psychopanel." They have been depth-probed and card-indexed as to their hidden anxieties, hostilities, and

so forth. If you want to know how much impact a sales message will have on hypochondriacs, for example, Dr. Dichter has a group of bona fide hypochondriacs on call for a trial run.

So far much of the depth-probing of consumers is more hunch than science, but still most of the nation's largest producers of consumer products have been turning to it in an effort to increase their sales penetration. Giant corporations are raiding each other's customers with campaigns mapped by doctors of psychology.

One of the nation's largest advertising agencies now gives every single product it handles a motivational checkup. The merchandising journal *Tide* predicts that within ten years "few national marketers will launch an advertising campaign or introduce a new product without first conducting a thorough study of consumer motivations."

3

SOME of the techniques used to probe consumer motives have been borrowed straight from psychiatric clinics and sociological laboratories: the depth interview (a miniature psychoanalysis without the couch), projective picture and word association tests, galvanometers (lie detectors), hypnosis, and social-layer analysis. When our motives are fathomed the experts then shape and bait psychological hooks which will bring us flopping into their corporate boats.

Among the more common strategies devised to lure us are: building self-images of ourselves into their product (playful gasolines for playful people); reminding us that their product can fill one of our hidden needs (security, self-esteem); playing upon our anxiety feelings; offering us ways, through products, to channel our aggressive feelings; selling us sexual reassurance; encouraging impulse buying; conditioning the young; selling us status symbols; making us style-conscious and then switching styles.

Several of the uses to which the insights are put strike me as constructive, or at least non-objectionable. The technique of gearing appeals to the social class most likely to enjoy your product would seem to be a step toward rationality in marketing. One of the notable cases of ill-considered selling occurred in Chicago when one of the leading brewers developed social pretensions for its brew, which had long been popular with the tavern-type clientele. The brewer's advertising men, in an effort to give the brew more class, began showing it being sipped by fox hunters, concert pianists, and drawing-room socialites. Sales did pick up slightly in the better residential areas but began falling disastrously with old customers. The boys in the taverns found the brew didn't taste right any more, though the formula was unchanged.

Social Research, Inc., looked into this fiasco when it depth-probed several hundred typical beer drink-

ers for the *Chicago Tribune*. It found that beer drinking in America is accepted as an informal, predominantly middle-class custom. So the brewers' foundation in its ads has recently been stressing the back-fence character of beer drinking.

The recent history of beer marketing reveals another way in which motivational analysts can produce constructive, or at least more rational, results. You may recall that in the mid-fifties many beer producers started to proclaim that their beer was particularly low-caloried and hence relatively non-fattening. The campaign was inspired by the mania for weight reduction which was particularly feverish then. Reportedly there were some impressive gains in sales as a result, but the motivational analysts viewed the low-calorie campaigns for beer with misgivings. Dr. Dichter's depth-probers, in testing the thoughts which sprang into people's minds when they saw the words "low calorie," found people thought of self-deprivation, discomfort. He admonished brewers to play up beer as a pleasure, not a medicine.

Motivational analysts have also performed a constructive service by showing advertising men how to conquer unreasonable prejudice against a product. A classic job in this respect was performed on the prune by Dr. Dichter's institute and advertising men of the prune industry. Prunes simply were not selling, and Dr. Dichter was asked to find why. His depth-probers found the prune, in our society, had become ridden with a host of connotations, all unfortunate. We thought of prunes in terms of dried-up old maids, boardinghouses, constipation, even witches. Under Dr. Dichter's guidance the prune has now been "rediscovered" as the "California wonder fruit," and admen now almost always show it in gay, zestful, youthful, colorful settings. The laxative angle is now mentioned in small type; and the prune industry, at last reports, is showing a hearty revival.

Still another way that the depth approach can perform a valid service is to help people achieve a feeling of self-worth through advertising. A producer of steam shovels found sales lagging. When a motivation study was made of prospective customers, it was discovered that steam-shovel operators play a large role in influencing the decisions of purchasing agents, and shovel operators did not like the shovel in question. A study of the ads that had been used to promote the shovel suggested a clue.

The shovel was always shown at work in all its monumental glory. Its operator was depicted as a barely visible figure inside the distant cab. The operators subconsciously felt their role was belittled. When the advertising men were advised of this source of irritation they began taking their pictures over the shoulder of the operator, with the operator shown as the confident master of the machine. This new approach reportedly brought a

marked mellowing in the attitude of operators toward the shovel advertised.

4

SEVERAL of the techniques being used on us by certain of the advertising men (and their scientific allies), however, do give cause for concern. These are the techniques designed to catch us when our conscious guard is down. Here are some of the types of operation I have in mind.

1. Appeals designed to play upon our hidden weaknesses. At one of America's largest advertising agencies, staff psychologists have been exploring the subconscious of sample humans in order to find how to shape messages that will have maximum impact with people of high anxiety, body consciousness, hostility, passiveness, and so on.

In Chicago a smaller agency has conducted a psychiatric study of women's menstrual cycle and the emotional states which go with each stage of the cycle in order to learn how to sell cake mixes to women more effectively. The aim was to learn how to incorporate within one ad a double-barreled message which would appeal to women in the high phase of their cycle (creative, sexually excitable, narcissistic, outgoing, loving) and also at the same time to women who happened to be in their low phase (want attention, affection, things done for them). This could be achieved, the agency concluded, by offering the high-phase woman something new and the low-phase woman an easy-does-it meal.

2. Strategies involving the manipulation of children. The agency just mentioned also conducted a study of the psyche of straight-haired small girls to find how best to persuade them and their mothers that the girls might feel doomed to ugliness and unhappiness if they were not somehow provided with curly hair. The agency was trying to promote the use of home permanents on children and used many psychiatric techniques in probing the little girls.

The most inviting opportunity to manipulate children for profit, of course, is via television. Five-year-old children, admen have learned, make mighty fine amplifiers of singing jingles (beer or cigarettes included). They can be taught to sing them endlessly with gusto around the house all day long and, unlike the TV set, they can't be turned off.

3. The use of subthreshold effects to slip messages past our conscious guard. Some advertising men have been investigating, very quietly, the possibility of inserting "flash" sales messages in TV and movie film. The bits of film flash by so fast they are not "seen" by the conscious eye, but are reportedly seen by the subconscious eye. In late 1956 the London *Sunday Times* charged that advertisers had produced a notable rise in ice cream consumption at a cinema in New Jersey during experiments with

subthreshold effects. The use of such surreptitious appeals on any substantial basis will raise an ethical question of the most serious nature, particularly if such hidden appeals are used to put across political candidates or points of view.

4. The deliberate sale of products for their status-enhancement value. Automotive advertisers have hammered so long and loud on the theme of bigness that many Americans feel socially insecure in a small or medium-sized car (unless it is their second car or a chic foreign-made car). Although the times cry for more compact cars for our crowded highways and traffic-clogged metropolitan centers, most U.S. car makers stress, in their ads, the luxurious bigness of their cars. A TV commercial for one of the medium-priced cars stressed how Big it was and then, in a bit of theatrics, the announcer exclaimed: "People are getting smart about car buying nowadays!" With that, the screen showed a crowd of "people" chanting, "We're everybody. . . . We want a Big Car and style too."

5. The creation of illogical, irrational loyalties. This occurs most conspicuously in the promotion of gasolines, cigarettes, whiskeys, detergents. The research director of a leading advertising agency which has made a study in depth of cigarette smoking states that 65 per cent of all smokers are absolutely loyal to one brand of cigarette, even to the extent of walking down five flights of stairs to buy their own brand rather than accept another brand offered by a friend. About 20 per cent are relatively loyal. Yet he found in tests where cigarettes were masked that people could identify their brand by only 2 per cent better than chance. He concluded: "They are smoking an image completely."

In the building of images, cylinders of tobacco shreds wrapped in white paper have been invested with a variety of "exciting" personalities, to use one researcher's phrase. One smoke may have an image of elegance, another is daintily feminine, still another has an image of hair-on-your-chest virility. One cigarette company deliberately changed its image to almost a teen-age personality — even though most of the heavy smokers are in the thirty-to-forty age group. The aim reportedly was to recruit more beginner smokers and develop loyalty in them which would pay off on a long-term basis.

6. The exploitation of our deepest sexual sensitivities. According to the Institute for Motivational Research the admen who conceived the cigarette slogan "Like Your Pleasures Big?" were not unaware that the phrase was a *double entendre* with "latent sexual meaning." The same institute counseled motorboat builders that men could be appealed to on the fact that power boats can be used to express a sense of power in "almost a sexual way." A Midwestern advertising agency has discovered that men can be persuaded to buy a new car by the implied promise that the new, more powerful car offers them a renewal of potency.

7. The application of the insights of depth-selling to politics. In 1956 many political candidates, including the heads of the ticket, were counseled by admen to present an attractive image to the public. The most popular models were father images and courageous young Davids. At one quite important level the presidential campaign settled into a battle between advertising agencies: Batten Barton Durstine & Osborn for the Republicans and the smaller agency Norman Craig & Kummel for the Democrats.

The advertising man's approach to politics was perhaps best summed up by ad executive Rosser Reeves, who conceived the ceaseless barrage of half-minute spots on TV and radio in 1952 for the GOP. He said, "I think of a man in a voting booth who hesitates between two levers as if he were pausing between competing tubes of toothpaste in a drug-store. The brand that has made the highest penetration on his brain will win his choice."

The Democratic candidate, Adlai Stevenson (who reportedly became very unhappy about some of the strategies conceived for him by admen late in the campaign), voiced his irritation at the symbol manipulators' approach to politics (at least the GOP variety) by saying: "The idea that you can merchandise candidates for high office like breakfast cereal . . . is the ultimate indignity to the democratic process."

To sum up, I feel that while advertising in general is a constructive — and indispensable — force in our economy, its practitioners are becoming uncomfortably powerful and many of them need to exhibit more responsibility in their use of their new power than they have been doing. This particularly applies to their use of the depth approach to consumers.

The responsible leaders of the industry should, I believe, review the current trends in advertising and admonish practitioners to proceed with greater consideration for the public's welfare in certain areas. As a start they might consider the following broad trends which I believe should be viewed uneasily by thoughtful citizens:

Advertising men are pushing us toward conformity and passivity. Americans by the millions re-

spond to their signals. Perhaps the trend to passivity is more serious than the trend to conformity. Max Lerner, in commenting on the implications he saw in some of the depth persuasion activities I described in my book, made one of the most perceptive and disquieting remarks I have encountered concerning the trend in selling. He wrote: "In motivation research . . . the consumer is always passive. He is analyzed, dissected, acted upon, bought and sold. He is a commodity to be trafficked in. The human being as a commodity, that is the disease of our age."

Many of the efforts of the advertising men provoke lasting anxieties. Economist Robert Lekachman recently speculated that we could only guess at the tensions and anxieties generated by the relentless pursuit of the emblems of success being encouraged in our society today.

The advertising men frequently are encouraging irrationality, as when they persuade us to buy products on the basis of images they have skillfully devised rather than on the merits of the physical product inside the package.

They are tending to demean many scientists who have been lured into serving them. Some of the social scientists collaborating with the advertising men maintain their standards of investigation; others strive to please, and often lay before their employers insights into our vulnerabilities which the advertising men do not hesitate to exploit.

Many of them are encouraging an attitude of wastefulness on the part of the public toward the nation's fast-shrinking resources. One conspicuous way they do this is by deliberately striving to make us dissatisfied with the serviceable products we already own.

Finally they often seek to invade the privacy of the mind. They want to know too much about us, and the inner workings of our emotions, for comfort. We should be able to be a little irrational and neurotic at times without having to fear that we thus become vulnerable to outside manipulation.

If advertising is to represent progress rather than regress for man in his struggle for self-mastery, then these considerations must be honestly faced.





An Atlantic Story



CRARY MOORE is the pen name of a former Bostonian who has lived in Cambridge since her marriage four years ago. The Atlantic published her first short story, "Seductio ad Absurdum," in May, 1952, and since that time several of her stories have appeared in our pages. This one, an account of a young prodigy's obsession, is the product, she tells us, of the heavy intervals between chapters of a light novel on which she is now at work.

ANDREW MACAFEE, 1942-1957

by CRARY MOORE

January 20

Night. The Quad is alive with lights, calling, scurry; emergency. When they run in the corridor, my door shivers. Four days to exams. My paper on the Sophists is two weeks late, and still I can't work. My mind frays. Am I dizzy with lack of sleep or mad with essences? "Quibbles," I began, "dichotomies, dilemmas, syllogisms: all the shallow toys of Athens. . . . What are these but vain little pails and sieves, abandoned at tidemark on the shores of Being? What is, and what is not? The cold void laps forever at the sand. There at the edge of the world stands Plato, for all time: a gray colossus, yearning seaward . . ." I can't finish it.

Ultima Thule lies behind my skull. I shiver, and try to slip my mortal skin. I am not what I seem.

Late. Looking down at this page, I see that it was written by a stranger. Even my hand has changed.

They turn off the heat at midnight. My skull is tight with the cold. I have been pacing the floor to keep warm. If I get into bed before dawn I'll dream, and I'm afraid of that. What has gone wrong with me? I can smell rank sweat. A reek of terror and estrangement. My shadow flits like a rag in the wind.

This book gapes wide. The mirror yawns like a vault. Is anyone here at all?

January 21

Evening. I've been on the mountain. When I left the campus it was already dusk. I stood on the peak in the last light and watched the evening creep upward from the valley like a tide. And then I

went down the Chute, because it was closed. There was no one but me in the long tunnel of pines. I could hear the deep powder sighing behind me as I swept down to meet the dark.

Mine is the only track in the new snow. After exams, when the racers come, they'll find it there before them.

At the end a great drift has formed over the barrier, and it projects in a cornice out beyond the drop: a silver crescent like the rim of earth.

I checked. There was no wind; the pines were hushed. And then I swung around, and down into the blackness under the rock. Orpheus. I burst into a world of lights, and heard the chapel bell.

But it is this place that is the underworld.

The stairs were bad. I slipped up quietly, between the antic shadows and the voices, holding the sense of the mountain in my mouth like a stolen egg. No one spoke to me, but they stared.

I stared them down. Great red-faced sweating cretins. Their eyes flinched from mine, but as I turned the corner there was a whisper: "Funny little kid, but what a brain . . ."

It caught me like a vise.

What a brain! Yes, and this skull you see is to keep the dust off it; these funny little legs are to move it around; this face is the north side. It was invented fifteen years ago, and its name is Andrew MacAfee. Queer sort of thing to have around here, but the Dean seems to like it. Mrs. MacAfee (co-inventor and chief patentee) has garnered many handsome testimonials from educators of greater note than his. From far and wide they came, to behold it whirring away on its test stand, in Mrs. MacAfee's small but tasteful parlor.

I am still sick with rage.
I am going to fail. I have known it for days.

I hear the bell in the chapel tower: five. No lights across the Quad now, no sound. They are all asleep. There is a world only because there is my eye: greedy, wakeful, like a telescope. Existence flashes in the mirror cup; aspects cross and fuse. Down to the lens a single image falls; I blink, and cancel earth. What's real now? Time for the mirror.

My reflection blurs with nearness. I repeat, Andrew MacAfee, Andrew MacAfee . . . I will not blink. There is only a long hollow face at first, fatuous, with dark distended eyes and wild hair. I am impelled to laugh, to say inanities out loud. Baby Ruth! Perth Amboy! Kangaroo! Aroooo! But slowly, gradually, I begin to detect something . . . condensing like breath on the glass . . . vigilant, focused, powerful.

On the threshold, vertigo. A moment more . . . but my throat begins to tickle. Oh Grandmamma, what big eyes you have. The floor is icy as I go barefoot down the hall for water. I hear snores, mutters, a deep even breathing: the doors are thin. All those prone bodies, hapless, dense as lead. My footfall's light. Essence has leached out my bones.

Do they stir in their sleep as I pass? Do I flicker, in some mask, across their dreams?

No. Even waking, though they stare, only my shadow is reflected in the void behind their eyes. And when I fail?

January 22

The same dream.

High in a round tower I wake, in a deep bed of furs. I rise trembling with cold, and go along a shaft of moonlight to the lancet window, and peer out at a pristine world. Never a house nor a road nor a light: only the endless black forests, lakes of steel, and the white arc of mountains at the rim.

I look down; and with terrible desire I see the tower diminishing, darkening, toward the snow. A long way down. The wind roars. I lean out . . . farther . . . my palms join like a diver's . . . and I wake once more, to daylight and a sense of shame.

The morning mirror shows me nothing at all: a nondescript boy with vacant eyes. We have met before, but we shall never be reconciled. He looks pasty, hateful, sick. Now bleeds the crimson pimple, now the white.

Through the thin door I hear shouts and tramping feet and the bells that scream all day, and the same mindless drone beginning in the classrooms.

I'll go out and get lost. I'll have amnesia. I'll just fly off the wheel.

Hello, hello? This is MacAfee speaking. Andrew MacAfee. Are you there? *Dico, ergo sum*. Testing, testing . . . one two three . . .

I sound like a damn parakeet. But there's something else. I'm not stammering. I must have been in rotten shape. It got so I couldn't recite at all.

It seems incredible now. My eyes feel washed clean, and I bask like a fat man in Florida. This is what it used to feel like, to be me: at home, say, on a sunny morning, smelling fresh coffee and hearing roller skates on the sidewalk. It's fine. Everything's fine, now I have this machine; and I am an excellent patient. I just talk to myself all day. When I hear their gumshoes squeaking outside the door I do it in two voices. Punch and Judy. They think Mr. MacAfee is mad as a March hare, but at least he can't get away. Not till spring.

There's been very little pain to distract me, though half my bones are broken, and I somehow managed to gouge one leg with the tip of a ski pole. You'd think that would at least tickle, but it doesn't. All I can remember is getting on the lift.

It was a crazy thing to try the cornice. I guess I just wanted to do *something* big and clean and fine. Like washing an elephant.

Joe Nevill came in today to bring me some textbooks. I guess they didn't realize I couldn't hold a book. I wonder what's happened to my scholarship. I was due to lose it if I flunked. Mother would have been driven to hara-kiri. Well, I won't worry now. . . . Funny thing, Joe is quite a pleasant guy. When he was leaving, he said how odd it was we'd roomed next door to each other and never really had a conversation. "Kind of a shame," I ventured. He nodded. Suddenly we both grinned. Contact. As easy as that.

He said they'd all thought I was headed for a nervous crack-up or something. (This with some awe. Great minds have these classy ailments.) I said "Oh hell no," in just the right voice, and didn't try to explain. I couldn't have anyway. But I wish I were free right now to start over.

Too bad I can't read. I'm not out of the woods yet. At first I kept twiddling my three fingers, all I *can* move, and tore my thumb bloody. The nurse held up a gory sheet. She looked like a reproachful horse. "I fouled my little white nest," said I. And crescendo, "Filthy, filthy, FILTHY!" She squawked and fled. Funny, but it won't do.

Then I got the idea of sending for this ingenious gadget. They're good souls here, and visit me all they can; but apparently they're badly understaffed, with all this season's skiing fractures. Patients who aren't sick but have to stay in bed.

Some kind of acoustic tile, I suppose. I mustn't let it bother me. The squares are honeycombed with minute holes, not in any regular arrangement. I've counted them over and over. Is it a human instinct, I wonder, or is it just me . . . never to be satisfied with raw appearances?

Well. I can just be myself, in *this* place, not the sum of my differences. College intensified them

like a burning glass; maybe Father was right, about a big university with all kinds of students. If I can't yet *be* myself, I can find myself. Plenty of time and solitude. I think self-consciousness used to put my brain out of gear.

I am going to get very sick of the same ceiling. Obstacle to reflection. And routine will make a fool of me. I can feel the whole hospital quickening at those hours, and myself vibrating with expectation. I will not salivate on cue like a dog in a laboratory. Today, though, I was asleep at lunchtime; that's something. God! I am dependent . . . I have to be fed with a spoon.

Three little knobs at my finger tips. Record, Play Back, Off. Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos. I sound all right as I talk, but the playback is disturbing. My voice sounds false, my phrases are stilted. The machine doesn't reproduce what I *mean*, and I become obsessed with the discrepancies.

MacAfee-in-the-machine. MacAfee-in-the-bed. Resolved: not to play it back until I'm well.

Between ministrations, there's nothing to anchor my thoughts. No realities but the lamp, and murmurs in the corridor, and my own mind that swings like a spider for incredible distances. No printed page to hook my spinnerets, no changing sights and bodily states, few appetites, very few desires . . . yet on spins the filament of consciousness.

I wonder how long I've been here. I don't like to ask. I don't want them to know how softly I've drifted. It is wrong to be too happy in this place.

How long since I've seen a mirror? There is only one reflection here: at night, in the double glass of the storm window, I see two interlocking globes. The white lamp. I can't turn my head to see what is lower in the panes.

I think, however, there is quite a large mirror in this room, facing the window. Sometimes I see brightness, like a paper dart but unmoving, on the ceiling over there. I could ask the nurse to bring a hand mirror, but I won't. She is just waiting for something like that.

I was simply not ready to ski over the cornice. Not ready, because, too late, I quailed. If I had really wanted to, I could have brought it off. One instant of perfection. Mind and body all one. That was absolutely all I meant by it, and I told the doctor so, though he had no business asking. "Tell me more about yourself," he said. "What do you want to be when you grow up?" "Truth," I said. His face drew in. "You'll see when I'm well."

The surgeon is preferable anyway. I know when he has come by the rush of the door. Then his face swims into my field of vision, leaning earnestly, somehow distorted by the odd angle, as if I saw it through water. It is young and pink, and it smells agreeably unchemical.

So long as there are bones to saw and nurses to tease, he'll never demand much. He is enthusiastic about my multiple fractures.

"Nine hours on the table!" he says, jubilant. "What a marathon!"

"You'll see," he said one day, "I'll make you good as new."

"Better," I said, "but *I* shall have done it. I *shall* be new." I was pleasant but firm. "It is a question of self-discipline."

He was taken aback. Then I could hear his brain tick out "patients-have-odd-fancies." "Well, well," he said, "the will to win." I almost laughed in his face. "You're a model patient, I'll admit that."

The accolade. He beamed generously, until his small bright eyes disappeared.

Why waste my steel on him? But I must resist. All of me is parceled out: even my moods, which seem to be cyclic as the day creeps round, and are in the keeping of nurses. I like the way they crackle; but their noses are porous and full of hair. One has a son just my age; I do not speak to her any more. She brings me pills in various hues, to soothe or stimulate. I have thought of refusing, but it seems too trivial.

My eyes are shut. I am recalling the little holes to mind. But when I look again they will not be there. I have succeeded several times in this simple exercise. But the white lamp is still insistent.

I oblige the nurses to leave it on at night. I can permit myself a few foibles.

My mind grows continually sharper. A great sense of lucidity and power. I have decided to take up numbers again. They used to assail me like gnats, but I can command them now.

A few of my classmates have come in. I see now, there's nothing behind the interchangeable masks most people wear; they *have* to clothe themselves in the Spirit of the Thing. Here by my bed they fail to achieve it. Disapproval, like a ludicrous tic, plucks at the face of Solicitous Concern. (Another of MacAfee's crazy ploys, fooling around on a closed trail. Just asking for it. Lucky they found him at all.) So they don't know how to behave with me. They never have. Now I prefer to be found asleep.

They bored me; that is why I tried conclusions with the cornice.

The doctor annoys me. He has much, of course, to his credit: a lifetime's discipline. Impatience suppressed, fatigue disregarded, sympathies flogged to their limit. He's tired, gray, polite . . . the very image of the Healer. Oh yes, a person to reckon with . . . but nonetheless dependent, for by now the mask *is* himself. He's a blown egg. Could he live a single day without the sustenance he draws from the eyes of his patients?

I am not ungenerous. Without traducing myself, I can let him feel that I need him.

He was insistent about the television set. "I sense your concern," I told him, "and it is very helpful."

"You must have some distraction."

I was final. "The operations of a detached intelligence," I said, "have enormous value."

But I don't trust him. He kept glancing at the machine. "You might as well indulge me," I said. "I can't get away." Check. I caught him off guard. "Oh not at all," he said hastily, "not at all . . ."

Today I achieved a real thing. As follows: I count up, ad libitum, from one by ones. I cube these numbers and add the cubes. Strangely, the *square*, not cube, root of that sum is the sum of the original sequence.

For a long time I worried at this paradox. Suddenly I had it! It went off in my mind like a flare, and by its sudden brief light I glimpsed a vast new country. I can't remember the reasoning, but it is the sense of revelation that counts.

And when I look once more into a mirror?

I know that I know that I am Andrew MacAfee. I know that I know that I know . . .

Do I feel that I feel the nurses' hands? I don't feel the plaster any more, as one doesn't feel still air.

Without language, would I know that I know, would I feel that I feel? People are trapped in sentences. But I can close my eyes and banish thought. In perfect silence and timelessness, lying inert in my plaster cup, I feel as though the silt of commonplace perceptions were settling. Even my name drifts down and away, and at last there is only the bright unclouded fluid of pure awareness.

I did not have to speak at all yesterday, either to the nurses or to myself. The surgeon did not come, and I must have been asleep during "rounds." So the whole day passed in ceaseless contemplation, on a serene deep swell of expectancy and joy.

No, it's no use! The least thing, and I am a dribbling animal again! The nurse read me a letter from my parents. They want to come *here*. They said in Easter vacation. When's that? I won't ask. I won't know what today is. I *will* be detached.

But it's hopeless . . . I am bored, I look everywhere for distraction, I long for meals, I talk to the nurses whom I had reduced to shadows. Anything, not to think of my parents. How on earth to stop them? Where they are, all the air is busy with love, like motes in a sunbeam. My mother would come rustling in with a thousand parcels, and fiddle with window blinds, and make frantic efforts not to interfere too much. Her eyes would implore me to want something. Hospitals subdue Father. He would try to keep his shoes from squeaking.

I don't need anybody on this earth!

My back itches horribly and gives me no peace.

Ah. I said nothing to the doctor. But to the surgeon I said, "Tell my parents not to come; they won't believe a letter from me. But I must look frightening, all in plaster, and it will distress them. They are quite old, you know. Tell them I am doing well and in no pain."

He looked admiring but doubtful. "The journey would cost them a month's salary," I said. "My father's a schoolteacher." He understood that. His letter will stop them; they always do as the experts say. He was wax in my hands. I had only to mention money.

Father would never have reproached me about the scholarship. I hate to think about it, and can't stop. Kindness makes me ugly; I have none to give. I can't spare *anything*.

The benzoin kettle when I had croup, the black wing of the piano, the scar on my mother's palm . . . I can almost feel it now, against the nape of my neck. Last year I found the little green book where she had recorded my earliest precocities. I made a scene. She wept.

Will I never have quiet again?

"Who do you *think* pulled the covers up? People don't just vanish," my mother said. "Even when you're asleep."

Once I summoned up faith to fly off the barn roof. They spoke from below. "You are not able." And, shivering there on the ridgepole, I knew they were right.

"Ultimates belong to the mathematicians nowadays," my father said. "Make friends of your own age. Drink milk. *Mens sana*, eh? Stay away from the dark side of the moon."

Frantic today. Incidents, faces, trivial dreams. Memory is inane. Only conditionally real. None of it true. But how remorseless! It waits till the small hours and hits you when you're down, until you want to bite the pillow and scream for shame.

That girl, at the picnic in the woods. She picked a buttercup and held it under my chin, to see, she said, if I liked butter. I took it from her . . . and now I see my hand, more real than the insistent lamp, moving outward, toward her neck. How white and moist the skin was! And suddenly I was overcome. Above my hand, on the green-shadowed throat, there bloomed a pale gold reflection. "Do I?" she said, very coy. "Can you tell?"

Our eyes caught. It was like a tremor underground. It shook me for an instant's mortal awe.

"Everything!" I said wildly. "I can tell everything about you! I *know* you!" And it was true. .

She ran away squealing. Everyone saw.

She was a cretin! She was hideously ugly!

At school, under strange eyes, I did not know myself any more. My true face hid behind a seemly mask, preparing its last betrayal: the adult's compromise, the *modus vivendi* that falsely reconciles what you seem with what you are. It fits over the eye like a lens and seems to mend the split image, until at last you forget . . . until, in fact, you take a poltroon's pride in getting along so well.

If that is growing up I will not do it! Like the arduous salmon, I remember the place of my birth.

It is all upstream now. At first I thought that if I should meet a girl . . . seize the idea of God . . . intuit abstract truth . . . oh, even if I could ski over the cornice! . . . somehow I could leap above seeming, smash through the crust, be transmogrified, *know* . . . But nothing has worked.

Delirium. Twilight in my mind. Hallucinations: a book in my hand, and I must, I *must* keep turning the pages. As if I could move!

If I could just get a good night's sleep. My mother used to sing me "The White Seal's Lullaby." The comfort of it: "asleep in the arms of the slow-swinging seas . . ." I want to give up.

They'll know. I can't wipe it off. . . . Oh, I . . . I just wish I could blow my damn nose.

They offered me sleeping pills. How did they know? . . . I refused. It's too cheap.

I look at the white lamp, and say my name, and try to remember nothing.

Appearances! I have resolved to close my eyes every time I hear the door.

I need every resource of my will. So long as I don't ask for a mirror, I am still my own man. Does it show in my face?

I know her step. She still wants to read to me.

Over and over I said with my will, "You shall not come in." She did not. I let the machine run. When the time comes to play it back, I'll hear my audible will. Tonight I'll keep the doctor out.

I kept him out.

This morning the doctor asked to borrow my machine. He was very sly and intent. I said, "Certainly. I don't need it any more. But you might just take the tape out and put it under my hand." His face fell, but he obeyed.

Now I have shucked off the last vestige.

I forbore to laugh as the doctor went out.

And then I closed my eyes against the white lamp and drowsed. And then came the shock of dropping, and the fright, and then my great dream. It comes often now. I am in a furious battle. I don't know his name. We are instantly at grips; I batter him blindly, and he is always there. A deep ferocity

swells in me, my temples burn, I clamp my teeth till my neck is rigid, my shoulders are heavy with rage as I hit — and suddenly he falls away like a door swinging, and light floods in where he was. I go on through pastures of light, I bound in air on soft feet, I laugh, deep in a honey throat.

Silence, courage, abnegation. I swear not to speak aloud for two days. I solemnly swear. Now.

Lips move, teeth glint, cheeks crack in their appointed wrinkles. I hear, a little out of phase, like an old movie, "do-you-want-anything-before-I-go-off-duty." I had already known. I whisper it, though, to be sure, and the face makes "now-now-Mr.-MacAfee." *Déjà vu* all the time now.

I never understood until now. It is all a scheme, and it was there all the time. What blazing certainty! The clue was imaginary numbers. Quaternions, square roots of minus one. They have been used, all unawares, to describe actual things . . . vectors and so on. So! A mortal mind can pluck Not-Being from No-Place and use it like so much clay.

The universe, people, everything . . . what are they, then, but impossibilities summoned from Not-Being, fished from the void by what unknowable hand? I won't tell them they are mere analogues of what is real. But I must get word to Father.

The wind calls. Come through. I am not afraid.

The walls, thin as paper; beyond them, no sound or being; below me, no floor, no bed, no sheet, no plaster shell. I can make the ceiling recede. The walls shiver like backdrops in a draft. They move away from me. I can close my eyes and know that when I open them again only the white lamp will draw near. . . . I willed these things myself.

The small hours. The extremities cold, the blood slow and thin, the world still and numb in its long tidal sleep. Only the self burns like a thin wire.

Down, far down, lies the plaster shell, tiny, with its little white kernel. I hover enormously in the night, and keep him centered in my round eye. I rest on the wind that rocks me, and from far up I see him like a lone match-flare on the ground.

The white lamp never sleeps.

And someday I'll go through, I'll *know*, and have all my power.

I shall never be harsh.

I'll enclose all the world in tenderness like an egg. I'll overshadow all the people until they fall silent, until their heartbeats slow like a fledgling's vaulted in my hands. Hush. Sleep.

I shall not sleep, I shall watch over you. How little you are, how soft!

I tried, but my mouth would not work until he was out the door. "I am not quite ready," I wanted to say, but it would not come out. I willed him to stop, and he disregarded me.

My God. I should have kept count.

"In three days," he said, "we shall take off your plaster. You'll have to learn to walk again. It won't be bad."

It must be very late. I can see nothing. Only a plane of paler dark — the top of the window — against the blackness. I think I have been asleep. Wasn't the lamp on before? But it is always on, they promised. If I can see the window, surely I can see the lamp? My eyes are staring wide . . . there are specks like confetti that quiver. . . . No lamp. No sound.

I can't see the corners, as if the walls had melted into the night. All I can hear is my own voice, speaking very fast. What a very dark night it is, to be sure. . . . Try for a deeper note.

If I scream "Bring me a mirror!" will there be anyone to hear? I need it now. Nurse. Lights. Help.

Did I only whisper? My words vanish as soon as uttered. It is close.

Andrew MacAfee, Andrew MacAfee, Andrew MacAfee . . .

Something's been jolted loose. I can't focus. When I open my eyes suddenly, to catch it, the walls fade in, trembling. What was it that happened last night?

Not-Being stalks me like a wolf.

I can't push it away. The light's going. It will be dark soon. I have to talk a great deal.

Night again. The lamp is odd. Two small white globes, not quite concentric . . . but so small.

It is merely an illusion. I am keeping my voice down. It is down. I am still on this side. I will not go through. I am not afraid.

I am obliged to grip hard. I won't crack. My eyes are closed against vertigo. I press hard: full-length, full-stretch. It is slippery, perpendicular, no toe-holds anywhere. It wants me just to give up and let go, to fall out and down, down through the crust.

Hold on, hold fast. When I go, it will be of my own will, at the proper time. The so-called world may splinter, but not I.

Morning. Victory. When I call, "Andrew MacAfee!" the white lamp moves obediently closer, swelling as it comes. My will did this.

Tomorrow, the mirror.

I have won. When I look into the mirror I shall see my true and powerful essence, armed with my will, erect behind my skull.

Tomorrow the window as well. I shall be standing

up tomorrow. They have kept me down long enough, and I am ready.

How joyful I am, and light! And it is only a foretaste. Tomorrow they will come with saws, and cut away the plaster, and rub me to make my blood move, and wash away dead skin — I shall see the detritus of my own flesh that has renewed itself. And then, when I am fresh and clean, I shall wait without a word until they are all gone, and then I shall rise up like a fountain, and stand.

I shall stand between the window and the mirror. I'll look out. Trees, hills, the mountain; but they are only the crust.

And then I'll look in, to the mirror.

When they went out I heard whispers: "Oh no, he'll be much too weak to do . . . in case he . . . stick around . . ." They may be just outside.

It is all as I knew it would be. I have seen my body again, washed clean. The skin is very white now, and wrinkled as if damp from the cocoon. Curious, the whorled hair on my legs.

I am standing. I don't remember if it was difficult; my will is a coiled spring.

I am full of pain, from the blood moving once more, and I feel the floor pulling. My head swims. How strong my hand is, warming the bed's cold iron. It is an ugly little bed. The floor is far off.

Out the window it is spring. Over the thin crust the hills are downy, and the lake a tender blue film. Far below. The hospital must be very high, and I at the pinnacle. The mirror is right behind me. I don't quite want to turn.

I had thought it would be a holy and honorable terror.

How warm the floor is. Uncalloused now, the soles of my feet tell me of minute scratches, and a joint between tiles. I feel gross and actual . . . and dizzy with fear.

I must look soon. The walls are overpowering. I cannot stand up to them much longer. Melt into me! the room says, and Let me in! says the sun on my shivering thighs. Breathe me! say the lilacs below, and the hot tar of the parking lot. Stroke us, murmur the downy hills. We are *so*, you are part of us. Rest on me, says the tender lake, I know how to hold you up.

They will devour me if I don't turn soon. I hear feet in the corridor and someone laughs. It is dangerous. It wants to fold me in, to overpower me again. When I look in that mirror, surely the rest will recede, and aspects part, to let me through? What's that on the floor? Tears, mine. It is only because I'm weak. I've been very sick. Haven't I? Terribly sick. Terribly. Perhaps tomorrow . . .

My knees are trembling. I must turn.

Oh *no* . . . I know him. He can't fool me.

So it wasn't the mirror.

My last chance. . . . Horribly afraid.

Turn again, MacAfee.



"I was born in Brooklyn," writes GERTRUDE FRIEDBERG, "and went to Wellesley College, where I was put in as a sub on the varsity hockey team in the last five minutes against the Irish team. After one year I transferred to Barnard and took my A.B. from there." The wife of a doctor and the mother of two children, Mrs. Friedberg in recent years has reviewed books on music and done editorial work on technical textbooks.

WHERE MOTH AND RUST

by GERTRUDE FRIEDBERG

1

IN RECENT years there have been many precautions one has had to take against disaster. The disaster that menaced Mrs. Fortrey was not the obvious one that frightened all others. It was the destruction and ruin that would engulf her home were she to fail in her performance of the many small tasks of protection and repair that custom, direction leaflets, and her vigilant sister prescribed.

No sooner was a new acquisition, whether a furnishing, an ornament, or merely a child, brought proudly into the home than it began to succumb to a thousand effects of use, age, and chemistry, which might be held in unwilling abeyance only by the indicated rituals. So seductively did the written prescriptions belittle the amount of time needed for each particular care that Mrs. Fortrey for a long time failed to feel deprived as she raced in a treadmill of small palliative measures which produced nothing, improved nothing, but merely retarded the processes of inevitable decay or returned things to a state that was surely not as good as new.

So every Monday morning Mrs. Fortrey started out bravely with a pitcher of water and a can of 3-in-1 oil to perform eight measures of prophylaxis in one grand round from kitchen to front room. The electric fan, the vacuum cleaner, and the sewing machine needed a paltry libation of only three drops of oil (after every ten hours of use) to keep their motors from burning out or worse. It took but a few minutes more to oil the wall can opener, the knife sharpener, the children's roller skates, the flute keys, and the drapery pulley tracks.

On the return trip from front room to kitchen Mrs. Fortrey poured a little water into the philodendron plants, moistened the rubber plant and the ivy, put a bit in the parakeet's cup, poured some into the radiator pan to keep the air from drying the furniture, and put a little in a pan under the broiler to keep the stove from smoking up the white

kitchen. Then she usually stopped to empty the pencil sharpener. She once told her sister that she oiled all the way from the back of the apartment to the front and watered from the front to the back.

Mrs. Fortrey knew of four kinds of rot and how to avoid them. The chrome fixtures, if not shined with a special cream, would succumb to green rot; the mahogany tables, if not rubbed with polish, would yield to dry rot; clothes left too long in a hamper would get wet rot; dead batteries left in a flashlight produced chemical rot. And a leaflet that the children brought home from school cautioned Mrs. Fortrey that if the frayed electric cords were not taped up, her family would be electrocuted.

Every month or so a bit of Vaseline had to be spread on the washing machine spindle to keep the agitator from sticking, and a bit of black stuff had to be rubbed on Mr. Fortrey's electric razor to sharpen it while the electricity hummed and Mrs. Fortrey counted to sixty in a loud voice as bidden. She rubbed ashes on the glass rings left on table tops, leather conditioner on the desk top, and, almost with a sense of wanton mischief, soap on the edges of all the doors.

When the carpets were brand-new, Mrs. Fortrey's sister made the family take their shoes off as soon as they entered the house. This zeal did not survive one week, for as small unavoidable spots gathered despite their care, their hearts hardened and their feet stepped more boldly. At last only Mrs. Fortrey frowned at the dark patches before each door. To avoid increasing dirt and wear on the most traveled paths of the carpet, she took to sidling close against the walls and leaping from a point about two feet before each threshold to a point two feet within the room. She took great pleasure in the thought that in this way the carpet was spared perhaps hundreds of extra scuffs. Once Mr. Fortrey, coming back for a moment for an umbrella, saw her sidling and leaping about the

apartment. He thought it best to say nothing, but quietly let himself out again.

Finally she contented herself with brushing a glamorizing powder into the dark patches twice a month. This usually reminded her to sprinkle talcum powder on the slide rule where it customarily slid, and fuller's earth on the food spots on the dining-room chairs.

2

Mrs. Fortrey's sister always had many useful suggestions for the preservation of things. It was she who pointed out that all the ash trays, lamps, and bric-a-brac which stood on the fine tables would leave dreadful scratches each time they were moved if Mrs. Fortrey did not line their bases with some gentle stuff. Looking for scraps of felt for this purpose, Mrs. Fortrey was happy to find in the children's room a great pile of round felt pieces of exactly the right conformation. They were camp awards which, accumulated for six years or more of earnest athletic endeavor, presented at last a grave problem of storage. It was therefore doubly satisfying to Mrs. Fortrey when each morning, for many mornings (work divided into time in this way gave her the illusion of being somehow diminished), she pasted to the base of a lamp or vase a bright yellow patch. Only the truly curious would ever lift them to read "Camp Katchewan — For Proficiency in Intermediate Archery."

Shoes had to be reheelled and resoled. Hems fell and needed to be raised. Trouser cuffs drooped and were retacked. Elbows wore out and were patched, and everybody in the family dropped buttons and stood still while Mrs. Fortrey sewed them on again. She sewed the little ribbon tape back on the umbrella, the fringe back on the chaise longue, and the hanger tape back on Mr. Fortrey's overcoat, and restitched three brief cases with a handy little leather stitcher.

It seemed quite clear from the start that a bright new upholstered chair ought not to be sat on. When Mr. Fortrey, who sometimes forgot the rules, plunked down in the beige chair, she ran at him with a lace doily to put under his head.

"Darling, nobody uses such things any more," her sister said. "You have your upholsterer make false covers for the backs and arms out of the leftover pieces of material."

Soon every chair, and even the couch, had extra pieces of matching material over the original coverings. They were merely tacked in place and were not too noticeable. Mr. Fortrey never got the knack of sitting properly in the living room. He managed to sit on each piece in turn and always disarranged the protective disguise pieces, so that after an evening the carpet would be littered with pages of newspaper and pieces of backs or arms.

When summer came, all the true coverings and

false coverings had to be covered with covers which were neither true nor false but just slip. You slipped the chairs and cushions into them much as you slipped a heavy woman into a girdle, and zipped. They were very attractive and her sister thought it a pity that they should be ruined so quickly by the dust which rained in through the windows all day. "I'd just put a plastic covering over the very tops," she said, and Mrs. Fortrey added, "And maybe just where your hands rest."

Every night a plastic cover had to be put over the parakeet cage, and every winter a plastic cover had to be put over the air conditioner, and every summer plastic covers were put on all the lamp shades. Mrs. Fortrey once considered making a plastic cover for Mr. Fortrey, who habitually spilled soup on his tie and sloshed his cuffs around in the gravy, but she ended by rubbing him down instead with Renuzit.

The stapling machine and the ball-point pens had to be reloaded, the filters replaced in the air conditioner, a fresh throwaway bag inserted into the vacuum cleaner, a fresh ribbon put into the typewriter, and fresh fuel oil dripped into the cigarette lighters.

Every summer the drapes had to be taken down, cleaned, folded away, and in the fall put up again. This large familiar effort each year stung the wound of passing time.

"Why couldn't I just let them hang?" Mrs. Fortrey asked her sister.

"You'll have to throw them out in the fall," said her sister. "It's not only the dust. It's the sun too."

She took them down.

Her coat needed periodic reglazing, the rubber-tile foyer needed periodic rewaxing, her graying hair needed periodic retinting, the springs of the couch needed retying, the mirrors needed resilvering, the silver pieces needed reglazing to protect their resilvering, the bathroom wallpaper needed repasting, the kitchen needed repainting, the library steps needed revarnishing, the dictionary needed rebinding, and one of the children, changing schools, needed extensive readjusting.

Moths were a constant threat. Mr. Fortrey had once told her very firmly that it unnerved him if during an evening in which they had been quietly reading, leaning with only half their weight on the false backs of their living-room chairs and dangling their hands unsupported three inches above the chair arms, she would suddenly leap up with a loud cry and clap her hands together directly above his head.

"It's too noticeable," he complained.

After that Mrs. Fortrey tried to be more discreet in her pursuit, but she continued to feel that to be mothproof was to achieve virtue. She sprayed every woolen suit, coat, and dress, put them in clothes bags, hung moth gas containers in all the

closets, and put the children's mittens in the little cellophane bags which she saved from bunches of carrots.

She used Easy-off on the stove, Soil-off on the walls, Dust-off — full of static electricity — on the coffee table, Slipit on the window tracks, Weldit on the loose tile in the kitchen wall, Kaukit on the spot under the hot-water pipe where the plaster had come off, and Exit under the sinks. She used Jubilee on the enamels, Pride on the kitchen linoleum, Cheer in the clothes washer, Joy in the sink, and had death in her heart.

One winter the handle came off the door of the refrigerator, the drawers stuck, a piano key broke, a radio knob cracked, the screws fell out of the stove, the ironing board collapsed, the plates chipped, the magnetic can holder let the cans drop, the hair drier smoked, the wire recorder raveled a whole spool of wire, all the tubes on the horizontal circuit of the television set burned out, and one of Mrs. Fortrey's own tubes was a bit inflamed.

When she got back from the hospital, she found that the agitator in the washing machine was wobbly, there were moth holes in the suit that Mr. Fortrey had been saving until he got thinner, and the children had spots. There were cracks in the window shades, feathers were coming out of the pillows, the eight-day clock went only three and a half days, there was a steady hum on the record player, and the ceiling drier had fallen.

It was not long after this that Mrs. Fortrey stopped. She told Mr. Fortrey while he was having breakfast.

"I'm not going to do anything any more," she said. "It's all too much trouble for me."

"Name me one thing," said Mr. Fortrey, "that's too much for you to do."

Mrs. Fortrey thought a moment. "I don't want to reload the stapling machine," she said.

Reloading the stapling machine was really a small thing, but Mrs. Fortrey didn't want to mention all the other things to Mr. Fortrey while he was having his breakfast. Actually she stopped everything that very day.

At first nobody noticed, and Mrs. Fortrey didn't say any more. She started to play the piano, learn Spanish, and practice tumbling tricks. As she walked through the apartment she stepped boldly on the middle of the carpet and wiped her feet on the dark spot at the threshold.

The calendar leaves weren't torn off, and since nobody knew when October was over, the library books were overdue. As if despoiled by an autumn trapped unexpectedly indoors with all its colors ready to flow, her furnishings started to turn color. The silver turned brown. The chrome fixtures turned green. The copper casserole turned pink. The blue chair turned gray. The white bedroom drapes turned yellow.

One day Mr. Fortrey pushed back his dining chair,

took off his plastic cuffs, and told Mrs. Fortrey that he was leaving her.

"I refuse to be seen in public with a woman in an unglazed mink coat," he said firmly. He would have left that day, but the zipper on his valise got stuck midway and he had to wait two weeks to have the zipper teeth realigned by a woman whose business it was to realign zipper teeth. When he left, Mrs. Fortrey turned off the air conditioners.

The parakeet was the next to leave. His cage had no carpet to darken at the threshold, but the gravel paper which served him instead had not been changed for three weeks and was piled high with empty seed shells. He found an open window and headed toward Park and 56th Street, where he felt he might find a tidier home.

The children put up with her for a few months longer, but relations broke down at last when they found that Mrs. Fortrey had given up using the pliers on the rings of their loose-leaf notebooks to ply them into tight embrace, and had neglected to Scotch-tape the edges of the music books, which were now beginning to rain bits of dried yellow paper all over the piano, the carpet, and their hands as they practiced. This was too much and both children went to join their father, taking the Erector set with them.

Mrs. Fortrey moved into one room and lived, on the small allowance she received, not at all as she should. She found out how umbrellas started, did lots of geometry, and learned Speedwriting, which she wrote slowly, embellishing each capital letter with extraordinary flourishes and tiny clever pictures. She set up a basketball net over her front door, looked up how to pronounce *disheveled*, and practiced bad posture.

She ate only foods that came ready-baked in heat-and-throw-away containers. Rather than wash each item of her no-iron dip-and-hang clothing separately, she bathed with her clothes on and sat on the radiator, reading, while she dried. Late at night when the city was quiet she could hear the moths feeding in the closet. From time to time she opened the closet door and threw them a sweater.

When Mrs. Fortrey died, it was after a period of six months during which nobody had seen or spoken to her. Two men broke down her door and took a good two hours to cart away rubbish piled ceiling high before they reached her bed.

She had died of what is still called a natural cause. A small valve in her heart, diseased from a childhood illness, had become rigid, its sides had fused, and the closure had provoked a gradual deterioration of her circulatory system and finally death. A surgeon, with the gentlest pressure of his index finger, might have split the fused valve open and restored her to a state almost as good as new. It was the sort of small mechanical repair that Mrs. Fortrey had once performed on a stenosed perfume atomizer in the days of her greatest zeal.



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Books and Men



In his prose as in his caricatures, SIR

MAX BEERBOHM proved himself the

greatest parodist of our time. In *Zuleika Dobson* he wrote with perfect irreverence of Oxford, and in *Seven Men* and his volumes of collected essays he gave us a prose which is alive and full of wit. The following essay is taken from one of his incomparable broadcasts for the BBC's Third Programme.

FIRST MEETINGS WITH W. B. YEATS

by SIR MAX BEERBOHM

I

ALMOST forty years ago I wrote, but didn't publish, a few little essays about meetings with interesting contemporaries of mine. One of these was about my first meetings with W. B. Yeats.

At that time Yeats had not begun to develop his great gifts in the manner in which he ultimately did. Of the fullness and richness of his later self there was as yet, for me, no token.

At Charterhouse, one morning, a small boy construed thus a rather difficult line of Euripides: "And a tear shall lead the blind man." "Hm," said his form master, "clever tear!" Thereat we all laughed. But ought we to have laughed? Granted, the translation was hopelessly inaccurate. But in itself was not the image beautiful, and expressed in terms simple and sensuous, if not passionate? I am led to ask this because in after years, when first I read some of the poems of W. B. Yeats, those words came back to my memory, and seem to have been inspired by his own Muse. "And a tear shall lead the blind man" . . . how easily, how well (thought I, and still think), might some poem of this distinguished and true poet end just like that!

From the lone hills where Fergus strays
Down the long vales of Coonahan
Comes a white wind through the unquiet ways,
And a tear shall lead the blind man.

But does not this levity jar on me? Yes, it does. I always want to be on the side of the angels. My wretchedly frequent failure to find definite meanings in the faint and lovely things of Yeats — my perception of nothing but some sort of mood enclosed in a vacuum far away — has always worried me very much. I have repeated sternly and many times to myself what the initiate have told me: that through the mouth of Yeats the ancient and authentic voice of Ireland is uttered. Often I have taken my atlas from the shelf and looked up Ireland, in search of revelation. And it has seemed to me that if Ireland were indeed what I there behold, a thing in two dimensions, a design on paper, and if her counties were not pink and yellow and

green, but all a silvery gray, and if her whole shape were very much more tenuous and graceful than it is, then might she be supposed to have some such voice as Yeats utters. But the fact is that Ireland, so far from being more rarefied, is grosser than she appears in my atlas. There may be in that land fairies and phantoms, and whispering reeds, and eternal twilight, and wan waters, and tears leading blind men — men, observe! There it is! From time immemorial Ireland has been harboring human beings. Poetry that hasn't the human note can no more be truly Celtic than it can be truly Saxon or Mongolian or Slav. One is taught to despise Tom Moore nowadays. But I cannot help feeling that in "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms" or "No longer, dear Vesey, feel hurt and uneasy" the ancient spirit of Ireland was more authentically breathed than it is by Yeats. I struggle against this feeling. But in vain.

I often had the pleasure of meeting Yeats, and I liked him. But merely to like so remarkable, so mystic and intense, a creature, to be not utterly under his spell whenever one was in his presence, seemed to argue a lack in oneself and to imply an insult to that presence. Thus the pleasure of meeting Yeats was not for me an unmixed one. I felt always rather uncomfortable, as though I had submitted myself to a mesmerist who somehow didn't mesmerize me. I hoped against hope that I should feel my volition slipping away from me — my cheap little independence fading into a drowsy enchantment where visions would come thronging presently. Nothing of the sort happened.

Perhaps because I had formed no expectations, my first sight of Yeats was the deepest impression I had of him. That was in the winter of 1893. Aubrey Beardsley had done a poster for the Avenue Theatre and had received two stalls for the first night of Dr. Todhunter's play *The Black Cat*, and he had asked me to go with him. Before the main play there was to be a "curtain raiser" — *The Land of Heart's Desire*. Yeats was not more than a name to us then; nor were we sure that it

beseemed us, as men of the world, to hurry over our dinner. We did so, however, and arrived in good time. The beautiful little play was acted in a very nerveless and inaudible manner, casting rather a gloom over the house. When at length the two curtains of the proscenium swept down and met in the middle of the stage, the applause was fainter than it would be nowadays. There were, however, a few sporadic and compatriotic cries for "Author." I saw a slight convulsion of the curtains where they joined each other, and then I saw a long fissure, revealing (as I for a moment supposed) unlit blackness behind the curtains. But lo! there were two streaks of white in the upper portion of this blackness — a white streak of shirt front, and above that a white streak of face; and I was aware that what I had thought to be insubstantial murk was a dress suit, with the Author in it. And the streak of Author's face was partly bisected by a lesser black streak, which was a lock of Author's raven hair. It was all very eerie and memorable.

2

MORE than a year passed before this vision was materialized for me in private life. A new publication, entitled *The Savoy*, was afoot, with Arthur Symons for literary editor and Beardsley for art editor. The publisher was a strange and rather depressing person, a north-countryman, known to have been engaged in the sale of disreputable books. To celebrate the first number of the magazine, he invited the contributors to supper in a room at the New Lyric Club. Besides Symons and Beardsley, there were present Yeats, Rudolf Direks, myself, and one or two other writers, whom I forget. Also there was one lady: the publisher's wife. She had not previously been heard of by anyone. She was a surprise. She was touching — dreadfully touching. It was so evident that she had been brought out from some far suburb for this occasion only. One knew that the dress she wore had been ordered specially; and one felt that it might never be worn again. She was small, buxom, and self-possessed. She did the honors. She dropped little remarks. It did not seem that she was nervous; one only knew that she *was* nervous. She knew that she did not matter, but she would not give in; she was brave and good.

Perhaps, if I had not been so preoccupied by the pity of her, I would have been more susceptible to Yeats's magic. I wished that I, not he, had been placed next to her at the table. I could have helped her more than he. The walls of the little room in which we supped were lined with bamboo instead of wallpaper. "Quite original, is it not?" she said to Yeats. But Yeats had no reply ready for that; only a courteous, lugubrious murmur. He had been staying in Paris, and was much engrossed in the cult of Diabolism, or Devil worship, which ap-

peared to have a vogue there. He had made a profound study of it, and he evidently guessed that Beardsley, whom he met now for the first time, was a confirmed worshiper in that line. So to Beardsley he talked, in deep, vibrant tones across the table, of the lore and rites of Diabolism — "Dyahbolism" he called it, thereby making it sound the more fearful.

I daresay that Beardsley, who always seemed to know by instinctive erudition all about everything, knew all about Dyahbolism. Anyhow, I could see that he, with that stony common sense which always came upmost when anyone canvassed the fantastic in him, thought Dyahbolism rather silly. He was too polite not to go on saying at intervals, in his hard, quick voice, "Oh really? How perfectly entrancing!" and "Oh really? How perfectly sweet!" But had I been Yeats, I would have dropped the subject sooner than he did.

At the other end of the table, Arthur Symons was talking of some foreign city, carrying in his waistcoat pocket, as it were, the *genius loci*, anon to be embalmed in Pateresque prose. I forget whether this time it was Rome or Seville or Moscow or what; but I remember that the hostess said she had never been there. I liked Symons' feigning some surprise at this, and for saying that she really ought to go. Presently I heard him saying he thought the nomadic life was the best of all lives for an artist. Yeats, in a pause of his own music, heard this too, and seemed a little pained by it. Shaking back the lock from his brow, he turned to Symons and declared that an artist worked best among his own folk and in the land of his fathers. Symons seemed rather daunted, but he stuck to his point. He argued that new sights and sounds and odors braced the whole intelligence of a man and quickened his powers of creation. Yeats, gently but firmly, would have none of this. His own arguments may not have been better than Symons'; but in voice and manner and countenance, Symons was no match for him at all. And it was with a humane impulse that the hostess interposed. "Mr. Symons," she said, "is like myself. He likes a little change."

This bathos was so sharp that it was like an actual and visible chasm: one could have sworn to a glimpse of Symons' heels, a faint cry, a thud. Yeats stood for an instant on the brink, stroking his chin enigmatically, and then turned to resume the dropped thread of Dyahbolism. I could not help wishing that he, not poor Symons, had been the victim. He would somehow have fallen on his feet; and his voice, issuing uninterruptedly from the depth of the chasm, would have been as impressive as ever.

I have said that my first and merely visual impression of Yeats was my deepest. Do not suppose that at other times he did not impress me with a feeling that I, had I been of finer clay, must have been more deeply impressed than I was. I always

did feel that here was *une âme auguste*, if ever there was one. His benign aloofness from whatever company I saw him in, whether he was inspired with language or with silence, made everyone else seem rather cheap. Often, at great receptions in great houses, with colonnaded rooms full of beautiful women in all their jewels, and of eminent men ribanded and starred, it must have seemed to the quietly observant Nobody there that the scene had its final note of distinction in the sober purple soutane of Monsignor So-and-so, yonder. Monsignor So-and-so himself may happen to be as worldly as you will; but nominally, officially, by hierarchic intention, he is apart from the rest. That is the secret of his effect. Something like that was for me the secret of Yeats's effect anywhere. He, not indeed in any nominal or official way, but by reason of himself, was apart from the rest. That was his strength. He was not primarily of this world.

But confound it! So soon as ever one has elaborated a theory, always there is some wretched flaw staring one in the face. Didn't Yeats's management of the Celtic Renaissance prove him a practical man? The birth may not have been effected. But there the indefatigable accoucheur was. Pamphlets, letters to newspapers, lectures in America, speeches — that speech which I heard

him deliver at the Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin; that fighting speech of which George Moore has gasped in *Are* some slight record for posterity. Yes, it made Moore gasp. Perhaps posterity will be equally stirred. At the Shelbourne Hotel it sounded very beautiful. But no dons of Trinity, nor any of the Catholics either, were any more offended by it than they would have been by a nocturne of Chopin. Mournfully, very beautifully, Yeats bombinated in the void, never for an instant in any vital relation to the audience. Moore likens him to Demosthenes. But I take it that Demosthenes swayed multitudes. Yeats swayed Moore. My memory of that speech does somewhat patch the flaw in my theory.

As years went by, the visual aspect of Yeats changed a little. His face grew gradually fuller in outline, and the sharp angles of his figure were smoothed away. And his hands — those hands which in his silences lay folded downward across his breast, but left each other and came forth and, as it were, stroked the air to and fro while he talked — those very long, fine hands did seem to have lost something of their insubstantiality. His dignity and his charm were as they had always been. But I found it less easy to draw caricatures of him. He seemed to have become subtly less like himself.



ILLUSION

by P. TREMAYNE

ROUND the huge, darkened circle of the stalls
intent and laughing faces show like chalk,
while round the sawdust ring, black hat in hands,
and tragic in his fool's solemnity,
the clown, with all a hunter's tense resolve,
follows the dancing spotlight on the ground.
He drops his hat upon it; leaps for joy;
crouches, and lifts, and peers beneath the brim
to gloat upon his capture; but the gleam
dances upon his bald, dishonored crown
and passes; and the chase begins again.

And this is death: this eager, fumbling fool
who lurches after us with comic stealth
and crudely gestured glee, his battered hat
of darkness, terrible and ludicrous,
held out to catch our jack-o'-lantern lives;
who kills, and kills again, and never sees
that life eludes him, mocks him as he crows,
and flickers wanton on its ancient way.

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botany at Harvard in 1919. Following his graduation he worked for three years in the Department of Agriculture. Then he began the writing which was to make him one of the most widely read naturalists of our day. In his *American Trees of the Northern States* and *A Natural History of Western Trees* he has shown a scholarly understanding and a sympathetic affection for those silent sentinels which are our heritage.

ACORNS IN HIS POCKET

by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

I

ON THE highway from London to Winchester I took a byroad that brought me right back into the eighteenth century — to Selborne, a Hampshire village that seems forgotten in its drowsy isolation. Yet its thatched cottages and shady lanes have for more than a century been familiar to thousands who never saw them. For it has been made immortal by one inhabitant — Gilbert White, author of *The Natural History of Selborne*. This classic has been published in almost 200 editions (not mere reprintings but distinct and sought-after editions). And that breaks the record for any book, excepting Shakespeare's works, originally written in the English tongue.

Your true Selbornian may come from any land and be of almost any persuasion. One need not be a naturalist or learned in letters or even an antiquarian to belong to this far-flung yet intimate fraternity. Thus I found in the parish church (built in 1180) that the visitors' book had been signed by people from all over the earth. They had come, like me, on a pilgrimage to this remote hamlet because they knew Gilbert White as a friend. We know his quiet eyes and kindly face, for his kindliness and tranquillity speak from every page. There under the yew tree at the church door — a yew some 1300 years old and greatest of girth in the world — you half expect to meet him in his oldfangled clerical costume, his short curly wig and knee breeches and buckled shoon. For he is better known now than when he lived — this timeless little naturalist who used to carry acorns around in his pocket and press them into the ground where it seemed to him an oak should grow. Even so did he plant in the minds of thousands, and of thousands yet to come, a new love of Nature and a curiosity about its endlessly unfolding wonders. Reading his serene yet lively record, one becomes aware that each of us has about him a Selborne of his own, a neighborhood that, however commonplace, may reward exploration. It is a truism with scientists

that Nature is no less worthy of study for being everyday.

Though author of a future classic, White did not think of himself as a writer, but as an amateur of science, an observer of important trifles. It is often assumed that the real man of science must be indifferent to beauty and wonder. But Gilbert White was one who strolled through his small world with an eye and ear for everything in it, stopping in "Honey Lane" to hear the hedge sparrow sing, or gently to rouse some adder with his walking stick. Yet, having anything but a one-track mind, he took the whole of science for his province, from the sense of hearing in fishes to the mathematics of the echo. He delved into the "economy" of earthworms in turning over and aerating the soil — which puts him some seventy-five years ahead of Darwin's work on the same subject. In such investigations his methods are basically those of the best science now and always: careful observation, scrupulously and tirelessly recorded. These are not beyond the powers of any of us, once we wake to the wonder of the living world about us.

With all his scientific curiosity and method, White yet loved his garden flowers and an evening of music; he read Latin and Greek not as mental discipline but as poetry and wisdom. In boyhood he roamed the countryside with his brothers, collecting insects, birds' eggs, minerals, and flowers. His meticulously kept account books show that in his salad days he spent freely in squiring young ladies. Yet he never married; perhaps pockmarks on his face put off the girls, or the dullness of the backwater where he lived — and was gathering a future fame.

He was born in 1720, in the roomy old manse near the church, when his grandfather was Vicar of Selborne. And though he went up to college at Oxford — taking his gun and dog with him! — it was to Selborne he returned to pass the rest of his days, in the rambling house called "The Wakes."

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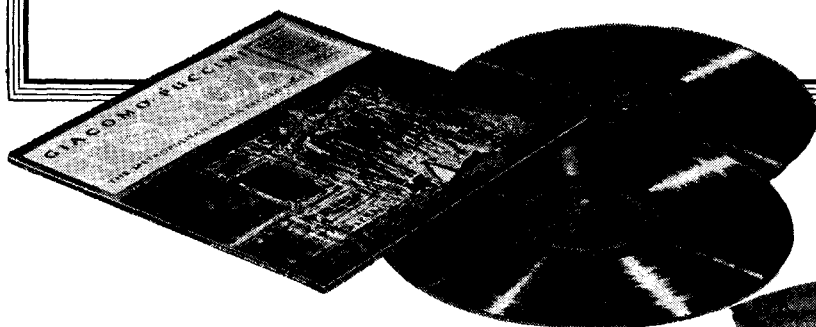
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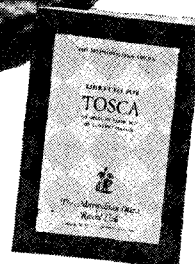
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Although he was ordained in the Church of England in 1747, his devotion was greatest to the natural world, with its endless joys and marvels. To examine it, to try to understand it, and to record its least event was his lifework. For he lived in an age when Nature was dew-fresh to the curious mind, and little that he needed to know could as yet be found in books.

Thus he had to become his own naturalist to discover the cause of a "fall of gossamer" or a "rain of honeydew." If he wanted weather records, he had to keep his own. There were then no bird-banding societies to help him in his pioneering studies of migration. He depended in great part on what letters from a few learned men could tell him.

One of his correspondents was Linnaeus, and the great old Swede twice acknowledged that White had sent him specimens of birds he had never seen before. More valuable than White's original discoveries were the mass of minute, keen-eyed observations he recorded, over twoscore years, from one pastoral spot. So acute were these that some became starting points for important research by scientists of a later day. And so penetrating were White's reflections on what he noted that they mark the beginning of a coming age of philosophical biology. Even Thoreau owed him much, as one can discover in reading between the lines of that equally provincial genius.

Not that White undertook to be that horrid thing, "educational"; yet his book is the perfect guide to the "do it yourself" naturalist. White puts down anything and everything of interest that comes to his attention, but with a precision and clarity that could not be bettered. "When redstarts shake their tails they move them horizontally, as dogs do when they fawn; the tail of a wagtail, when in motion, bobs up and down like that of a jaded horse. Hedge sparrows have a remarkable flirt with their wings in breeding-time; as soon as frosty mornings come they make a very piping plaintive noise." To see detail so clearly is to remember it always, and to describe it so sharply is to make a small but perfect contribution to science. Yet no terms are used but the language that belongs to us all.

In this he writes as freshly as though he had just come in from listening to an early blackbird. Readers in other lands who never heard a nightingale or a cuckoo feel the delight of their songs through White's pages. They may never have picked a wild primrose or male orchis, yet they can tell you where these grow in Gilbert White's hanger. Such words as *hanger* and *holt*, *weald* and *plestor* — common in his day and place — ring for us now with a charm of their own, even before we are clear as to just what they mean. The *plestor*, it seems, is the village playground; a *weald*, of course, is wild land; a *holt* is a grove, and a *hanger* in White's sense

is a hanging wood — that stand of beech trees which still leans out from the steep cliff behind "The Wakes."

2

THERE was as much boy as scientist in White when he shouted into that hanger to find the point, the "*centrum phonicum*," from which he could get back in echo ten distinct syllables of Latin verse. And lacking children of his own, the bachelor curate kept "The Wakes" wide awake with nephews and nieces — children who flit constantly through his letters. So delightful did they find the endless rounds of picnics and parties which he got up for them that they never wanted to go home. When they were grown, they sent their children in turn to be spoiled by "Uncle Gilbert," until the total number of young relatives who loved him reached fifty-eight!

Sometimes a youngster went with him on those walks he took over and over, making the same rounds of holt and hanger, learning to know the familiar so well that anything odd at once stood out as sharply as a new face in his congregation. For this reason White was the first to discover a new species of mammal, the tiny secretive harvest mouse which neither naturalists nor farmers had ever distinguished. Of these little animals, so long unnoticed, he made many and exact observations. "I measured them; and found that, from nose to tail, they were just two inches long. Two of them, in a scale, weighed down just one copper half-penny, which is about the third of an ounce avoirdupois; so that I suppose they are the smallest quadrupeds in this island." How neat such notes are, and how, brick upon tiny brick, they pile up a really impressive structure of knowledge!

Back in his study looking out on the prim garden, White often dictated his observations while a favorite nephew wielded the quill, for despite his notable patience the parson-naturalist found penmanship a drudgery. Much of his writing is in the form of letters, and those about birds addressed to his friend Thomas Pennant told that famous ornithologist a hundred things unknown to him, and thus vastly enriched his publications. No observation was too trifling to impart. "Swans turn white the second year, and breed the third." "The young of the barn-owl are not easily raised, as they want a constant supply of fresh mice; whereas the young of the brown owl will eat indiscriminately all that is brought." "The grasshopper-lark began his sibilous note in my fields last Saturday. Nothing can be more amusing than the whisper of this little bird, which seems to be close by though at a hundred yards distance, and when close at your ear is scarce any louder than when a great way off. Had I not been a little acquainted with insects, and known that the grasshopper kind is not yet hatched, I should have hardly believed but that it had been

a *locusta* whispering in the bushes. The country people laugh when you tell them that it is the note of a bird."

So, for fifty years, in letters, poetry, and diaries, he gathered the substance of the book he did not know he was writing. Only the prodding of friends made him pull his manuscript together for publication. Awaiting its appearance, he felt "in no small squeeze, like a schoolboy who has done some mischief and doesn't know whether he is to be flogged for it or not."

In 1789 it appeared at last, with quaint illustrations paid for by his affectionate brothers. Its reception was quietly handsome, and its popularity slowly spread. In two years White was pleased to write: "My book is gone to Madras, and several to France, and one copy is going to China with Lord Macartney [first British Ambassador there] but whether some Mandareen will read it, I know not."

He would be astounded to know that in the 168 years since it was launched this secular bible of Nature has never gone out of print, averaging more than one edition a year. There are pocket editions, foreign editions, naturalist's editions arranged by subject; for a first edition, collectors outbid each other fiercely. My own favorite is a 1906 edition, delightfully illustrated by Edmund New. Whichever you may possess, it is apt to become a favorite book, one to keep on a bedside table for a soothing and refreshing "dip." For White never stays on a subject for more than a few paragraphs, so that our attention does not flag. He shifts pleasantly from discussing the musical pitch of an owl's hoot to the habits of an ancient tortoise. One moment he is talking about the language of gypsies, the next about a cat that suckled a hare, and always he returns, like the swallows returning in spring, to his favorite subject, the life history of these roving yet home-loving birds.

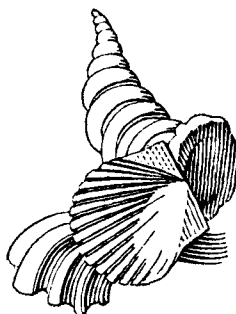
In all this easy but accurate writing, he shows himself a pioneer in the popularization of Nature. For, until his day, books on that subject were apt

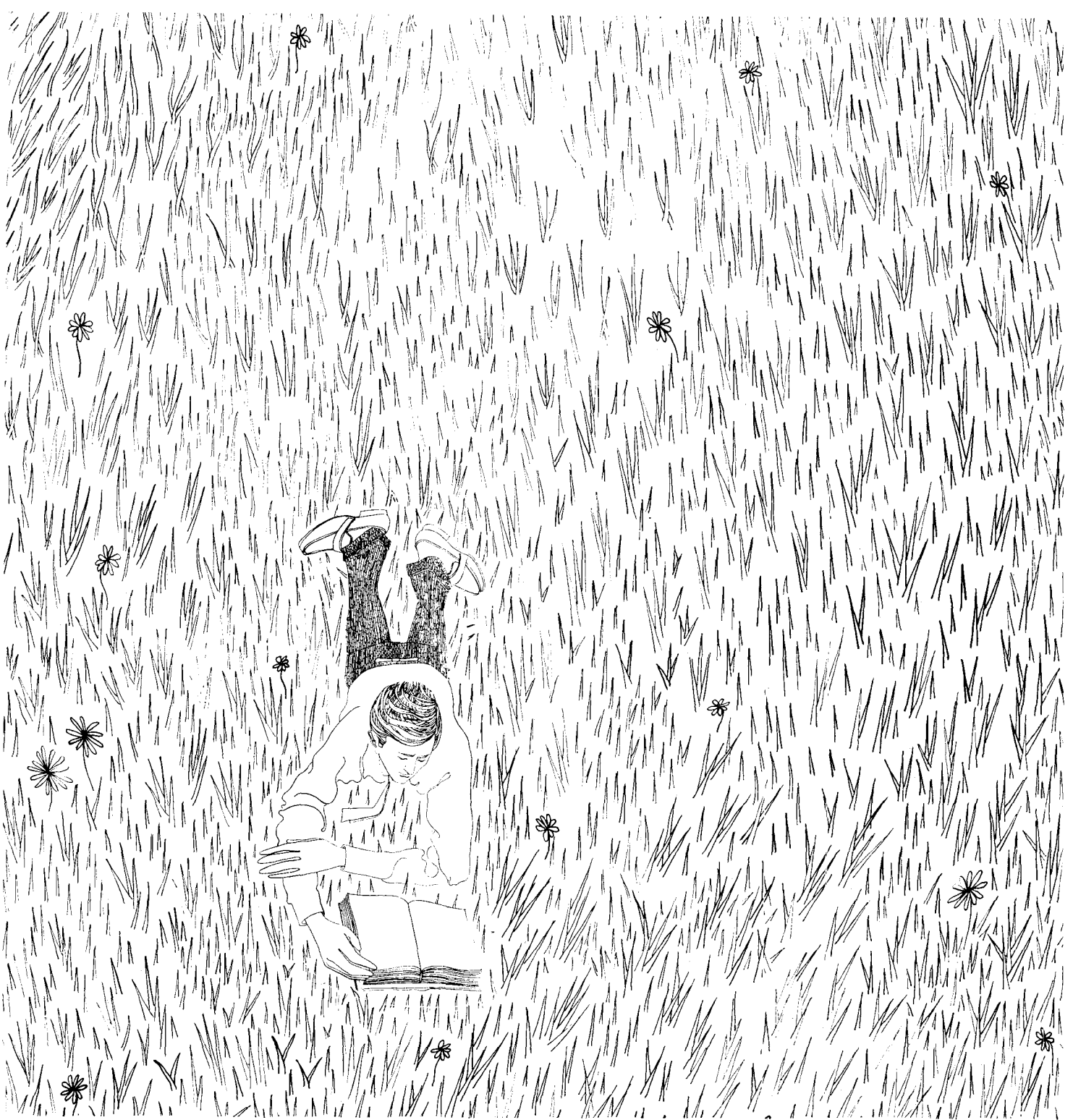
to be in the scholarly Latin which White read easily, or were stuffed full of superstitious folk tales. White wrote of what he saw, in the speech of his times, making it all easy for us. And though his book was published during an era of ferment, when the French Revolution was raging, no mention of human troubles disturbs its pages. To him, "the smallest sparrow's song is louder than the drums."

After his book came out, only four years of life remained to White. In these his sense of hearing began to fail, so that he considered himself only "half a naturalist." He who had been able to distinguish the different kinds of crickets by their high-pitched chirps could not even hear bird song clearly. But country neighbors still brought him nests and insects, minerals and wild flowers. And he still discharged faithfully his clerical duties; he read the burial service over an old parishioner sixteen days before his own death.

Gilbert White was carried to his grave near the church, as he had asked to be, by six workmen of his parish. No crushing marble slab lies over him; the mound sleeps open to the sun and rain. The simple headstone does not even bear his name — only, as he wished, his initials, "G.W."

Selborne is not greatly changed, I think; at "The Wakes" the fieldfares still run upon the lawn, as robins do on an American front yard. In 1954 the London *Times* launched an appeal to buy the old house as a memorial to White. Contributions came in from all over the world — from California, New York, Iran, the Falkland Islands, Malaya, Uganda, Kenya, Sweden, and many another distant spot, not to mention two guineas from "Mess 22, H.M.S. *Gambia*." So "The Wakes" is safe for the memory of "the father of English Natural History." But Gilbert White is more than that; he is the master of the significant trifle and of a style that, though antique, transcends the quaint by its smiling sincerity. And to an Old Selbornian (though born, as I was, on East Erie Street, Chicago!) he is forever England.

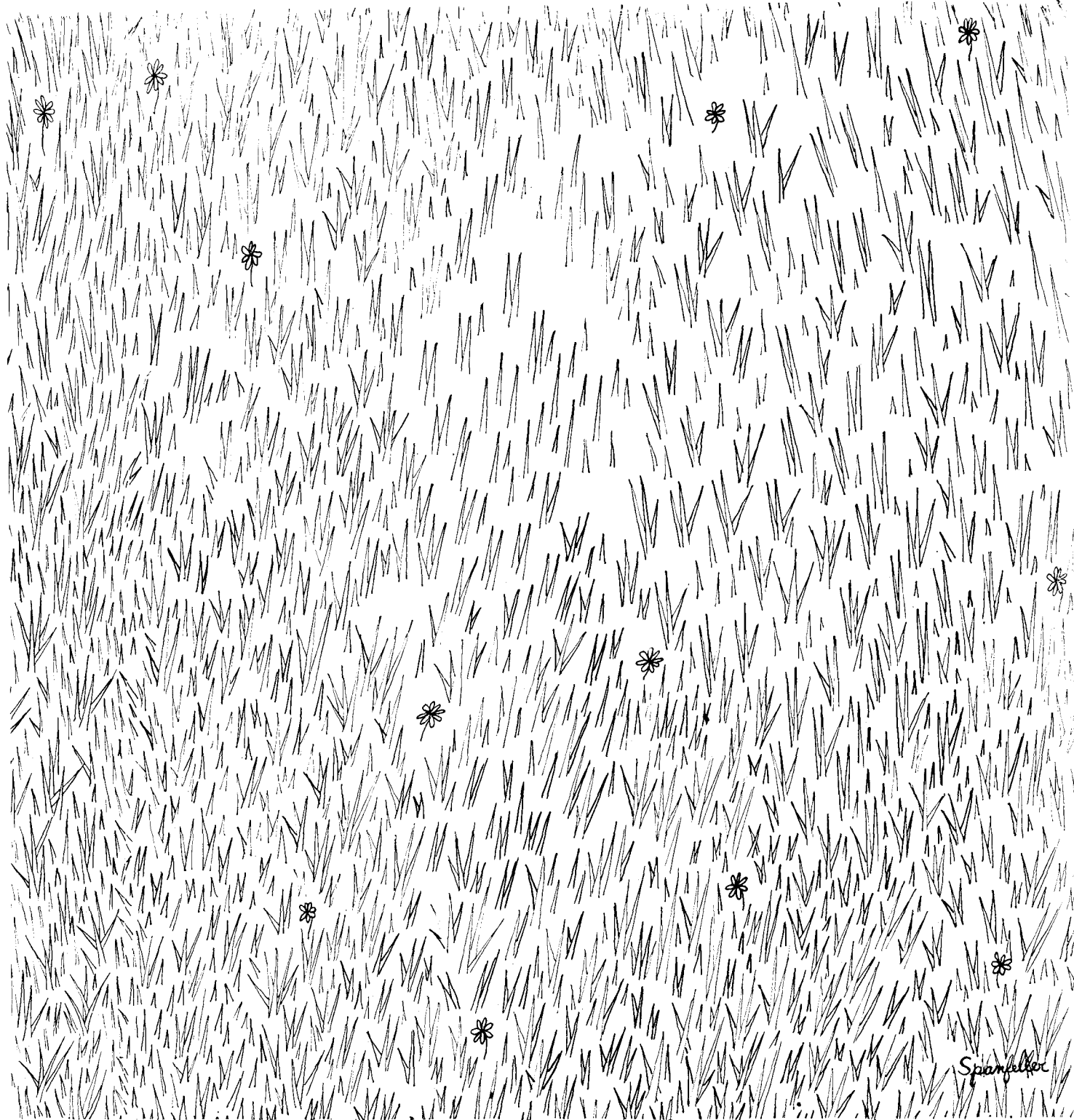




The longing to **KNOW**

“I wish I could know all about astronomy and physics and philosophy and Slavic Lit and art . . .” Did you ever have that eagerness to *know* everything? The longing, the fantasy that you could master every field of human knowledge?

Many able youngsters have it and many people keep some form of that dream throughout life. They know it’s impossible for most of us, but still they long to know what’s happening in a dozen fields not their own.



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THE
*Peripatetic
Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

HAVE women a special aptitude for teaching English? If I think they have — and I do — it is because, of all those who struggled to instruct the runt I was, I remember most affectionately three who taught me English. The first was a little sparrow of a woman and so nicknamed by the school; she taught us public speaking. The whole grade would line up before her, hands on diaphragms, and with mouths thrust forward like feeding robins, we would follow her lead as between sucks of breath we audibly pushed the vowels out of our centers in short explosions: “a!” — “e!” — “i!” — “o!” — “u!” The Sparrow could achieve the most amazing explosions for so small a person, and she was so earnest about it that we never thought to giggle. To make sure that our bellows were in working order, she would pass down the line adjusting our hands to the proper spot and urging us to “Force it out! Force it out!” She taught us to enunciate, and although we had small liking for the poems she made us memorize, the exercise of learning them by heart and spouting them aloud taught us, without our knowing it, the beauty of the vowels and the rhythm of good English.

Six of us were picked for the Prize Speaking in June, and for that ordeal the Sparrow managed to drill out of us the fear of reciting in public. We felt the butterflies all right, but somehow without prompting we finished what we started. If self-confidence is the goal of education, the Sparrow gave us a strong push in the right direction.

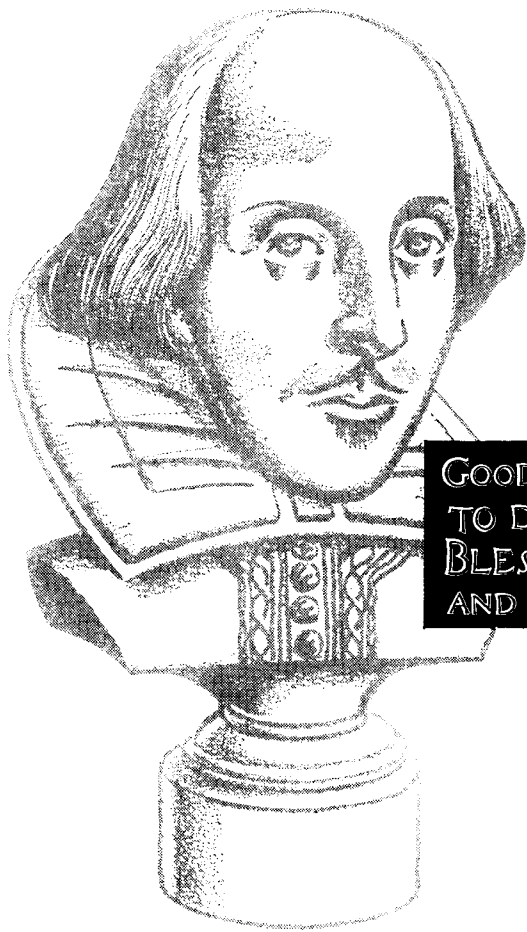
Miss Harriet Budd had us when we were twelve, in that transitional year before we moved into the upper school. She drilled us in syntax and colored chalk much as did the famous Mr. Somervell who taught young Winston Churchill. “Mr. Somervell had a system of his own,” wrote Sir Winston. “He took a fairly long sentence and broke it up into its components by means of black, red, blue and green

inks. Subject, verb, object: Relative Clauses, Conditional Clauses, Conjunctive and Disjunctive Clauses! Each had its colour and its bracket. It was a kind of drill. We did it almost daily. As I remained in the Third Fourth (B) three times as long as anyone else, I had three times as much of it. I learned it thoroughly. Thus I got into my bones the essential structure of the ordinary British sentence — which is a noble thing.”

Like Mr. Somervell, Miss Budd made us respect the rules of grammar. Since we were at the outset of the automotive age and every member of the class was infatuated with the new cars, she drew an analogy we were not likely to forget. “A sentence without a verb,” she would suggest, “is like an auto without a motor; you need the verb to make it run, and now like good mechanics I want you to strip down a great many sentences until you can tell without hesitation the words which make them run.” This drilling in syntax was made endurable because Miss Budd would invest with her own spirit the most prosaic of assignments.

To reward us she would read aloud. She picked the books and they were good ones; she made occasion to read to us a little of them each day, so we came to live with *The Virginian*, *The Scottish Chiefs*, and *Captains Courageous*. She interpolated when she thought it would help, and on days when we were especially alert she would turn away from the blackboard before the hour was up, and seating herself would resume reading the reward book as a mark of her approval. Her voice was cultivated and firm; there was nothing affected about the way she read, and she laughed when we did. In making those books come alive, she took the curse off required reading. Miss Budd was too wise to force such books into her incentive system. Instead, in the most natural way, she gave us a daily reminder that reading could be fun.

Miss Warner, who taught us Senior English in high school, had less juice than Miss Budd, but in her dry, exacting way she made us aware of perfection, and of why one should strive for it. Her comments on our themes had just enough encouragement mixed in with corrections. Nothing can take the place of theme writing, and in my judgment the slump in the performance of entering freshmen which has been discernible on every campus since the war is directly attributable to the discontinuance of the essay requirements during the war. Miss Warner could be savage about slovenly writing, but the eagerness showed like



SHAKESPEARE'S CURSE

GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOSED HEARE!
BLESE BE ^EY MAN ^TY SPARES THES STONES,
AND CVRST BE HE ^TY MOVES MY BONES.

There is much to be read between these lines carved on the headstone at the bard's final resting place. What appears to be an epitaph is actually an ingenious device employed by Shakespeare to prevent the disturbing of his grave.

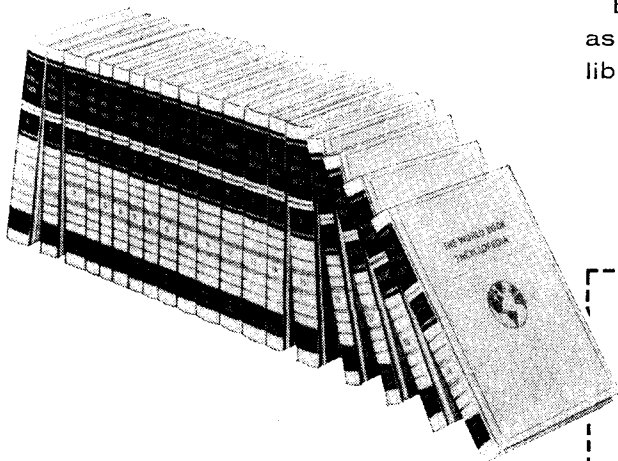
In English churches, where people were buried under the floor year after year, interment space would eventually fill up. The sexton would then remove the remains of those long forgotten to make room for new arrivals.

To forestall this eventuality, Shakespeare resorted to a dramatic device which equaled his most imaginative playwriting. His self-penned inscription kept generations of superstitious sextons from moving his remains and preserved his original grave for posterity.

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sparks behind her spectacles when she found freshness that she liked. And she gave us latitude. I happened that year to be greatly taken with George Ade's *Fables in Slang*. I read them and took them to heart. Now I was the smallest boy in our class — I weighed ninety pounds when I graduated — I was no good in athletics, and my only way to compensate was to be the comedian in the school play, manage the football team, and write for the school paper. What I wrote, and Miss Warner gave it an A, was a shameless fable in slang. It was a short story about a runt and the indignities he suffered, and of course I didn't invent a single thing. The style was borrowed from George Ade, and the details came from myself.

Light in darkness

If a native American has to struggle for ten years to acquire a proficient knowledge of his own tongue, think how much more difficult such an acquisition must be for the foreign-born. I have watched a number of our contributors as they made the long difficult transition from their native French or Russian or Hungarian to that point where they could trust themselves to write in their adopted tongue. At Pomona College three years ago I was introduced to a young Hindu student, **Ved Mehta**, who I was soon to learn had undertaken an even more audacious writing assignment. Ved was then in his junior year, a member of Phi Beta Kappa, and one of the brightest students on campus. He had been blind since the age of three, but his education in the United States had given him an independence and mobility, and most of all a compulsion to clear his mind about his own country and about ours. He had dictated the beginning of a book to a classmate the previous summer. Now he asked if I would read it and help him to go forward.

Face to Face (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.50) is the testament of Ved's coming of age. It is the story of his boyhood in India — felt, not seen. It is the story of his happiness and loneliness in a large family, and of his despairing efforts to be educated with the others. It is a story of his love for India and of his belief that the fracture between India and Pakistan need not have been and can be healed. It is the story of his persistent belief that America could give him the education India denied and of the courage which brought him here alone at the age of fifteen and kept him afloat. Courage and humility, gratitude and aspiration — these are the qualities which Ved Mehta has expressed so characteristically in this book with its undaunted search for self-knowledge.

The world of Arthur Winner

Seven years of writing have gone into **James Gould Cozzens'** new novel, *By Love Possessed* (Harcourt, Brace, \$5.00), and it was time well spent. This spacious story covers exactly forty-nine

hours in the life of Arthur Winner, the leading lawyer in a small town in Connecticut. He is a man of scrupulous integrity with a sort of understanding which leads people to bring him their troubles. We find him on a September afternoon as he pauses to placate his aged, absent-minded mother; we follow him to the courthouse, where a young nitwit is being locked up for having murdered her illegitimate child; thence to his law office, where we are introduced to his partners and the lawsuits in hand; then to Roylan, where his old fieldstone house is a landmark with its long lawn and old sycamores; and on again to his summer camp, where his second wife, Clarissa, and his daughters are having a swimming picnic — all this in a span of an afternoon. And yet so revelatory is the writing as it shuttles from the present to retrospect, and so natural the encounters by which people enter and exit from his thinking, that by that first evening we have come to a sympathetic appreciation of the man himself and a growing apprehension about the tawdry rape case which — opposing as it does the Catholic and Protestant elements in the community — will certainly put Arthur Winner, who is to defend the accused, on the spot.

Love in its many different aspects is the theme of the novel: filial love; the love of man for man, such as exists between the three partners, old Noah Tuttle, Julius Penrose, the polio victim, and Arthur, the central cog; the fierce protective love of Helen Detweiler for her weakling brother Ralph; the concupiscence that passes for love in Ralph's mind; Marjorie's self-love, which she is about to offer to the Church; Arthur's familiar affection for his first wife, Hope, and his more possessive and passionate feeling for Clarissa the Juno — such revelations as these impinge either through friendship or through practice upon the heart of Arthur Winner.

The strong current of his personality carries the reader forward, and again and again there are vignettes, scenes of such truth or loveliness that we pause to reread them: Ruth Shaw at the picnic apologizing to Arthur for her hard-drinking husband and, as she confides, suddenly flashing up to him in her broad smile the face of the pert, cool girl she once had been; Clarissa with her fine free body as she undresses after her swim; old Noah in his fury as he lashes out at the assistant district attorney; Harriet Carstairs with her list of imaginary worries and her resolute will-not-to-know; the old Ponemah oak and all that its shade evokes in those who have known it since they were children.

This is a wise and compassionate novel, and I will not mar its enjoyment if I add that Mr. Cozzens dismisses the children in it rather perfunctorily and that his sentences, particularly where he is tempted to overindulge in the parenthetical, are sometimes confusing.

halfway up the sky

JANE MERCHANT

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Reader's Choice

BY

PHOEBE ADAMS

In *Islam Inflamed* (Pantheon, \$5.00), James Morris undertakes to describe conditions in the Middle East as they were last November, precisely at the moment of the abortive Anglo-French-Israeli coup in Sinai. Mr. Morris, formerly correspondent for the *London Times* and now working for the *Manchester Guardian*, is an experienced observer of Middle Eastern affairs. His insistence on confining his report to such a limited date evidently springs from the belief that almost all conditions in the area are temporary and may have vanished like snow upon the desert's dusty face before publication day.

Beginning in Egypt, Mr. Morris works around the eastern Mediterranean and down the Arabian peninsula, summarizing the history of each country or protectorate, describing the people, and discussing the immediate economic position and political alignment. This sounds like solid and stolid fare, but as readers of Mr. Morris's earlier book, *The Sultan in Oman*, are already aware, he writes with such verve that he can make even statistics about oil barrels entertaining.

Mr. Morris has the qualities of a good travel writer, an eye for landscape and an irrepressible curiosity about people. His descriptions of cities and countrysides are equally vivid, and he conveys the emotional tone of a place as sharply as its shape and color. He can pin down the telling anecdote that perfectly illustrates the difference between old Alexandria and new Cairo, or the detail that epitomizes, hilariously, the confusion of Iranian legislation; it happens to be the fact that the profits of the opium monopoly are invested in The Department for the Prevention of Cultivation and Consumption of Opium.

As an Englishman, Mr. Morris naturally regrets the waning of British power in the Middle East and deplores the wavering United States diplomacy which has partially replaced it. He does not belabor the point, however, being well aware that the production of oil was always a matter of money

The man who reads dictionaries



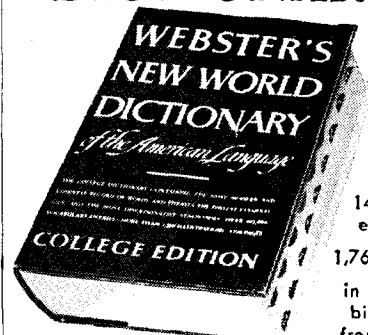
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rather than ethics, and remaining too intent upon describing the Middle East as it stands to indulge in argument about the responsibility for the problem. The book is subtitled "A Middle East Picture," and a picture is exactly what it provides, clearly focused, reasonably objective, and extremely useful for anyone hoping to understand the whole range of ambitions, enmities, and alliances animating this tindery region.

The noble nomads

The Last Migration (Dutton, \$4.50), Vincent Cronin's story of the troubles of a tribe of nomad shepherds in Persia, is unfortunately neither objective nor clearly focused. Mr. Cronin himself doesn't know whether to call it fact or fiction and suggests that he has actually written in the manner of a Persian literary form lying somewhere between the two, "the form in which imagination casts near-factual history—almost myth, but without the English word's implication of falsity."

Since no such form officially exists in English, the reader must start with no established standards by which to judge the book and regulate his reaction to it, not in itself a bad thing. The difficulty is that as Mr. Cronin proceeds with his tale of the noble, honest, innocent, patriotic chief of the happy, healthy nomads and his struggle to prevent the crooked politicians in the capital from exiling him and settling his people to pine away as villagers, this supposedly exotic book edges of its own accord into a literary form already well established in English. It begins to look the spit and image of a propaganda novel with a strong romantic bias.

As a propaganda novel, then, how persuasive is *The Last Migration*? Mr. Cronin's own sympathy is firmly with the tribes on their traditional wandering from plain to mountain in search of grass for their flocks, and he is undoubtedly right in believing that confining such people to villages will kill them off as reservation life killed off the American Indian. His error is that he has laid their virtues on too thick. His hero's strength is as the strength of thirty thousand rifles, mostly smuggled, but in other respects the fellow is alarmingly like Galahad. The government flunkies, complaining of the impossibility of assessing tribal taxes and the improbability of collecting them, are dismissed as lying villains, although com-

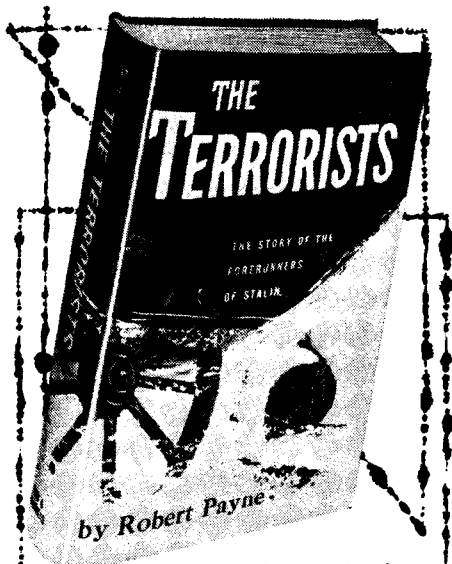
mon sense whispers that there may be germs of truth in their claims. A team of investigators, presumably from the UN, visits the camp and is distressed by the absence of any doctor—very gauche of them in Mr. Cronin's opinion—and indeed he gets one of the book's few really funny scenes out of this affair. Now the tribal chief owns a large town house and a car and vast estates; it would seem that he might have invested in a doctor. The epidemic which eventually decimates the sheep suggests that a veterinary, at least, would not have come amiss.

What with these worrisome inconsistencies in Mr. Cronin's account of his noble nomads, a tendency to woodenness on the part of his characters, a random attempt to make a poignant love affair out of a marriage of state between strangers, and a failure to achieve the epic scope which both the migration and the final battle deserve, the book can hardly be counted a success.

Poetry, an unrewarded art

The Selected Letters of William Carlos Williams (McDowell, Obolensky, \$5.00), edited and modestly introduced by John C. Thirlwall, cover the poet's development from his university days to 1956. On the whole, their tone is serious, even ponderous, with little relief through wit or gaiety for its own sake. It is possible that this effect of sobriety is due in part to the editor, who confesses to deleting out of deference to the postal authorities and also to removing "inconsequential material, like a paragraph on custody of a cat in the middle of a serious discussion of tragedy in the modern world." Perhaps nothing of moment has been lost, but if all the paragraphs on custody of cats were to be removed from everyone's correspondence, most of the great letter writers, from Madame de Sévigné to Byron, would cease to exist.

Granted that Dr. Williams' letters have little of the intimate and unexpected quality which is one of the traditional charms of the genre, they remain extremely interesting on their own terms. The very early letters are almost parodies of what a proper, well-bred youth might have been expected to write to his family at the turn of the century. He assures his mother of his good behavior and the impeccable propriety of his new acquaintances, including "a fine fellow" with "a cast-iron faith that is



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something to admire," named Ezra Pound. It is worth noting that the further analysis of Pound in the same letter is shrewd enough to stand to this day.

Once Dr. Williams has begun to establish himself as a poet, the letters acquire a forceful, simple style and show a continual flow of ideas. The author's theories on the subject matter, purpose, and technique of poetry appear quickly; they are elaborated and refined over the years, but there is little basic change. In 1913, he is remonstrating with Harriet Monroe of *Poetry* for trying to order his feet, and protesting, "As to the metre . . . if you wish to judge it as a fixed iambic measure you are dogmatically right as to the disturbing fourth and sixth lines; but why not call it some other kind of a measure?" In 1954 he is explaining to Richard Eberhart exactly how he counts the meter in a particular piece of verse, and if he has not yet found a name for the measure, he unquestionably knows what he's doing with it and why.

Preoccupation with the elements of poetry pervades and distinguishes Dr. Williams' letters. They have little to say about his medical practice or indeed about anything unconnected with the arts. When he does comment on unaesthetic subjects, and his later letters to Ezra Pound inevitably touch on politics at times, he reveals a clear, practical view of things and a nice ability to combine idealism with a firm grasp of expediency. But it is as the record of a working poet that these letters are valuable, representing more than fifty years of enthusiastic, conscientious labor at a difficult, lonely, unrewarded art.

Love, love, love

Summer fiction is rather expected to run to love, and this month there are three books which run to little else.

Wright Morris, who won the National Book Award for the most distinguished American novel of 1956, is relaxing among his laurels with an item called *Love Among the Cannibals* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50). It's about a middle-aged Hollywood composer and his equally middle-aged librettist, who pick up a nice girl and a naughty girl on the California beaches and toot off with them to Mexico. Once over the border, the damsels swallow these two simple men of the world in two neat little gulps. (Cannibals — canny belles. Get it?)

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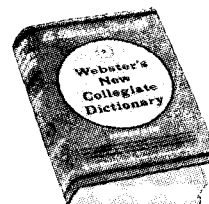
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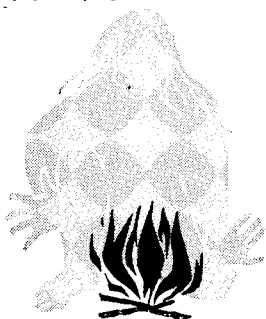


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Parts of the book are very funny. Mr. Morris has a great time with the composer, who cannot talk without a piano in his hand, with the mechanics of building up a new singer, and with the utter helplessness of his *boulevardiers* in the hands of the Mexicans. But the story keeps wavering between satirical absurdities and a melancholy study of the librettist's passion for his statuesque juvenile delinquent. There are also a great many of the man's song lyrics lying about the pages, some of them allegedly extempore. These verses are unquestionably true to life and just as dreadful as the words of popular songs usually turn out to be in print, but is this degree of realism necessary in a light novel? How far must reader participation go before a laugh is raised? Is the day coming when audiences will be required to don bustles and shin up the balcony posts in order to enjoy *Charley's Aunt*? There is an element of impracticality in Mr. Morris's approach to this question, and if he starts gathering a following, the future will be pretty bleak for all of us.

A minor figure in Lawrence Durrell's novel *Justine* (Dutton, \$3.50), a writer, describes the construction of one of his more intricate works. In effect, that mythical book represents what would be seen by a man revolving in the center of a circular stage on which all the action of the story is taking place simultaneously. It is kind of Mr. Durrell to introduce this fellow, because the extraordinary construction which he describes is precisely what Mr. Durrell has attempted in his own book. It is not an easy pattern to follow, particularly when it covers a series of love affairs occupying some ten years and nearly a dozen people. There are times when the problem of who is in bed with

whom and when becomes all but insoluble.

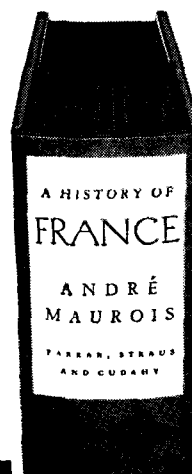
The confusion is undoubtedly deliberate. The story takes place in the last days of Farouk's rule in Egypt, and Mr. Durrell uses the interlocking loves of his four principal characters to illustrate the lushness, the decadence, the intellectual excitement, the misery, and the confusion of races in the city of Alexandria. At the same time, he is using the city of Alexandria to illustrate some of the more subtle oddities of love.

Mr. Durrell, a poet as well as a novelist, writes a rich and varied prose. At times maddeningly oblique, he can be briskly direct in dealing with a duck hunt. Many of his descriptions of Alexandria are misty and impressionistic, like the waterfront where characters are forever meeting in wind or rain or both, until it seems that this spot must be immune to the local weather; but he can create a moonlit street instantly and exactly with the one phrase, "deckle-edged with shadow."

The setting of the novel is fiercely real, the intellectual anguish of the characters is real, but the characters themselves are never quite flesh and blood. They remain emanations of the city, symbols of sensuality and jealousy, their embraces worked out with the cool click of algebraic formulas. This defect—if it is a defect rather than a deliberate device—permits Mr. Durrell to be remarkably outspoken without becoming offensive. After all, there can be nothing scandalous in $x + y$.

Phyllis Bentley's collection of short stories, *Love and Money* (Macmillan, \$3.00), is as striking for the simplicity of its technique as *Justine* is for its intricacy. Miss Bentley writes as though Henry James and

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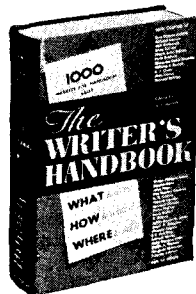


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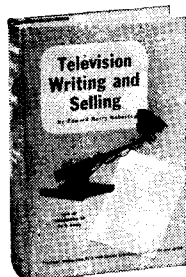
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Sigmund Freud had never lived. Her stories are all about Yorkshire people, ranging in period from the fourteenth century to the twentieth, and they all deal with perfectly plain, recognizable enterprises like making money, getting married, and doing down one's enemies.

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A gallery of cuckoos

Irving Wallace has followed up *The Fabulous Originals* with *The Square Pegs* (Knopf, \$5.00), an amusing study of various American eccentrics. He has picked up a good definition of the type from Henry Morton Robinson. "They point out . . . the delightfully erratic possibilities of human life. They get far away from the good, the true, and the beautiful, substituting for this dour trinity . . . the rare, the cuckoo, and the courageous."

Mr. Wallace has assembled a fine gallery of cuckoos. There is the gentleman who set about, in all seriousness, to make himself king of an uninhabited and ownerless island off Brazil, dismaying three governments almost as much as if somebody had landed a battalion on the place. There is Delia Bacon, the lady who hung about England for years proving that Shakespeare didn't write the plays, but who somehow never got around to examining any of the relevant documents of the period. Victoria Woodhull, who preached free love and ran for president against Ulysses S. Grant, is perhaps less a true eccentric than a woman born before her time, but she is well worth consideration.

There are many more of these people, given to a wild variety of notions

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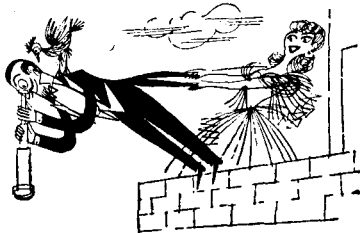


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and projects. As Mr. Wallace discusses them, however, a rough sort of similarity is detectable in their careers. All of them possessed part of the equipment of genius — unusual imagination and energy — without the specific talent which would have directed their gifts into a particular field. They are people with plenty of ammunition and no target.

Perhaps Mr. Wallace is a little careless in his claim that eccentrics should be cherished because they have been responsible for all the progress of the world. They should be cherished, true enough, as a defense against dullness and timidity, but the progress of the world is more likely the work of geniuses. Many geniuses have been eccentric, but few eccentrics have had genius.

It is a pity that Mr. Wallace, otherwise a lively and pleasant writer, has permitted himself on page 12 to use *flaunt* when he obviously meant *flout*.

The spying Huguenot

The Witches (Random House, \$3.95), by Jay Williams, is a gaudy historical uproar about a fugitive Huguenot fencing master and a gaggle of Scottish witches. The swordsman, busily spying for Queen Bess at the court of James VI, is hired by the Scottish council of state to look into some suspicious huggermugger down the coast. The Scots lords know exactly what their man's loyalty to England is worth, and pay him accordingly, and the spy takes the whole thing as a handy bit of overtime.

The excitement begins at once and keeps up a steady gallop of street brawls, assassinations, night rides, cerie ceremonies, disguises, seductions, and astonishing revelations. There is a dreadful, drunken, slapstick funeral, and a couple of fine comic turns as the Frenchman, posing as the agent of an English cannon maker, tries to sell nonexistent guns to a suspicious Caledonian town council. The minor characters are crisp and convincing, while the writing conjures up the effect of sixteenth-century prose without any scholarly clutter.

The story is told by the spy himself. This narrator would be the better for some small human defect (his weakness for wenches, given the time and the place, will not serve), but the faint shadow of Superman is a very minor failing in a book which is, in the main, the best thing of its kind to turn up in several years.

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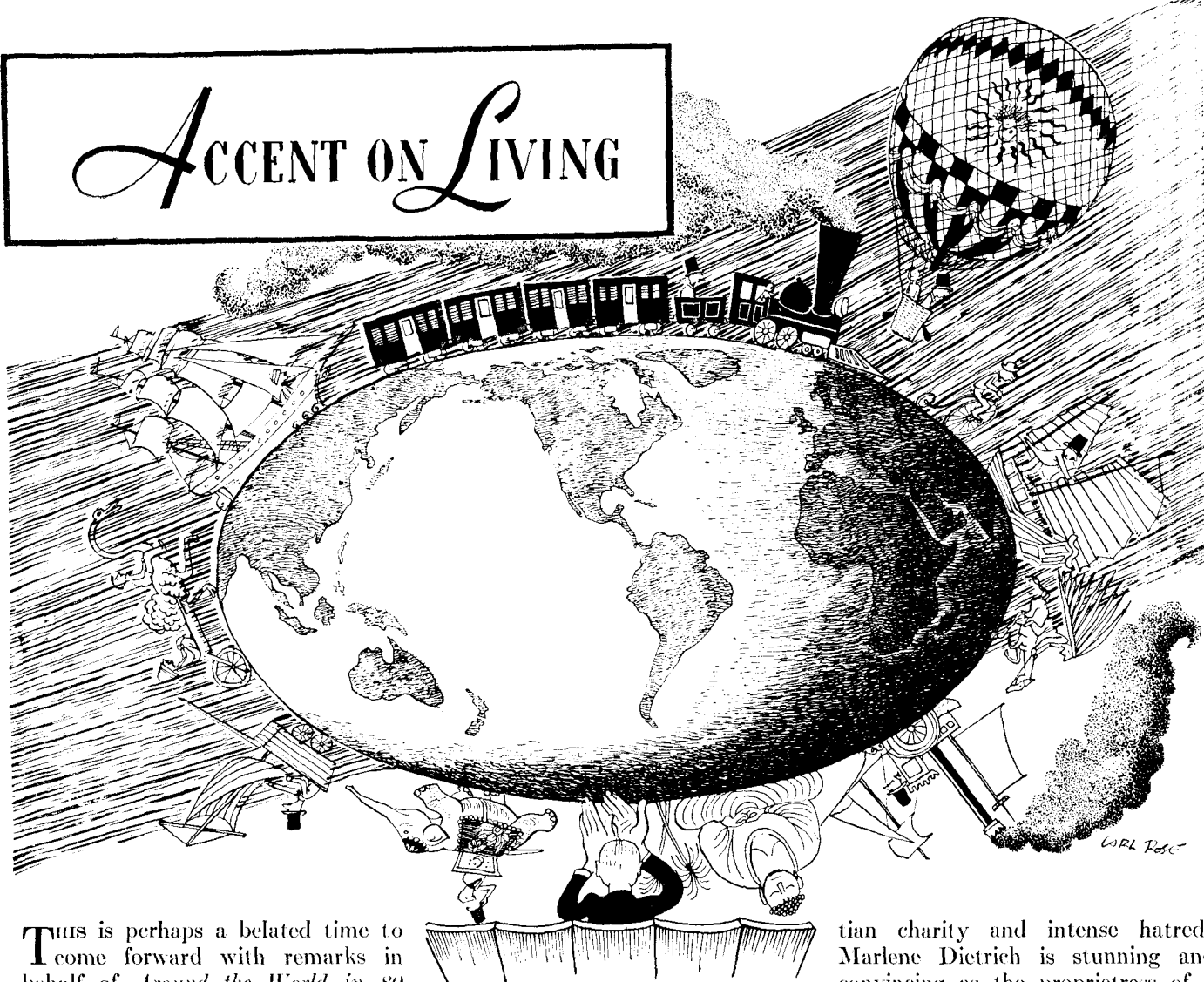
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ACCENT ON LIVING



THIS is perhaps a belated time to come forward with remarks in behalf of *Around the World in 80 Days*. Even from showings restricted to first-run theaters at fairly stiff prices, in the larger key cities, the film's gross receipts are well into the millions already. In the New York theater where it opened almost a year ago, it has been showing virtually to capacity all the way, taking in some \$37,000 a week. For a long period earlier this year in New York, *Around the World* was described as "the next hardest ticket in town, second only to *My Fair Lady*," which is not bad going for a motion picture in a theater, in these days of TV. So, I offer a short report on the most delightful three hours I have spent in a theater in many a day.

Nothing in the comments of my friends who had seen it gave me the least preparation for the film as I eventually found it. Years ago, when Charles Gilpin was playing the title role of O'Neill's *The Emperor Jones*, a supposedly normal adult described it to me as "a play about a Pullman porter." Similarly, I was told that *Around the World* was "a travelogue,

only wonderful," "a burlesque of old-time Hollywood comedies," with a cast "full of celebrities like Frank Sinatra, Noel Coward, and all sorts of others."

There was some grain of truth in all these statements, but what I found for myself was a good, solid melodrama with great pace and tension, loaded with high comedy, including a succession of beautiful effects such as one rarely encounters anywhere, astute casting, and faultless acting. There was a hero, a villain, and a female in distress, and I believed every word of it.

As to the dazzling list of celebrities in the cast, it was not merely amusing to discover, unexpectedly, Beatrice Lillie in the role of an overzealous Salvation Army lassie; the point was that Beatrice Lillie, actress, becomes a better overzealous Salvation Army lassie than one could envision from any other performer. Who else could register at the same time an expression combining equal parts of Chris-

tian charity and intense hatred? Marlene Dietrich is stunning and convincing as the proprietress of a Barbary Coast dance hall — so much so that it makes no difference whether or not one knows who she is, although it was fun to recognize her.

The effect of meeting dozens of outstanding personalities, as they came and went in truly tiny parts, was twofold: to find one of them in such a part seemed almost a private joke between the player and the audience, and their wonderful competence gave an air of great lavishness to the whole production.

It may be odd to characterize any production of Michael Todd's as benefiting from understatement, yet understatement is among the film's strongest appeals, and the S. J. Perelman script is a model of taste and wit in this respect. It is surely a lavish bit of understatement to present Buster Keaton in a half-minute appearance as the conductor of a train, and the comic line with which Perelman endows him on this occasion is worth listening for. There is, in fact, surprisingly little talking in the film; its best comedy lies in situations

rather than words and results from brilliant directing and the incomparable services of the Mexican Cantinflas.

Around the World in 80 Days is the first American production in which Cantinflas appears, and how Hollywood failed to attract him long before this is puzzling. It is true that comedy has languished in Hollywood ever since the great days of the silent films, and it may be that Cantinflas, by reason of his immense success in *Around the World*, could be procured to put it back on its feet. One thing is certain: the film's earnings are likely to dispel Hollywood's belief that comedy does not pay. What passes for comedy in Hollywood very likely does not pay, but the Perelman-Cantinflas-David Niven combination produces a different sort of comedy altogether: it's funny.

Among so many comic episodes it is hard to assert the best, yet the pantomime between Cantinflas and a

drunk at a free-lunch counter seemed to fetch everyone: the drunk graciously offers Cantinflas, who is broke, a hard-boiled egg, and Cantinflas responds in the most courtly way imaginable by tendering the drunk a small pickle.

One hears complaints that *Around the World* is too noisy, but its noisiest intervals seemed to authenticate the situation and the locale in each case. The band marching through a London street with a detachment of the Brigade of Guards is probably the loudest band ever to reach the screen, and the San Francisco election parade is sheer bedlam, but these are hardly the occasions for muted instruments and they reach the audience with a tremendous wallop. The musical score, incidentally, is charming and nostalgic, especially in the French and English episodes.

In so magnificently mounted a production, it was odd to find Phileas Fogg traveling as he did on two occa-

sions in entirely unconvincing ships. We were airily given a glimpse of the rigging and yards of a big sailing vessel — possibly Nelson's *Victory* — to impress us with the complexity of travel under sail, but the ship next shown to us in reality proved to be slatting about with what looked like a couple of bedsheets hung on curtain poles, and with no trace of the lofty spars we had just seen. But this is a minor point to make against so constantly entertaining a film, so abounding in beautiful sights and amusing ideas. The Spanish scenes alone, with José Greco and Cantinflas, are worth the price of a ticket. In its present form the film requires special projection equipment, and this may reduce the number of theaters where it can be shown; otherwise one might reasonably predict that its earnings will eventually outrank those of the greatest box-office success thus far, *Gone with the Wind*.

CHARLES W. MORTON

ROUND TRIP TO YESTERDAY

by ELEANOR EARLY

Author of many travel books, especially on New England and the West Indies, ELEANOR EARLY lives in New York and vacations in the tropics.

THE Saint Antoine in Saint Lucia is an old-fashioned West Indian hotel with a number of fine things about it that you would never guess from the prospectus.

"Electric light," the prospectus says, "and running water. Open-air dining room and spacious verandas. Seven doubles and eight singles." Not a word about the tall rum punches, or the crab-backs and the guavas, the moonlight on the harbor, and the little red hen in the drawing room.

I'll admit that rum punch is not everyone's dish of tea, that some people mightn't like crab-backs, that there's moonlight everywhere — and heaven knows the drawing room is no place for a hen.

It is a long time since I fell in love with the Saint Antoine. The affair started about eighteen years ago when I was on a West Indies cruise out of Boston on the *Lady Nelson*, a ship beloved by a generation of voyagers. (A few months later, the *Lady Nelson*

was torpedoed off Saint Lucia and limped home to Halifax. She continued in service throughout the Second World War and was eventually sold to the Egyptian government.) She put in at Saint Lucia and passengers went ashore at Castries. We asked the Captain the best place to



eat and he recommended the Saint Antoine.

Travelers say that Saint Lucia's deep, landlocked harbor is the most beautiful in the Caribbean. There was a law at the time which prohibited begging in Castries every day but Saturday. It was Saturday and the beggars had come to town. We gave them money and it made us feel

good and happy. The sky was incredibly blue. The sea was the color of sapphire and turquoise and amethyst. We hired a car to go to the hotel, and drove up the Morne.

We rounded a steep curve and came to the Saint Antoine. There was nothing pretentious about it. It had a staid Victorian air, gabled roof and fenced veranda. But there were flowers everywhere. Coralita, which the natives call "chains of love," clutched at the staircase, and bougainvillea bloomed against the walls.

We sat on the veranda overlooking the harbor, and drank rum punches and ate crab-backs, and guavas in coconut cream. The view was the most beautiful view, we told each other, and the Saint Antoine the nicest place in the world. I have thought about them (the view and the hotel), off and on, ever since.

Recently I went again to Saint Lucia. I took a taxi through Castries and up the Morne. Two thirds of the town, destroyed by fire in 1948, has been rebuilt. And when I saw Castries, I wished I had gone on to Tobago. But when I saw the Saint Antoine it looked exactly, thank God, as I remembered it.

I went up the stairs to the veranda,

pinned a spray of bougainvillea in my hair, and ordered a rum punch. The good smell of burning charcoal drifted up from the yard and soon the butler came to ask if I would stay for dinner. There was calalu and there were crab-backs, mutton with pigeon peas, cush-cush, plantain, breadfruit, and christophene.

I ordered crab-backs and remarked that I had been thinking about them for eighteen years. I didn't wish anything else. The butler, understandably puzzled, conferred with the cook. (Crab-backs are the highly seasoned meat of blue crabs mixed with a great deal of melted butter and a few bread-crumbs, stuffed back into their shells and baked.) I was served four of them, sizzling hot, fragrant with garlic and spice. When I had finished, a turbaned waitress set before me a



bowl of stewed guavas and a pitcher of coconut cream. I had another rum punch and decided to stay for a while.

It was the off season, which begins in April and ends in December, and rates (American plan) were down to about \$7 a day. The manageress showed me to a room whose jalousied windows look upon the sea.

The chambermaid adjusted the mosquito netting, and I sat in bed like an Arab in a tent. The moon was full and the harbor, bathed in light, seemed refreshed and lustrous. Off-shore rose the twin peaks of the Pitons, two lonely spikes of towering rock. In the distance I could see the French island of Martinique and Diamond Rock, dark and dramatic. British naval records tell the story of the Rock. A hundred and fifty years ago, a hundred and twenty Englishmen camped on its bare crest and harassed the French navy for seventeen months. When their powder kegs were empty, they surrendered. And when the war was over, the British navy commissioned their stronghold as a ship, H.M.S. *Diamond Rock*.

In the morning I learned the his-

tory of the Saint Antoine. It was built as a private home in Victorian days, about the same time as Government House, a magnificently ugly edifice. A few years later a hurricane swept the island, and the owner was forced to accept paying guests. Eventually the Saint Antoine became a hotel, remaining in the family until the recent death of the last daughter. She left the property to two brothers who live in England. One of the present owners is Sir Aubrey Claud Davidson-Houston, a distinguished artist for whom Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip have sat for their portraits.

The butler took me to the drawing room to show me photographs of the paintings of the Queen and Prince. And there on a marble-topped table, nesting on *Punch* and the *London Times*, was a little red hen. The butler clapped his hands. The hen cackled and fluttered to the floor, exposing an egg she had laid.

The butler smiled all over his kind, dark face. "Eh! For you, Mistress," he said. "Une petite she lay a egg. You eat she egg, Mistress — déjeuner du matin." And so I did.

I stayed for a week, and slept in the room whose jalousied windows look upon the sea. In the morning the chambermaid, walking soft on bare feet, brought me strong Creole coffee, and the little red hen laid eggs for my breakfast.

The owners have given orders that the Saint Antoine shall continue to be run as an old-fashioned West Indian hotel, and that is why hens lay eggs in the drawing room, the housemaids wear turbans, and the butler has a hibiscus behind his ear. There's hardly a hotel left in the West Indies to compare with the Saint Antoine.



TEMPORA MUTANTUR

by FERRIS GREENSLET

1885

THE world is so full
of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be
as happy as kings.

R.L.S.

1957

THE world is so full
of so many more things,
I am sure we shall all be
as dead as those kings.

F.G.



THE MINISTER'S CAT

by PEG BRACKEN

PEG BRACKEN is the pseudonym of Mrs. Roderick Lull of Portland, Oregon. Her verse, articles, and stories have appeared in many magazines.

THERE are probably as many ways of going back to sleep as there are of staying awake. It is a personal thing; and perhaps the techniques I've worked out for myself — 3 to 5 A.M. is my personal beat — won't work for anyone else. However, in this matter as in the telling of after-dinner stories, it is always nice to enlarge one's repertoire.

One thing first: disregard the experts. They always tell you to take a walk around the block, drink hot cocoa, and read Milton. This is all very well before you take your first crack at the sack. But it gets you nowhere except up when you wake at three in the morning, because by the time you've finished, the bright glad day is dawning and you might just as well dawn with it.

Then there is the one about relaxing your muscles one by one, which sounds very good, but I've known only one person in my life who could really do it. (She also made straight A's in gym.) Practically the only muscles I've ever been able to locate on me are my biceps. If you lie there at 3 A.M. slowly flexing your biceps, it's going to scare your husband something terrible.

As a matter of fact, I have found that the negative side of this going-back-to-sleep business is quite as important as the positive. There are certain things you don't dare think about. For instance, your husband. There he lies, happily unconscious beside you, the big peasant. It is only

a short step from this to bitter reflections on the way he *always* disappears to wash his hands at the precise moment you put dinner on the table, and the way he — but perhaps you follow me. Undoubtedly the reverse of the coin is the same, though I can speak from only the wifely viewpoint.

Children aren't a comfortable subject for early-morning meditation either. While you may start out comfortably enough, sooner or later you run into duck-tail haircuts and Presley fan clubs, and that way lies no peace. Nor can you think about your friends. Start thinking about faraway friends and you end up thinking about the letters you owe them. Think about near-by friends and either you think, "Now just exactly what did So-and-so mean when she said my new blouse-back dress was wonderful, especially for my type of figure? Why, that so-and-so!" or you think about the Doakes and what nice people they are and you really do owe them a dinner, let's see, perhaps a nice roast and that Parmesan rice business, or, no, you had that last time, let's see now. . . . And there you are, bright-eyed and bushy-



tailed and probably going through your recipe file.

Of course you can't think about the international situation if you ever intend to get to sleep again. And I have found that money is equally bad — because if I don't have any, I stay awake thinking of how I can get some; and if I do have some, it is too exciting to think of how I'm going to spend it.

No, there is a certain T-for-Tranquillity zone which one must stay within. Soothing, soporific, sleep-making gimmicks are what you want, and it is these that I propose to list here.

One of the handiest is a good dependable Mental Block. If you don't have one, get one. My own is the name of my best friend's doctor. I

just can't remember it. She has mentioned him several times, and each time I think, ruefully, "There goes



my mental block because this time that name will stick." But it never does. It's a longish, rather awkward name, like Beechhofer. Or is it Baumhalter? No, that isn't quite — maybe it doesn't begin with a B after all. Kiekhofner? Feuchtersleben? Volkswagen? About five minutes of this puts me to sleep out of sheer exasperation. I recommend the mental block unreservedly.

I recommend thinking up Mystery Titles too. One day, as I stared at a drugstore pocket-book display, it occurred to me that the way mystery writers get their titles is simply to take any common phrase and ugly it up. This turned into a fine going-to-sleep game. *A Corpse of Another Color. Three (Winding) Sheets to the Wind. Two's Company, Three's a Shroud. Murder Machree*, a fine old Celtic tale full of peat bogs and Irish whiskey. This mystery title game works in a devious way. When one of them strikes you as funny (it is remarkable what can strike you as funny at three o'clock in the morning) you can always nudge your husband awake and tell it to him. Then, for some reason, you always go promptly back to sleep while he takes the conn.

Best of all, though, are the Alphabet Games. I've often thought that the kindly old Phoenician who invented the alphabet did it with us 3 A.M. people in mind. Just think how dull the alphabet is — twenty-six letters following each other endlessly in the same stupid order! What a bore! And just look at all the things you can do with it.

For instance, the Name Game. Somewhere I've read that the people whose names come most trippingly off the tongue are those whose Christian and surnames begin with successive consonants. Aaron Burr. Charles Dickens. Eddie Foy. So the game is

this: starting right out with A, make up just any old people. Art Billings, Bob Collins, Chet Davis . . . do you notice the smooth, hypnotic, effortless flow? And don't worry if you're not asleep by the time you hit Yehudi Zalaha, because you've still got the girls. Here come Annie Baker, Betty Cramden, Cathy Drake. . . .

All right. So you're still awake. The next thing is to start a sentence with A and see how far you can go. A Beautiful Chicago Doll, Entertaining Friends, Grew Hazy. . . . You take it from there, and if you can get past Q you are a mental giant. Even if it doesn't put you to sleep it gets you nicely acquainted with your ABC's.

Next, you can always start a McGuffey's Reader Alphabet, if you like to rhyme things.

A is for Apple, so red and so round.

B is for Bacon, a dollar a pound.

C is for Corned-beef, so tender and good.

D is for . . .

But you'd better change the subject here or you'll find yourself out in the kitchen building a triple-decker sandwich. The rhymed alphabet has its virtues though, and with little effort you'll have a flock of couplets that sound every bit as silly as McGuffey's.

However, the most satisfactory alphabet game from all standpoints is doing a Minister's Cat. I'm not sure whether Minister's Cat is just a family term or not. My grandfather was a minister all right, and he loved cats and he suffered from insomnia, so he may well have invented it. No matter. Your classic Minister's Cat is purely simple, and it is hysterically, screamingly dull. Furthermore, it works every time.

The Minister's Cat is an aristocratic cat who adores anchovies.

The Minister's Cat is a bad cat who bites birds.

The Minister's Cat is a curious cat who cuddles canaries.

The Minister's Cat is a dirty cat who digs ditches.

The Minister's Cat is an earnest cat . . . who . . . emulates Emerson.

The Minister's Cat is . . . a Fundamentalist cat . . . who . . . faces facts.

The . . . Minister's . . . Cat. . . .



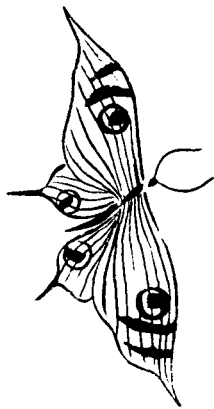
ACCENT ON LIVING

BOY BLUE'S BEASTS

by WILLIAM JAY SMITH

William Jay Smith scored a remarkable success with his first volume of children's poems, *Laughing Time*, with illustrations by Juliet Kepes. The poems which follow appear in his newly published book, *Boy Blue's Book of Beasts*. Again the illustrations are by Juliet Kepes.

BUTTERFLY



OF LIVING creatures most I prize
Black-spotted yellow Butterflies
Sailing softly through the skies,



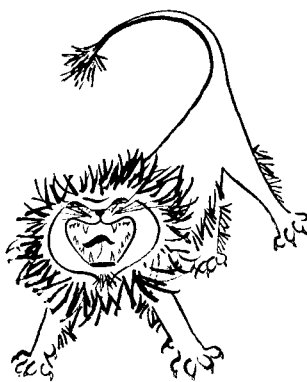
Whisking light from each sunbeam,
Gliding over field and stream —
Like fans unfolding in a dream,

Like fans of gold lace flickering
Before a drowsy elfin king
For whom the thrush and linnet sing —

Soft and beautiful and bright
As hands that move to touch the light
When Mother leans to say good night.

LION

THE Beast that is most fully dressed
Is the Lion in the yellow vest,
The velvet robes of royal red,
A crown of diamonds on his head.
His mane is combed, his paws are clean.
He looks most kingly and serene.
He rises from his royal throne
Beside his golden telephone,
And paces up and down the floor;
He groans, he growls, he starts to roar,
He roars again, he growls some more,
He tears apart his yellow vest,
He takes his robes, his diamond crown,
His telephone, and throws them down,
He kicks them all around the floor.
He gets in such a frightful rage
They have to lock him in a cage
Until he slowly quiets down
And they can give him back his crown,
His velvet robes, his yellow vest,
And he is once more fully dressed.



CAMEL



THE Camel is a long-legged humpbacked beast
With the crumpled-up look of an old worn shoe.
He walks with a creep and a slouch and a slump
As over the desert he carries his hump
Like a top-heavy ship, like a bumper bump-bump.
See him plodding in caravans out of the East,
Bringing silk for a party and dates for a feast.
Is he tired? Is he thirsty? No, not in the least.
Good morning, Sir Camel! Good morning to you!



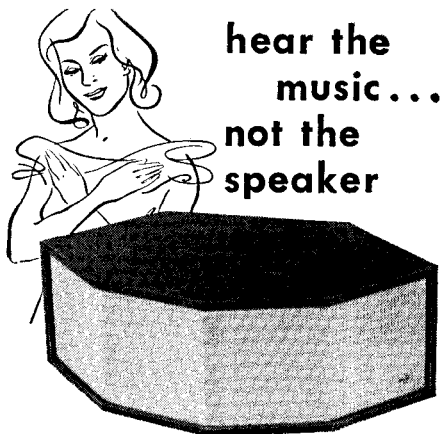
by JOHN M. CONLY

Bizet: *L'Arlésienne* Suites Nos. 1 and 2; Suite from *Carmen* (Paul Paray conducting Detroit Symphony Orchestra; Mercury MG-50135; 12"). Mr. Paray eschews subtleties in favor of unabashed gusto, as if he were conducting a summer band concert, and the engineers join in the festival mood: every time the cymbals clash, you will think lightning has struck the pergola. Don't buy this unless you can play it loud.

Britten: *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra* with Elgar: *Cockaigne Overture* (Sir Adrian Boult conducting Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra; Westminster W-LAB-7056; 12"). Here is Sir Adrian in the talkless version of the *Guide* (if you want him both conducting and reciting the narrative, you can have him on Westminster 18372) and the very impressive super-fi of Westminster's Laboratory series. With Elgar's gay Edwardian overture, the musical offering comes to just twenty-nine minutes, but the recording is nonpareil. And Sir Adrian knows and loves the music.

Dvořák: *Symphony No. 2* (Ferdinand Leitner conducting Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Decca DL-9909; 12"). This most Brahmsian of Dvořák's symphonies has not before been served well on microgroove, an injustice. It is consistently engaging, as Leitner interprets it, and the sonorities of the Berlin orchestra have been well forwarded by the engineers.

Mozart: *Divertimento No. 11; Serenade, Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; Serenata Notturna, K. 239* (Boyd Neel conducting Boyd Neel Orchestra, Ltd.; Unicorn UNLP-1042; 12"). Even without the jacket credit, I would have detected in the sonic quality the inspired touch of Peter Bartók, and I do mean inspired. The fidelity is not to treble, bass, or mid-range, but to Mozart: absolutely everything about the recording conduces to the highest effect of this particular music. Fortunately Dr. Boyd Neel and his "Ltd." (that is, Cana-



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dian, not British) orchestra rise to equal heights. If you do not mind a little affectionate deliberation here and there, I'll recommend this *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* and Eleventh Divertimento as the ones to buy. The *Serenata Notturna* is matched by the Solisti di Zagreb version for Vanguard, but not overmatched. Really, a dream of a disc.

Mozart: *La Finta Semplice* (Dorothea Siebert, Alois Pernerstorfer, other soloists; Bernhard Paumgartner conducting Salzburg Mozart-eum Orchestra; Epic SC-6021: two 12"). Mozart, apparently a restless youth, wrote two operas when he was twelve, of which this is the second and by far the livelier. It is a courtship comedy, sophisticated enough to make plain that Mozart was a prodigy in more ways than one. Its only real shortcoming, among the Mozart operas, is its lack of ensemble writing. Further, it is in parts genuinely funny. The producer and the artists do their very best, not condescending at all, and the result is something you had better buy, providing you already own *The Marriage of Figaro* and *The Magic Flute*. The title, incidentally, means *The Feigned Simpleton*.

Revueltas: *Homage to García Lorca; Toccata Without Fugue; Planes; Three Sonnets; Two Little Serious Pieces* (Carlos Surinach conducting MGM Chamber Orchestra; MGM E-3496: 12"). Like New England's Charles Ives, and like very, very few other composers of any period, Mexico's Silvestre Revueltas (1899-1940) could be at once funny and unmistakably fond of the source materials for his writing: the folk and traditional music he heard about him. Not that there is anything trivial about what came forth. There is compassion with the cleverness in the carnival parody in the *Homage*, for instance. Surinach is expert at this music, and the sound is brisk and bright.

Scarlatti: *Sonatas, Vol. 17 and Vol. 18* (Fernando Valenti, harpsichord; Westminster XWN-18460 and XWN-18461: each 12"). More of the vast and infinitely varied output of the great Domenico, who died just two centuries ago. Valenti plays, as usual, with plenty of Iberian zest and convincing clangor. The Westminster technicians put the harpsichord right in your living room.

Schumann: *Piano Concerto* with Richard Strauss: *Burleske* (Rudolf Serkin, piano; Eugene Or-

mandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia ML-5168: 12"). There are several fine performances of the Schumann in the catalogues, any of which this new Serkin probably matches in one way or another. The special appeal of the disc is the overside. Strauss wrote the *Burleske* at twenty-one; it is modest, merry, almost Mendelssohnian, highly unlike the compositions to come later. In consequence it is neglected, but not here by Serkin, who gives it his very best efforts and us something extremely enjoyable. The sound is fittingly big, rich, and clear.

Tchaikovsky: *Serenade for Strings* with Barber: *Adagio for Strings* and Elgar: *Introduction and Allegro* (Charles Munch conducting strings of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-2105: 12"). There is no better string section in the world, of course (Philadelphians, please read that sentence twice), and the frank aim here is to show it in all its effortless and dazzling beauty. The pleasant music swoops and sways with flawless grace. Anyone who can resist this should be held on his back and be tickled on the soles of his feet with a feather.

The Complete Orchestra (Wheeler Beckett conducting soloists and members of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra; Music Education Record Corp., Box 445, Englewood, N.J.: five 12", \$45). New Yorkers and Bostonians will know who Wheeler Beckett is, by reason of his long stints directing the youth concerts of the Philharmonic and the BSO. In effect, he is directing in these records a large chunk of the former orchestra, whom he hired for the purpose. And the purpose is simply to show what various instruments do in orchestral performance. The album is not only instructive, it is absolutely fascinating. The illustrative musical excerpts are all from the so-called standard repertory (Beckett couldn't afford royalties); they are beautifully played and recorded with exciting fidelity. Beckett comments and explains what is afoot, and most comprehensibly. (Worth noting: it was he who did the research for Leonard Bernstein's "Omnibus" analysis of the Beethoven Fifth.)

If you have a teen-ager who shows the dawn of interest in symphonic music, or if you yourself are a novice music lover, this album will be well worth its price to you. It is not distributed through record shops.

STOKOWSKI:



AN ADVENTURE BEGAN SEPTEMBER 2, 1956

It's the date Leopold Stokowski began his first album for Capitol Records. He has completed a number of others since. Their titles may surprise you. Their *sound* undoubtedly will.

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Pleasures and Places



PERSIAN PARADOX

EVERY man in Persia is a poet," they say in Tabriz. Only they call it Iran today, a name which has in it none of the glint of turquoise and gold, of camels and riches, of mountains and salty inland seas. Persia is but a province of Iran, they insist. But there it lies — the contrast between the old and the new: the Persia of fable and the Iran of modern fact, where oil pipelines rather than caliph's coffers flow with gold.

But the Persia of fable has not quite yet disappeared. That's why there are poets still in Persia. And the traveler who collects the very rare and the very beautiful, and who renounces the tiled bathtub of the West for the tiled mosque of the East, with its foot-washing fountains, will find traces of the old grandeur here.

It may be the high altitudes. It

may be the air, hazed in summer with dust and heat until it is a sort of beaten gold, and clarified in winter until each blue atom of the air spins separate. And it may simply be the refreshment of new scenes and new faces which seems so to delight travelers from the West. But those who return from Persia — if it is indeed possible to return — feel as if they had climbed a very high mountain. The mountain is neither Demavend above Tehran, nor Mount Ararat across the Turkish border. It is simply the feeling that one has come a long way — upward in space and backward in time.

Tabriz and Tehran

Because they are the old and the new, and because the traveler leaves Shiraz to the very last, with its roses

and its ruins and its water one can drink pure from the tap, he thinks first of Tabriz and Tehran. Tabriz is the old capital, Tehran is the new.

In Tabriz, droshty men with moth-eaten horses and sagging victorias trot you neatly down the narrow side streets, dodging the turbaned mullahs and the scarved women and the young boys with their close-shaved heads. In Tehran you careen about in little English taxis. The boulevards in the modern capital are wide; the *acequias* — called jubes — at certain hours of the day are young vigorous rivers; and the embassies sit back in high-walled Persian gardens, fountained and rose-vined like those of any fairy tale. Instead of wearing the chuddar, the girls go by, slim as young willow shoots, in European clothes whose fabrics the bazaars sell by the yard. For Tehran looks to the future as the Mohammedan looks to Mecca. The very air in Tehran is crisper, newer,

though the altitude is nearly the same as that of Tabriz.

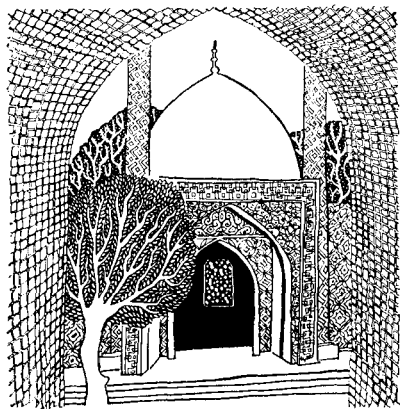
The trip in to Tehran

Coming by plane to Tehran from Athens or Ankara, over the long toss and roll of Turkish mountains and valleys, you are hardly prepared for what will come. For hours you have hovered over a strange landscape, where dried-up lake beds lie bleached and white and where the small villages are lost like green-fringed ant-hills in vast desert spaces.

As you near Tehran, the violent mountains level out into long desert spaces, with green draws as in the Southwest, with long lines of chinar trees and mud-walled fields and the occasional manor house with its fountain. From this height, the valleys of ocher and red and chocolate and bone-white and infrequent emerald appear to be fractured, as if by Braque, into a cubist's landscape of flat and odd-shaped planes.

You have been nine hours coming in from Athens, by Air France, or six from Ankara, by Pan American. Either way, the earthscape below is the same. The Air France plane dips down over the island of Cyprus to Tel Aviv, where airport restaurant tables gleam with pitchers of orange juice, then turns north again to Ankara. Pan American, Air France, Middle East, L.A.I., and Scandinavian also take you to Tehran via Beirut (starting from Rome or Athens), with the bonus of an overnight stay in Beirut and a morning flight of hardly five hours.

But no matter how you arrive, Tehran always comes as a surprise. After the long stretch of desert and mountains, it seems impossible that



there could be a modern city here. Yet here is Tehran, with its statues and parks and cosmopolitan air. Here are first-class hotels with baths, such as the Park, the Ritz, the Ferdosi, as

well as German, French, and Italian pensions which lend Tehran a faintly Mediterranean feeling.

Yet within a block you can enter the Persian world, as you enter, slipperless, the mosque. The world of the West vanishes; you tread on carpets; you go under new ceilings, the wonderfully feminine, arched, domed world of the East, with its intricate décor, its full-breasted silhouettes, its all-pervading blue hues.

The bazaars

The mosques sometimes forbid entrance, but the bazaars are always open. Off the hot dusty streets you go into the alleys of Ali Baba: cool cellars of commerce lit by long shafts of sun which select, as if by spotlight, a burlap bag of rose leaves, a shopkeeper asleep on his bench, a small boy lacing a shoe.

Ten miles of corridors wander here under ceilings that seem a series of tiny mosques, with their inlaid patterns of brick, their domes and arches repeated ad infinitum. The very fact of their being enclosed lends them a sort of mystery. You might get lost in the bazaar — down a long boulevard of shoes with a hundred identical shops, one close-pressed against the other; or down a street of gold jewelry, a corridor of cobblers, a large room opening like a chamber in a cavern and stacked with long Iranian sheep fleeces or brilliantly mosaicked piles of folded Persian rugs.

It is three o'clock. You are in Tehran or Tabriz, and it doesn't matter, for the bazaars are both the same. The heat beats on the street outside. It is heat the color of dull gold, of adobes, of dust. Several enterprising boys sprinkle jars of water to settle the dust and cool the air. Inside the bazaar, there are few shoppers. It is the time of the Persian siesta, and most of the lights are out. A rug seller snores, stretched out on one of his folded rugs. A money-changer drowns over his piles of many-colored bills.

Siesta-time stroll

But you are not alone in the time of the siesta. Down the tamped earth floor taps a blind man with his cane. A merchant on a donkey trots, his saddlebags nearly scraping the shops on either side. A little boy hustles by with his brass tray of tea glasses. In the very middle of the bazaar are a flock of sheep and the merchant-shepherd; the buyer fingers the live

fleeces, and the shepherd shakes the sheep's fat tail to show its value.

There is one section of new and empty shops, their modern glass doors open, all monotonously alike. But the rest of the shops are as individual as



their owners. In one shoulder-wide shop, the woodworker turns door-knobs, using his bare toes as well as his hands. In a shop down the corridor is the brass and copper works, a well of darkness lit by one long shaft of sun and the sparks of golden brass that spurt like fallen stars from the lathe. Here are a *whirrr* of wheels, the *brrr* of buffing, the metallic ring as a lathe shapes and smooths. On the shelves the bright brass samovars sit, each one handmade, with their individual tilt. They cost from 350 to 800 rials, which is about five to ten dollars.

Past the rope market, the cord market, tin-pan alley, and the lane of the long-haired goatskin rugs you go; by the hide market, the soap shops (with a strong, clean, homemade smell), the vendors of the striped pajama pants the little boys wear; by the wooden box makers and the wool market and the pottery bazaars; by the bookstalls and the notion shops and the sellers of crystallized salt and sugar in sparkling nuggets and great glossy wheels; past the butcher and the baker, whose oven door is a bright red arch in the black Dantean depths of his shop; by the candlestick maker, whose wares hang in bundles tied together by their wicks.

This is commerce, and at siesta time it is held in suspension. There is the single tourist and the occasional veiled Moslem woman. But there is a curious absence of girls selling in the shops. For the bazaar is a world of men, large and small. Upstairs in the garrets (for many call the bazaar their living quarters) the women sit. But below, it is a man's world.

The bazaar in Tehran is old, but the beginnings of the Tabriz bazaar

are lost somewhere back in the pre-Islam days. The structure itself has been here for over a thousand years. Some of the corridors are new, and the mortar between the bricks is white and clean. Others are smoked from centuries of living, from fires that raged through them. And the pigeons are at home in the high brick domes.

The old and the new are under the multiple roofs. There are ancient bellows, big as a man, and cheap modern glassware. There are sari silks from India and wool tweeds from England and American calicoes. And there are the bright embroidered Kurdish skullcaps, all made by hand, and urged upon you, for about fifty cents each, by an eight-year-old merchant with merry eyes. Factory beads and earrings deck one street, but in another corridor the jeweler balances handmade gold carbobs on a scale and counts with an abacus.

Symbol of Persia

Closed on Fridays (save for the Armenian shops), open on other days to Mohammedan, tourist, and Christian, the bazaar lives like a medieval walled city. Enter the small, unassuming archway, like a door to a cave, and you may exit, hours later, in any part of Tabriz. Disappear down one long enticing corridor, and you may, in ten visits, never find that same corridor again. For the mysterious East is kenneled here. It is a tawny Tiffany's, an arrogant five-and-ten. Of all the gardens in Persia, with their goldfish ponds, their high mud walls, this is the one you remember. For it *is* a garden, as anything cool and enclosed, in Persia, becomes a garden.

In a way this inner life, this enclosed richness opposed to the outward bareness, is symbolic of Persia. You find it a land of extremes. And the constant swing from one extreme to another has the odd effect of sharpening the senses. The low grave mounds accent the tall white trunks of the chinars. And the jube, with its tree-bordered banks, is a life-giving tunnel of moist green coolness because it passes through hot, lifeless land. The women, raising and lowering their veils, are conscious of the enhancing quality of contrast.

The trip to Tabriz

To reach Tabriz, one comes eastward by car over the mountain passes from Erzurum in Turkey, passing through canyons reminiscent of the

American Southwest and flat beige desert spaces occasionally cooled by green oases and the ever-flowing jubes. Or one can come westward from Tehran, an eighteen-hour drive over desert roads or a brief flight by local airline.

By airline one misses the camel caravans, the occasional musketed sentry on horseback watching for bandits, the towns with the blue-tiled domes of their mosques glittering like cabochon sapphires. One misses, too, the silences of the desert, the feeling of civilization being rolled back, like a Persian rug, to reveal the primitive designs beneath. And one misses the



lamb or mutton *kabab* purchased from the spit and eaten, together with cucumbers and tomatoes, under a chinar tree at the edge of town.

Food and hotels

There is nothing quite like this local *kabab*, wrapped in its napkin of tortilla-like bread, dripping with its own fat, and curiously fragrant. But there are as many versions of *kabab* as sheep in an Iranian flock. Some *kababs* are marinated in yogurt, others in herb wines. The Shamsheh restaurant in Tehran serves one dish: Cholo Kabab, with long-grain Caspian rice cooked slowly over charcoal. Bara Kabab is another Iranian specialty — baby lamb grilled whole, head and all, and stuffed with such delicacies as pistachio nuts and tiny oranges. With the *kababs* (there are Caspian sturgeon and lake trout *kababs*, too) one drinks the native *duq*, a diluted yogurt Iranians claim is a good foil for rich foods. Wines are infrequent, and the native beer good but uneffervescent by American standards.

Dinners at first-class hotels run to \$5 or \$6, as in Europe. But there are smaller restaurants, hidden away in gardens with columned porticos, fish pools, and potted oleanders, where one can dine quite decently for

\$1 to \$1.50. Luncheons are far less (one dollar, à la carte, at the Park Hotel). In Tabriz eating costs less than in Tehran, and the Hotel Metropole, where all Europeans stay in spite of its non-European plumbing, has a rather fine international cuisine. Order lamb chops for two, for about \$2, and you are surprised with a platter of twenty, small and delicate as butterflies.

With the rate of seventy-five rials to the dollar, Persia has somewhat the inexpensive aura of pre-war Europe, where one could find clean pensions for \$20 a week — as in Tehran today — and where the dollar went twice as far. Even in Iran's first-class hotels accommodations are not formidably priced, by American standards. They run (including the elegant Ramsar on the Caspian) from about \$6 to \$8 for a single room and from \$9 to \$12 for a double. At second-class hotels (such as the Atlantic or Pacific in Tehran) the rates are \$4 to \$5 and \$6 to \$8.

The low cost of living makes it unnecessary to change on the gray market. Besides, customs officers at the border are strict. Travelers' checks must be legally cashed in the Bank Meli in Tehran — which is somewhat inconvenient if you happen to be in Shiraz. And the attempt to take even the smallest tin of caviar out of the country causes a riot at the airport, where loudspeakers are constantly calling out, "Any caviar to declare?"

Since north Persia's climate is similar to that of the American Southwest, spring and autumn are the seasons to travel. (Tabriz and Tehran, like Denver and Albuquerque, are cold in winter, hot in summer, with daytime temperatures in the nineties; the mountains and the Caspian are cool.) But the length of time spent in Persia depends on you: on your liking for the desert, for ruins more remote and perhaps more poetic than Athens', for the unhurried Eastern tempo, the scents of cinnamon and roses, and the flavor of strawberries, cherries, and the one hundred and one kinds of Persian melons that linger, luxuriously, in their seasons. The old Persia, or Iran, of contrast still remains. But the delicate balance is not for long. The primitive washboard roads are being smoothed with asphalt. The nomads are being persuaded to the plow. While there is still a little of the old Persia left, it might be wise to enjoy it.

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